

AIYANGAR COLLECTION

WAVERLEY NOVELS

Edited by

VOL. III



DON ANTONIO AND MONTEMARTE, RECALCING THE DON THOROUGH.

"We did as well!" said the Doctor. "All you're children before the *Padre*!" shouted the terrible adept.—CHAP. XXX.

THE ANTIQUARY

By SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart.

It knew the place, its name, its story, its history,
 Its name and meaning, but its name of being
 made was somewhat as a mystery child,
 and passed rapidly up and down the stairs,
 and then it came to the great door,
 in the heart of the world,
 in the heart of the world,
 There was a way to please King David's people.



CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

EDINBURGH: ADAM & CHARLES BLACK

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INTRODUCTION



DESIGNED BY JOHN F. JOHNSON, NEW YORK.

*THE present Work completes a series of fictitious narratives, intended to illustrate the manners of Scotland at three different periods, **WASCELST** rendered the age of our fathers, **GET MANSUERS** that of our own youth, and the **ASTROCIER** refers to the last ten years of the eighteenth century. I have, in the two last narratives especially, sought my principal personages in the class of society who are the least to feel the influence of that general polish which assimulates to each other the manners of different nations. Among the same class I have placed some of the scenes in which I have endeavored to illustrate the operation of the higher and more violent passions; both because the lower orders are less restrained by the habit of suppressing their feelings, and because I agree with my friend Widdoworth, that they seldom fail to express them in the strongest and most powerful language. This is, I think, particularly the case with the peasantry of my own country, a class with whom I have long been familiar. The antique force and simplicity of their language, often illustrated with the Oriental eloquence of Scripture, in the mouths of those of an elevated understanding, give pathos to their grief, and dignity to their resentment.*

I have been more reluctant to describe manners minutely than to arrange in any case an artificial and combined narrative, and have had to regret that I felt myself unable to make these two requisites of a good Novel,

The history of the *adage* in the following *sketch* may appear forced and improbably; but we have had very late instances of the force of *impressions* creating in a much greater extent, and the reader may be assured, that this part of the narrative is founded on a fact of actual occurrence.

I have now only to express my gratitude to the public for the distinguished reception which they have given to works, that have little more than some truth of coloring to recommend them, and to take my respectful leave, as one who is not likely again to solicit their favour.

To the above advertisement, which was prefixed to the first edition of the *Antiquary*, it is necessary in the present edition to add a few words, transferred from the Introduction to the *Character of the Countess*, respecting the character of *Jonathan Oldbuck*.

"I may here state generally, that although I have chosen historical persons for subjects of delineation, I have never on any occasion violated the respect due to private life. It was indeed impossible that traits proper to persons, both living and dead, with whom I have had intercourse in society, should not have risen to my pen in such works as *Waverley*, and those which followed it. But I have always studied to preserve the portrait, so that they should still seem, on the whole, the productions of fancy, though possessing some resemblance to real individuals. Yet I must own my attempts have not in this last particular been uniformly successful. There are men whose characters are so peculiarly marked, that the delineation of some leading and principal features, inevitably places the whole person before you in his individuality. Thus the character of *Jonathan Oldbuck* in the *Antiquary*, was partly founded on that of an old friend of my youth, to whom I am indebted for introducing me to *Shakespeare*, and other invaluable favours; but I thought I had so completely disguised the allusion, that it could not be recognised by any one now alive. I was mistaken, however, and indeed had anticipated what I desired should be considered as a secret; for I afterwards learned that a highly respectable gentleman, one of the few surviving friends of my father, and an acute critic, had said, upon the appearance of the work, that he was now convinced who was the author of it, as he recognised, in the *Antiquary*, traces of the character of a very intimate friend¹ of my father's family."

¹ [The late George Combe of Wilton Lodge, near Dunfermline.]

I have only further to request the reader not to suppose that my late respected friend resembled Mr. Giblin, either in his person, or the history imparted in the third paragraph. There is not a single incident in the *Novel* which is borrowed from his real circumstances, excepting the fact that he resided in an old house near a flourishing airport, and that the author assumed to witness a scene between him and the female proprietor of a stage-coach, very similar to that which commences the history of the *Antiquary*. An excellent temper, with a slight degree of morbid humor; burning wit, and drooping, the more poignant that they were a little veiled by the qualifications of an old bachelor; a readiness of thought, rendered more feasible by an occasional punctuation of expression, was, the author conceives, the only qualities in which the creator of his imagination resembled his homeliest and earliest old friend.

The prominent part performed by the Beggar in the following narrative, induces the author to prefix a few remarks on that character, as it formerly existed in Scotland, though it is now scarcely to be traced.

Many of the old Scottish mendicants were by no means to be confounded with the utterly degraded class of beings who now practice that wretched trade. Some of them as many as the habit of travelling through a particular district, were usually well received both in the farmer's hut, and in the kitchen of the country gentleman. Martin, author of the *Reliquiæ Dni Bonati Andree*, written in 1698, gives the following account of one class of this order of men in the seventeenth century, in terms which would induce an antiquary like Mr. Giblin to repeat its existence. He describes them to be descended from the ancient herds, and presents:—"They are called by others, and by themselves, *Fackies*, who go about begging; and are still to receive the *Slaggies* (gathering-woods or war-cries) of most of the true ancient mountains of Scotland, from old experience and observation. Some of them I have discovered, and found to have reason and discretion. One of them told me there were not now above twelve of them in the whole tale; but he remembered when they abounded, as he at one time he was one of five that usually met at St. Andrew."

The race of *Fackies* (of the above description) has, I suppose, long been extinct in Scotland; but the old remembered beggar, even in my own time, like the *Bacch*, or travelling cripple of Ireland, was expected to mark his quarters by something beyond an expansion of his distress. He was often a talkative, facetious fellow, proud

at requests, and not withheld from attending his poems that way by any respect of persons, his poetical ideal giving him the privilege of the ancient poet. To be a good reader, that is, to possess talents for conversation, was essential to the taste of a "poet's body" of the more intimate class; and Burns, who delighted in the amusement their discourses afforded, seems to have looked forward with glowing forebodings to the possibility of himself becoming one day or other a member of their intimate society. In his poetical works, it is alluded to as often, as perhaps to indicate that he considered the consummation as not utterly impossible. Thus in the *Fun* dedication of his works to David Hume, he says,—

*And when I dream only a while,
Then, Lord be thankful, I can try.*

Again, in his *Epi^{to}le to David*, a brother Poet, he states, that in their closing career—

*The best o' it, the worst o' it,
Is only just to try.*

And after having remarked, that

*To live in lilas and doree at d'ee,
When lanes are closed and blades is blis,
Is doubtless great distress;*

he looks on him up, with true poetical spirit, the free enjoyment of the location of nature, which might counterbalance the hardships and uncertainty of the life and of a student. In one of his great letters, to which I have had the reference, he details this idea yet more seriously, and dwells upon it, as not ill adapted to his habits and powers.

At the life of a Scottish merchant of the eighteenth century seems to have been contemplated without much horror by Robert Burns, the author can hardly have erred in giving to Edin' Crishaw something of poetical character and personal dignity, above the mere object of his miserable calling. The class had, in fact, some privileges. A helping, such as it was, was readily granted to them in some of the universities, and the usual allowance (allow) of a handful of meal (called a gowper,) was never denied by the poorest colleges. The merchant disposed them, according to their different qualities, in various ways around his person, and these served about with him the principal part of his maintenance, which he literally received for the eating. At the house of the poetry, his chair was wanted by

sweep of Indian meat, and perhaps a Scottish "mashpung," or English penny, which was expended in craft or whiskey. In fact, these isolated perquisites suggest much less real luxury and want of fast, than the poor peasants from whom they received them.

If, in addition to his personal qualifications, the nominal character to be a King's Indulman, or *Almshouse*, he belongs, in virtue thereof, to the aristocracy of his order, and was entered a person of great importance.

These Indulmans are an order of paupers to whom the Kings of Scotland were in the custom of distributing a certain sum, in conformity with the ordinances of the Catholic Church, and who were expected in return to pray for the royal welfare and that of the state. This order is still kept up. Their number is equal to the number of years which his Majesty has lived; and one *Almshouse* additional is put on the roll for every returning royal birthday. On the same occasions are, each Indulman receives a new cloak, or gown of coarse cloth, the colour light blue, with a peevish badge, which confers on them the general privilege of making alms through all Scotland, — small loans against serving, masterful beggary, and every other species of mendacity, being suspended in favour of this privileged class. With his cloak, each receives a leather purse, containing as many shillings Scots (valued, possibly sterling) as the monarch is years old; the real of their intimation for the king's long life remaining, it is to be supposed, a great stimulus from their own present and increasing interest in the object of their prayers. On the same occasion one of the Royal Chaplains preaches a sermon to the Indulmans, who (as one of the renowned gentlemen expressed himself) are the most impatient and inattentive audience in the world. Something of this way arises from a feeling on the part of the Indulmans, that they are paid for their own donations, not for listening to those of others. Or, more probably, it arises from impatience, natural, though indulgent to men having so venerable a character, to arrive at the conclusion of the ceremonial of the royal birth-day, which, as far as they are concerned, ends in a hasty breakfast of bread and ale; the whole moral and religious exhibition terminating in the advice of Indulman's "Norrell hour" to his principle,

Come, my lad, and drink some beer.

Of the charity bestowed on these poor Indulmans in money and clothing, there are many records in the Treasurer's accounts. The following extract, kindly supplied by Mr. Macdonald of the Register

Andrew had a character peculiar to himself among his tribe for ought I ever heard. He was ready and willing to play at cards or dice with any one who desired such amusement. This was more in the character of the Irish *blarney* gambler, called in that country a "covey," than of the Scottish *lagger*. Just the late Reverend Doctor Robert Duncanson, minister of Glasgow, married the author, that the last time he saw Andrew Gammalla, he was engaged in a game at long with a gentleman of fortune, distinction, and birth. To preserve the due gradations of rank, the party was made up of an open window of the chamber, the lady sitting on his chair in the inside, the *lagger* on a stool in the front; and they played on the window-sill. The stake was a considerable parcel of silver. The author expressing some surprise, Dr. Duncanson observed, that the lady was no doubt a housewife or original; but that many decent persons in these times would, like him, have thought there was nothing extraordinary in passing an hour, either in card-playing or conversation, with Andrew Gammalla.

This singular merchant had generally, or was supposed to have, as much money about his person, as would have been thought the value of his life among modern foot-pads. On one occasion, a country gentleman, generally esteemed a very correct man, happening to meet Andrew, expressed great regret that he had no office in his pocket, or he would have given him elegance:—"I can give you change for a new, lady," replied Andrew.

Like most who have arisen to the head of their profession, the modern degradation which mendacity has undergone was often the subject of Andrew's lamentations. As a trade, he said, it was fifty pounds a-year worse since he had first practised it. On another occasion he observed, lying was in modern times nearly the profession of a gentleman; and that, if he had twenty sons, he would not easily be induced to breed one of them up in his own line. When or where this *huckster* transported with about his wanderings, the author never heard with certainty; but most probably, as *Parce* says,

— he died a vulgar penny's death,
At some like sale.

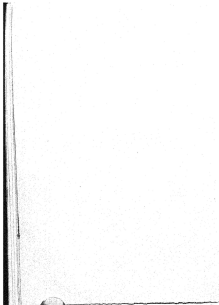
The author may add another picture of the same kind as *Edie Children* and *Andrew Gammalla*; considering these observations as a sort of gallery, open to the reception of anything which may elucidate former remarks, or amuse the reader.

The author's contemporaries at the university of Edinburgh will probably remember the thin, wasted form of a venerable old Irishman, who stood by the Patterson-Park, now demolished, and, without speaking a syllable, gently inclined his head, and offered his hat, but with the best possible degree of respect, towards each individual who passed. This man passed, by others and the extraordinary and wasted appearance of a peasant from a remote country, the name of which was yielded to Andrew Gorman's servant's house and stable department. He was understood to be able to maintain a son a student in the theological classes of the University, at the gate of which the father was a workman. The young man was modest and inclined to learning, so that a student of the same age, and whose parents were neither of the lower order, moved by seeing him excluded from the society of other scholars when the secret of his birth was ascertained, volunteered to console him by offering him some occasional civilities. The old workman was gratified for this attention to his son, and one day, as the friendly student passed, he stopped forward more than usual, as if to intercept his passage. The scholar drew out a halfpenny, which he concluded was the boy's object, when he was surprised to receive his thanks for the kindness he had shown to Francis, and at the same time a cordial invitation to dine with them next Saturday, "on a shoulder of mutton and potatoes," adding, "y'll pay us your share each, as I have company." The student was strongly tempted to accept this hospitable proposal, as many in his place would probably have done; but, as the motive might have been capable of misrepresentation, he thought it most prudent, considering the character and circumstances of the old man, to decline the invitation.

Such are a few traits of Scottish hospitality, designed to throw light on a Novel in which a character of that description plays a prominent part. We conclude, that we have vindicated Edin Dalziel's right to the importance assigned him; and have shown, that we have known one bigger tale a deal at odds with a piece of fiction, and another give dinner parties.

I have not if it be worth while to observe, that the *Antiquary** was not so well received on its first appearance as either of its predecessors, though in course of time it rose to equal, and, with some readers, superior popularity.

* *Edin A. Mether.*





He will a coach, and let a coach be called,
 And let the man who calls be the caller;
 And let his calling be like calling well,
 But Coach! Coach! Coach! O for a coach, ye gods!
 O for a coach, ye gods!

O for a coach, ye gods!

It was early on a fine summer's day, near the end of the eighteenth century, when a young man, of genteel appearance, journeying towards the north-east of Scotland, provided himself with a ticket in one of those public carriages which travel between Edinburgh and the Queensferry, at which place, as the name implies, and as is well known to all my northern readers, there is a passenger-boat for crossing the Firth of Forth. The coach was calculated to carry six regular passengers, besides such interlopers as the coachman could pick up by the way, and intrude upon those who were legally in possession. The tickets, which conferred right to a seat in this vehicle of little use, were dispensed by a sharp-looking old dame, with a pair of spectacles on a very thin nose, who inhabited a "high shop," occupied a cellar, opening to the High Street by a straight and steep stair, at the bottom of which she sold tape, thread, needles,

chains of wince, coarse lace cloth, and such feminine gear, to those who had the courage and skill to descend to the profundity of her dwelling, without falling headlong themselves, or throwing down any of the numerous articles which, piled on each side of the descent, indicated the profusion of the trader below.

The written hand-bill, which, posted on a projecting board, announced that the Quonsettery Diligence, or Haven Fly, departed precisely at twelve o'clock on Tuesday, the fifteenth July 17—, is made to secure for travellers the opportunity of passing the Fifth with the flood-tide, had on the present occasion like a bulletin; for although that hour was posted from Saint Giles's steeple, and repeated by the Town, no coach appeared upon the appointed stand. It is true, only two tickets had been taken out, and possibly the lady of the unobtrusive mansion might have an understanding with her Antagonist, that, in such cases, a little space was to be allowed for the chance of filling up the vacant places—or the said Antagonist might have been attending a funeral, and be delayed by the necessity of stripping his vehicle of its legatious trappings—or he might have staid to take a half-mackintosh extraordinary with his covey the hostler—or—in short, he did not make his appearance.

The young gentleman, who began to grow somewhat impatient, was now joined by a companion in this petty misery of human life—the person who had taken out the other place. He who is bent upon a journey is usually ready to be distinguished from his fellow-travellers. The boots, the great-coat, the umbrella, the little bundle in his hand, the hat pulled over his forehead brow, the determined importance of his pace, his brief answers to the salutations of long-aging acquaintances, are all marks by which the experienced traveller is well-known or diligently can distinguish, at a distance, the companion of his future journey, as he pushes onward in the place of remembrance. It is then that, with worldly wisdom, the first course hastens to secure the best berth in the coach for himself, and to make the most convenient arrangement for his baggage before the arrival of his companions. Our youth, who was gifted with little prudence of any sort, and who was, moreover, by the absence of the coach, deprived of the power of availing himself of his priority of choice, cursed himself, instead, by spending upon

the complexion and character of the personage who was now come to the coach office.

He was a good-looking man of the age of sixty, perhaps older,—but his hale complexion and firm step announced that years had not impaired his strength or health. His countenance was of the true Scottish cast, strongly marked, and rather harsh in features, with a shrewd and penetrating eye, and a countenance in which habitual gravity was softened by a taint of ironical humor. His dress was uniform, and of a colour becoming his age and gravity; a wig, well dressed and powdered, surmounted by a starched hat, had something of a professional air. He might be a clergyman, yet his appearance was more that of a man of the world than usually belongs to the Kirk of Scotland, and his first question put the matter beyond question.

He arrived with a hurried pace, and, casting an alarmed glance towards the dial-plate of the clock, then looking at the place where the coach should have been, exclaimed, "Duff's in it—I am too late after all!"

The young man relieved his anxiety, by telling him the coach had not yet appeared. The old gentleman, apparently conscious of his own want of punctuality, did not at first feel outrageous enough to censure that of the coachman. He took a parcel, containing apparently a large fello, from a little boy who followed him, and, putting him on the head, bid him go back and tell Mr. D—, that if he had known he was to have had so much time, he would have put another wheel or two to their bargain,—then told the boy to mind his business, and he would be as starving a lad as ever fasted a chockstone. The boy lingered, perhaps in hopes of a penny to buy mischief; but none was forthcoming. Our senior tossed his little bundle upon one of the posts at the head of the staircase, and, seeing the traveller who had first arrived, waited in silence for about five minutes the arrival of the expected diligence.

At length, after one or two impatient glances at the progress of the minute-hand of the clock, having compared it with his own watch, a large and antique gold repeater, and having twiddled about his features to give due emphasis to one or two peevish phrases, he hailed the old lady of the covers.

"Good woman,—what the d—l is her name!—Mrs. Macduskar!"

Mrs. Macdonald, wrote that she had a defensive part to sustain in the encounter which was to follow, was in no hurry to hasten the discussion by returning a ready answer.

"Mrs. Macdonald,—Good woman!" (with an elevated voice)—then apart, "Old fellow bag, she's as deaf as a post—I say, Mrs. Macdonald!"

"I am just serving a customer.—Indeed, hang, it will be a better dinner than I tell ye."

"Woman," reiterated the traveller, "do you think we can stand here all day till you have shouted that poor scoundrel wench out of her half-pence's for and beneath?"

"Cheated!" retorted Mrs. Macdonald, eager to take up the quarrel upon a defensible ground; "I swear your words, sir: you are an untriffling person, and I desire you will not stand there to chide me at my old state-board."

"The woman," said the coach, looking with an arch glance at his destined travelling companion, "does not understand the words of action.—Woman," again turning to the vault, "I average not thy character, but I desire to know what is become of thy coach!"

"What's your will?" answered Mrs. Macdonald, relapsing into deafness.

"We have taken place, ma'am," said the younger stranger, "in your diligence for Queensberry"—"Which should have been half-way on the road before now," continued the older and more impatient traveller, rising in wrath as he spoke: "and now in all likelihood we shall miss the tide, and I have business of importance on the other side.—and your cursed coach!"

"The coach!—Oude guide us, gentlemen, is it so on the stand yet?" answered the old lady, her shrill tone of expectation sliding into a kind of apologetic whine. "Is it the coach ye has been waiting for?"

"What she could have kept us brooding in the sun by the side of the gutter here, you—you faithless woman, ah!"

Mrs. Macdonald now ascended her trap stair (for such it might be called, though constructed of stone), and her nose came upon a level with the passengers; then, after wiping her spectacles to look for that which she well knew was not to be found, she exclaimed, with well-figured astonishment, "Oude guide us—was ever anybody the like o' that?"

"Yes, you shameless woman," reiterated the traveller,

"many have seen the like of it, and all will see the like of it, that have anything to do with your toddling son;" then, pouring with great indignation before the door of the shop, still as he passed and repassed, like a vessel who gives her broadside as she comes abreast of a hostile fortress, he shot down complaints, threats, and reproaches, on the unarmoured Mrs. Macleodier. He would take a post-chaise—he would call a hackney coach—he would take four horses—he must—he would be on the north side to-day—and all the expense of his journey, besides damages, direct and consequential, arising from delay, should be accumulated on the devoted head of Mrs. Macleodier.

There was something so comic in his pettish resentment, that the younger traveller, who was in no such pressing hurry to depart, could not help being amused with it, especially as it was obvious, that every now and then the old gentleman, though very angry, could not help laughing at his own vehemence. But when Mrs. Macleodier began also to join in the laughter, he quickly put a stop to her ill-timed merriment.

"Woman," said he, "is that advertisement thing!" showing a bit of crumpled printed paper: "Does it not set forth, that, God willing, as you hypocritically express it, the *Harlem Fly*, or *Queensberry Diligence*, would set forth to-day at twelve o'clock; and is it not, then silent of ourselves, now a quarter past twelve, and no such fly or diligence to be seen!—Dost thou know the consequence of seducing the legs by false reports!—dost thou know it might be brought under the statute of head-mauling! Answer—and be true in thy long, useless, and evil life, let it be in the words of truth and sincerity,—but thou such a coach!—is it in verum natura!—or is this base suggestion a mere vehicle on the imagination to beguile them of their time, their patience, and three shillings of sterling money of this realm!—Hast thou, I say, such a coach! ay or no?"

"O dear, yes, sir; the neighbours like the diligence well, green plaided out wth red—three yellow wheels and a black man."

"Woman, thy special description will not serve—it may be only a lie with a circumstance."

"O, man, man!" said the overwheeled Mrs. Macleodier, totally exhausted at having been so long the host of his rhetoric, "take back your three shillings, and make me quit of ye."

"Not so fast, not so fast, woman.—Will three shillings

transport me to Queensferry, agreeably to thy treacherous program!—we will it rectify the damage I may sustain by leaving my business undone, or repay the expenses which I must incur if I am obliged to tarry a day at the South Ferry for lack of tide!—Will it be, I say, a pleasure, for which alone the regular price is five shillings?"

Here his argument was cut short by a hushful noise, which proved to be the advance of the expected vehicle, pressing forward with all the dispatch to which the broken-winded jules that drew it could possibly be urged. With ineffable pleasure, Mrs. Blackstock saw her tormentor deposited in the leather convenience; but still, as it was driving off, his head thrust out of the window reminded her, in words drowned amid the rumbling of the wheels, that, if the diligence did not attain the Ferry in time to save the final-tide, she, Mrs. Blackstock, should be held responsible for all the consequences that might ensue.

The coach had continued in motion for a mile or two before the stranger had completely repossessed himself of his equanimity, as was manifested by the careful questions, which he made from time to time, on the too great probability, or even certainty, of their reliving the homicide. By degrees, however, his wrath subsided; he wiped his brow, relaxed his frown, and, undoing the parcel in his hand, produced his felle, on which he gazed from time to time with the knowing look of an amateur, admiring its height and condition, and ascertaining, by a minute and individual inspection of each leaf, that the volume was unharmed and entire from title-page to colophon. His fellow-traveller took the liberty of inquiring the subject of his studies. He lifted up his eyes with something of a sarcastic glance, as if he supposed the young quaker would not relish, or perhaps understand, his answer, and pronounced the book to be *Samy Gordon's Hibernian Spectator*,* a book illustrative of the Roman ruins in Scotland. The quaker, unoffended by this learned title, proceeded to put several questions, which indicated that he had made good use of a good education, and, although not possessed of minute information on the subject of antiquities, had yet acquaintance enough with the classics to render him an interested and intelligent auditor when they were enlarged upon. The older traveller, observing with pleasure the capacity of his

* Note D. *Samy Gordon's Hibernian*.

temporary companion to understand and answer him, plunged, without leave, into a sea of discussion concerning wars, vices, votive altars, Roman camps, and the rules of antiquarianism.

The pleasure of this discourse had such a delirious tendency, that, although two causes of delay occurred, each of much more serious duration than that which had driven down his wrath upon the unlucky Mrs. Mademoiselle, our ANTIQUARY only bestowed on the delay the honour of a few epigrammatic points and phrases, which rather seemed to regret the interruption of his disquisition than the retardation of his journey.

The first of these stops was occasioned by the breaking of a spring, which half an hour's labour hardly repaired. To the second, the Antiquary was himself accessory, if not the principal cause of it; for, observing that one of the horses had cast a fore-foot shoe, he apprised the coachman of this important deficiency. "It's Jack Martinale that furnishes the nails on contract, and upstays them," answered John, "and I am not entitled to make any stop, or to suffer prejudice by the lile of these accidents."

"And when you go to—I mean to the place you deserve to go to, you scoundrel,—also do you think will upstays you on contract! If you don't stop directly and carry the poor brute to the next smithy, I'll have you punished, if there's a justice of peace in Mid-Lothian;" and, opening the coach-door, not he jumped, while the coachman obeyed his orders, muttering, that "if the gentlemen lost the tide now, they could not say but it was their sin fault, since he was willing to get on."

I like so little to analyse the complication of the causes which influence actions, that I will not venture to ascertain whether our Antiquary's humanity to the poor horse was not in some degree aided by his desire of showing his companion a *Proteus* camp, or *Roman* about, a subject which he had been elaborately discussing, and of which a specimen, "very serious and perfect indeed," happened to exist about a hundred yards distant from the spot where this interruption took place. But were I compelled to disprove the motives of my worthy friend (the work was the parchment in the other suit, with powdered wig and powdered hat), I should say, that, although he certainly would not in any case have suffered the coachman to proceed while the horse was unfit for service, and likely to suffer by being urged forward, yet the rain of whipscord caused some severe chafe

and reproach by the agreeable mode which the traveller found out to pass the interval of delay.

So much time was consumed by these interruptions of their journey, that when they descended the hill above the Haven (for so the inn on the southern side of the Quayward is designated), the experienced eye of the Antiquary at once discerned, from the extent of wet sand, and the number of black stones and rads, covered with sea-weed, which were stibbled along the skirts of the shore, that the hour of tide was past. The young traveller expected a burst of indignation; but whether, as Croaker says in "The Goodnatured Man," our hero had exhausted himself in fretting away his misadventures beforehand, so that he did not feel them when they actually arrived, or whether he found the company in which he was placed too congenial to lend him to repine at anything which delayed his journey, it is certain that he submitted to his lot with much resignation.

"The d—-n is the diligence and the old bag it belongs to! —Diligence, quoth I! Thou shouldst have called it the cloth —Fie, quoth she! why, it moves like a fly through a glass-jar, as the Irishman says. But, however, time and tide wait for no man; and so, my young friend, we'll leave a smack here at the Haven, which is a very decent sort of a place, and I'll be very happy to finish the account I was giving you of the difference between the mode of uttering *contra motus* and *contra motus*, things confounded by too many of our historians. Lark-a-day, if they had to're the pains to satisfy their own eyes, instead of following each other's blind guidance! —Well! we shall be pretty comfortable at the Haven; and besides, after all, we must have dined somewhere, and it will be pleasant sailing with the tide at ebb and the evening breeze."

In this Christian temper of seeking the best of all circumstances, our travellers slighted at the Haven.

CELESTINE SECOND.

Sir, Day do reward me upon the road here!
 A poor squelch an each of justice reared
 Day to be galed! and that drives down
 With beer and butter-milk, mingled together.
 It is against my breast, my inheritance.
 Where is the wood that glads the heart of man,
 And wine's the house of wine. That, says my lord,
 Be merry and drink strong, that's my guide.

Enter Jackson's New Inn.

As the water traveller descended the creaky steps of the diligence at the inn, he was greeted by the fat, gaily, jolly landlord, with that mixture of familiarity and respect which the Scotch innkeepers of the old school used to assume towards their more valued customers.

"Have a care o' us, Mackintosh (distinguishing him by his territorial epithet, always most agreeable to the ear of a Scottish proprietor), is this you? I like thought to have seen your honour here all the summer season was over."

"Ye deuced wald deerd," answered his guest, his Scottish accent predominating when in anger though otherwise not particularly remarkable,—"ye deuced wald crippled bliss, what have I to do with the season, or the guest that flock to it, as the hawks that pick their plumes for them?"

"Tooth, and that's true," said mine host, who, in fact, only spoke upon a very general recollection of the stranger's original situation, yet would have been sorry not to have been supposed accurate as to the station and profession of him, or any other occasional guest—"That's very true—but I thought ye had some law affair of your ain to look after—I have nae myself—a ganging plea that my father left me, and his father afore left to him. It's about our back-yard—ye'll maybe ha' heard of it in the Parliament-house, Hushkin against Mackintosh—it's a wad-bon'd plea—it has been four times in afore the House, and dodd any thing the wisest o' them could make o', but just to send it out again to the water-house.—O it's a beautiful thing to see how lang and how carefully justice is considered in this country!"

"Hold your tongue, you fool," said the traveller, but in great

good-humour, "and tell us what you can give this young gentleman and me for dinner."

"Oh, there's fish, no doubt,—that's sea-trout and eel^a!—brockles," said Blackishbones, twirling his napkin; "and ye'll be for a mutton-chop, and there's cranberry tarts, very well preserved, and—and there's just our thing else ye like."

"Which is to say, there is nothing else whatever! Well, well, the fish and the chop, and the tarts, will do very well. But don't imitate the cautious delay that you practise in the courts of justice. Let there be no results from the inner to the outer house, hear ye no!"

"No, no," said Blackishbones, whose long and lordly person of violence of printed apostle papers had made him acquainted with some few phrases—"the dinner shall be served *pace* *pace* *pace* and that *perceptiv*." And with the flattering laugh of a promising host, he left them in his smoky parlour, hung with plate of the Four Seasons.

As, notwithstanding his pledge to the contrary, the glaucous delays of the law were not without their parallel in the kitchen of the inn, our younger traveller had an opportunity to step out and make some inquiry of the people of the house concerning the rank and station of his companion. The information which he received was of a general and less authentic nature, but quite sufficient to make him acquainted with the name, history, and circumstances of the gentleman, whom we shall endeavour, in a few words, to introduce more accurately to our readers.

Jonathan Oldsbuck, or Oldsbuck, by popular contraction Oldbuck, of Wonthorpe, was the second son of a gentleman possessed of a small property in the neighbourhood of a thriving seaport town on the north-eastern coast of Scotland, which, for various reasons, we shall designate Fairport. They had been established for several generations, as landowners in the county, and in most shires of England would have been accounted a family of some standing. But the slide of ——— was filled with gentlemen of more ancient descent and larger fortune. In the last generation, also, the neighbouring gentry had been almost uniformly Jacobites, while the proprietors of Wonthorpe, like the burgesses of the town near which they were settled, were steady adherents of the Protestant succession. The latter had, however, a pedigree of their own, on which they prided them-

^a [The Scotch expression, see Glossary at end of volume.]

sworn as much as those who despised them valued their respective Saxon, Norman, or Celtic genealogies. The first Oldenbuck, who had settled in their family manor shortly after the Reformation, was, they asserted, descended from one of the original printers of Germany, and had left his country in consequence of the persecutions directed against the professors of the Reformed religion. He had found a refuge in the town near which his posterity dwelt, the more readily that he was a sufferer in the Protestant cause, and certainly not the less so, that he brought with him money enough to purchase the small estate of Monkburn, then sold by a dissipated heir, to whose father it had been gifted, with other church lands, on the dissolution of the great and wealthy monastery to which it had belonged. The Oldenbucks were therefore loyal subjects on all occasions of harassment; and, as they kept up a good intelligence with the borough, it appeared that the Laird of Monkburn, who flourished in 1745, was present of the town during that ill-fated year, and had excited himself with much spirit in favour of King George, and even been put to expense on that score, which, according to the liberal conduct of the existing government towards their friends, had never been repaid him. By dint of solicitation, however, and borough interest, he continued to gain a place in the customs, and, being a frugal, careful man, had found himself enabled to add considerably to his paternal fortune. He had only two sons, of whom, as we have hinted, the present heir was the younger, and two daughters, one of whom still flourished in single blessedness, and the other, who was greatly more juvenile, made a love-match with a captain in the *Forty-two*, who had no other fortune but his commission and a Highland pedigree. Poverty disturbed a union which love would otherwise have made happy, and Captain McIntyre, in justice to his wife and two children, a boy and girl, had found himself obliged to seek his fortune in the East Indies. Being ordered upon an expedition against Hyder Ally, the detachment to which he belonged was cut off, and no news ever reached his unfortunate wife whether he fell in battle, or was murdered in prison, or survived in what the habits of the Indian tyrant rendered a hopeless captivity. She sunk under the accumulated load of grief and uncertainty, and left a son and daughter to the charge of her brother, the existing Laird of Monkburn.

The history of that proprietor himself is soon told. Being,

as we have said, a second son, his father destined him to a share in a substantial mercantile concern, carried on by some of his maternal relations. From this Jonathan's mind revolted in the most irreconcilable manner. He was then put apprentice to the profession of a writer, or attorney, in which he profited so far, that he made himself master of the whole forms of feudal iniquities, and showed such pleasure in recording their incongruities, and tracing their origin, that his master had great hope he would one day be an able conveyancer. But he halted upon the threshold, and, though he acquired some knowledge of the origin and system of the law of his country, he could never be persuaded to apply it to lucrative and practical purposes. It was not from any inconsiderate neglect of the advantages attending the possession of money that he thus destroyed the hopes of his master. "Were he thoughtless or light-headed, or not *au fait* as a lawyer," said his instructor, "I would know what to make of him. But he never pays away a shilling without looking anxiously after the change, unless his expenses go farther than another lad's half-crown, and will ponder over an old black-letter copy of the acts of parliament for days, rather than go to the gall or the champagne; and yet he will not bestow one of those days on a little business of routine, that would put twenty shillings in his pocket—a strange mixture of frugality and idleness, and negligent indolence—I don't know what to make of him."

But in process of time his pupil gained the means of making what he pleased of himself; for his father having died, was not long survived by his eldest son, an ardent fisher and fowler, who departed this life, in consequence of a cold caught in his vacation, while shooting ducks in the swamp called Kitching-moss, notwithstanding his having drunk a bottle of brandy that very night to keep the cold out of his stomach. Jonathan, therefore, succeeded to the estate, and with it to the means of subsisting without the hated drudgery of the law. His wishes were very moderate; and as the rest of his small property rose with the improvement of the country, it soon greatly exceeded his wants and expenditure; and though too indolent to make money, he was by no means insensible to the pleasure of hoarding it accumulate. The burghers of the town near which he lived regarded him with a sort of envy, as one who affected to divide himself from their rank in society, and whose studies and

pleasures seemed to them alike incomprehensible. Still, however, a sort of hereditary respect for the Label of Montdore, augmented by the knowledge of his being a ready-money man, kept up his consequence with this class of his neighbours. The country gentlemen were generally above him in fortune, and beneath him in intellect, and, excepting one with whom he lived in habits of intimacy, had little intercourse with Mr. Oldback of Montdore. He had, however, the usual resources, the company of the clergyman, and of the doctor, when he chose to request it, and also his own pursuits and pleasures, being in correspondence with most of the virtuous of his time, who, like himself, measured despised entertainments, made plans of retired castles, read flagrant inscriptions, and wrote essays on medals to the proportion of twelve pages to each letter of the legend. Some habits of hasty irritation he had contracted, partly, it was said in the borough of Falgout, from an early disappointment in love, in virtue of which he had commenced urologist, as he called it, but yet more by the obsequious attention paid to him by his maiden sister and his orphan niece, whom he had trained to consider him as the greatest man upon earth, and whom he used to boast of as the only women he had ever seen who were well broken in and fitted to obedience; though, it must be owned, Miss Olney Oldback was sometimes apt to jib when he pulled the reins too tight. The rest of his character must be gathered from the story, and we dismiss with pleasure the tiresome task of recapitulation.

During the time of dinner, Mr. Oldback, actuated by the same curiosity which his fellow-traveller had entertained on his account, made some advances, which his age and station entitled him to do in a more direct manner, towards ascertaining the name, destination, and quality of his young companion.

His name, the young gentleman said, was Lovel.

"What! the cat, the rat, and Lovel our dog? Was he descended from King Richard's favourite?"

"He had no pretensions," he said, "to call himself a whelp of that litter; his father was a north-England gentleman. He was at present travelling to Falgout (the town near to which Montdore was situated), and, if he found the place agreeable, might perhaps remain there for some weeks."

"Was Mr. Lovel's excursion solely for pleasure?"

"Not entirely."

"Perhaps on business with some of the commercial people of Fairport?"

"It was purely on business, but had no reference to commerce."

Here he paused; and Mr. Oldbuck, having pushed his inquiries as far as good manners permitted, was obliged to change the conversation. The Antiquary, though by no means an enemy to good cheer, was a determined foe to all unnecessary expense on a journey; and upon his companion giving a hint concerning a bottle of port wine, he drew a dismal picture of the mixture, which, he said, was usually sold under that denomination, and affirming that a little punch was more genuine and better suited for the season, he laid his hand upon the bell to order the materials. But Mackintoshes had, in his own mind, settled their beverage otherwise, and appeared bearing in his hand an immense double quart bottle, or meggin, as it is called in Scotland, covered with saw-dust and cobwebs, the warnings of its antiquity.

"Punch!" said he, catching that generous sound, as he entered the parlour, "the doll a drop punch ye've got here the day, Mackintosh, and that ye may lay your account wi'."

"What do you mean, you impudent rascal!"

"Ay, ay, it's no matter for that—but do you mind the trick ye served me the last time ye was here?"

"I trick you?"

"Ay, just yourself, Mackintosh. The Laird o' Tanservie, and Sir Gilbert Ogilvie, and Auld Bembolich, and the Bodie, were just sitting in to make an afternoon's, and you, wif some o' your cold-warld stories, that the mind o' man cannot resist, whilk'd them to the back o' beyond to look at the waul Roman camp—Ah, sir!" turning to Lord, "he waul wile the bird aff the tree wif the tales he tells about folk lang ago—and did not I lose the drinking o' our plate o' gude cheer, for the doll ane waul hae stirred till he had seen that out at the least?"

"If ye hear the impudent scoundrel!" said Mackintosh, but laughing at the same time; for the worthy hostess, as he used to boast, knew the measure of a gentleman's foot as well as o'er a water on this side Solway; "well, well, you may send us in a bottle of port."

"Port! na, na! ye mair haves port and punch to the life o'

no, it's darst that's fit for you larks; and, I dare say, none of the folk ye speak so much o' ever drank either of the two."

"Do you hear how absolute the laurie is? Well, my young friend, we must for once prefer the *Falernian* to the *vib Salernum*."

The ready landlord had the cork instantly extracted, decanted the wine into a vessel of suitable capaciousness, and, declaring it possessed the very room, left his guests to make the most of it.

Macditchmann's wine was really good, and had its effect upon the spirits of the elder guest, who told some good stories, out some dry jokes, and at length entered into a learned discussion concerning the ancient dramatists; a ground on which he found his new acquaintance so strong, that at length he began to suspect he had made them his professional study. "A traveller partly for business and partly for pleasure!—Wig, the stage partakes of both; it is a labour to the performers, and affords, or is meant to afford, pleasure to the spectators. He comes, in manner and rank, above the class of young men who take their turn; but I remember hearing them say, that the *litta chautra* at Fairport was to open with the performance of a young gentleman, being his first appearance on any stage.—If this should be thee, Lovel!—Lovel! you, Lovel or Belville are just the names which youngsters are apt to assume on such occasions—on my life, I am sorry for the lad."

Mr. Oldback was habitually parsimonious, but in no respects mean; his first thought was to save his fellow-traveller any part of the expense of the entertainment, which he supposed must be in his situation more or less inconvenient. He therefore took an opportunity of settling privately with Mr. Macditchmann. The young traveller concentrated against his liberality, and only acquiesced in deference to his youth and respectability.

The mutual satisfaction which they found in each other's society induced Mr. Oldback to propose, and Lovel willingly to accept, a scheme for travelling together to the end of their journey. Mr. Oldback intimated a wish to pay two-thirds of the hire of a post-chaise, saying, that a proportional quantity of room was necessary to his accommodation; but this Mr. Lovel resolutely declined. Their expense then was mutual, unless when Lovel occasionally slipped a shilling into the hand of a growling postilion; for Oldback, true to the traditions of ancient customs, never extended his garrison beyond eighteen-pence a stage. In

this manner they travelled, until they arrived at Fairport,* about two o'clock on the following day.

Level probably expected that his travelling companion would have invited him to dinner on his arrival; but his remembrance of a want of ready preparation for unexpected guests, and perhaps some other reasons, prevented. Ollibuck, from paying him that attention. He only begged to see him as early as he could make it convenient to call in a friend, recommended him to a widow who had apartments to let, and to a person who kept a decent ordinary; cautioning both of them apart, that he only knew Mr. Level as a pleasant companion in a post-chaise, and did not mean to guarantee any title which he might contract while residing at Fairport. The young gentleman's figure and manners, not to mention a well-furnished trunk, which soon arrived by sea, to his address at Fairport, probably went as far in his favour as the limited recommendation of his fellow-traveller.

* [The "Fairport" of this novel is supposed to refer to the town of Ipswich, in Suffolk, and "Middling" port, is the fishing village of Audleyville, in the same county.]

CHAPTER THIRD.

He had a coach of cold milk-matches,
 Rusty silver cups, and jagged-parkets,
 Would hold the London three in totality,
 A borrowed guide;
 And parkish-pots, and cold milk-matches,
 Above the Duke.
 Drama.

Arrive he had settled himself in his new apartments at Fairport, Mr. Level bethought him of paying the requested visit to his fellow-traveller. He did not make it earlier, however, with all the old gentleman's good-humour and information, there had sometimes gleamed forth in his language and manner towards him an air of superiority, which his companion considered as being fully beyond what the difference of age warranted. He therefore waited the arrival of his baggage from Middling, that he might arrange his dress according to the fashion of the

day, and make his exterior corresponding to the rank in society which he supposed or felt himself entitled to hold.

It was the fifth day after his arrival, that, having made the necessary inquiries concerning the road, he went forth to pay his respects at Monkham. A footpath leading over a heathy hill, and through two or three meadows, conducted him to this mansion, which stood on the opposite side of the hill above-said, and commanded a fine prospect of the bay and shipping. Sheltered from the town by the rising ground, which also screened it from the north-west wind, the house had a solitary and sheltered appearance. The exterior had little to recommend it. It was an irregular old-fashioned building, some part of which had belonged to a grange, or military farm-house, inhabited by the bailiff, or steward, of the manor, when the place was in possession of the monks. It was here that the community stored up the grain, which they received as ground-rent from their vassals; for, with the produce belonging to their orders, all their conventional revenues were such payable in kind, and hence, as the present proprietor loved to tell, came the name of Monkham. To the remains of the bailiff's house, the succeeding lay inhabitants had made various additions in proportion to the accommodation required by their families; and, as this was done with an equal contempt of convenience within and architectural regularity without, the whole bore the appearance of a hamlet which had suddenly stood still when in the act of leaving down one of Amphion's, or Orpheus's, country dances. It was surmounted by tall shaggy hedges of yew and holly, some of which still exhibited the skill of the superior artist,² and presented curious arm-chairs, towers, and the figure of Saint George and the Dragon. The taste of Mr. Oldstock did not disturb these monuments of an art now unknown, and he was the less tempted so to do, as it must necessarily have broken the heart of the old gardener. One tall embowering holly was, however, saved from the shears; and, as a garden seat beneath its shade, Lovel beheld his old friend with sparkling eyes, and poise on side, busily employed in perusing the London Chronicle, smothered by the summer breeze through the rustling leaves, and the distant dash of the waves as they ruffled upon the sand.

² *See* *Pictures*, the art of clipping pre-hedges into fantastic figures. A Latin poem, entitled *de* *Picturis*, contains a curious account of the process.

Mr. Oldback immediately ran, and advanced to greet his travelling acquaintance with a hearty shake of the hand. "By my faith," said he, "I began to think you had changed your mind, and found the stupid people of Fairport so tiresome, that you judged them unworthy of your talents, and had taken French leave, as my old friend and brother-antiquary Mac-Gribb did, when he went off with one of my Syrian models."

"I hope, my good sir, I should have taken under no such imputation."

"Quite as bad, let me tell you, if you had stolen yourself away without giving me the pleasure of seeing you again. I had rather you had taken my copper Otho himself.—But come, let me show you the way into my sanctum sanctorum—my cell I may call it, for, except two little knives of wootenkind," (by this contemptuous phrase, borrowed from his brother-antiquary, the cyclo Anthony a-Wood, Mr. Oldback was used to denote the fair sex in general, and his sister and niece in particular), "that, on some life pretext of relationship, have established themselves in my premises, I live here as much a *Quadrato* as my predecessor, John o' the Gimell, whose grave I will show you by and by."

Thus speaking, the old gentleman led the way through a low door; but before entrance, suddenly stopped short to point out some vestiges of what he called an inscription, and, shaking his head as he pronounced it totally illegible, "Ah! if you but knew, Mr. Level, the time and trouble that these mouldering traces of letters have cost me! No mother ever travelled so far a child—and all in no purpose—although I am almost positive that those two last marks imply the figures, or letters, L.V., and may give us a good guess at the real date of the building, since we know, *avant*, that it was founded by Alder Wallinse about the middle of the fourteenth century—and, I profess, I think that contrivance might be made out by better eyes than mine.

"I think," answered Level, willing to humour the old man, "it has something the appearance of a *natre*."

"I protest you are right! you are right! It never struck me before—see what it is to have younger eyes—A *natre*—a *natre*—it corresponds in every respect."

The resemblance was not much nearer than that of Polonius's head to a whale, or an ewed; it was sufficient, however, to set

the Antiquary's brains to work. "A mile, my dear sir," continued he, as he led the way through a labyrinth of inconvenient and dark passages, and accompanied his disposition with certain necessary cautions to his guest—"A mile, my dear sir, will suit our abbot as well as a bishop—he was a mixed abbot, and at the very top of the reil—take care of those three steps—I know Mac-Crith's desire this, but it is as certain as that he took away my Antiquary, he leave asked—you'll see the name of the Abbot of Troinsey, *Abbas Troinensis*, at the head of the rolls of parliament in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—there is very little light here, and those cursed woman-kind always leave their tails in the passage—now take care of the corner—second twelve steps, and ye are safe!"

Mr. Oldback had by this time attained the top of the winding stair which led to his own apartment, and opening a door, and pushing aside a piece of tapestry with which it was covered, his first exclamation was, "What are you about here, you sluts!" A dirty hardfaced chambermaid threw down her dustier, dejected in the heinous flat of arranging the cushion cushions, and fled out of an opposite door from the face of her increased master. A grained-looking young woman, who was superintending the operation, stood her ground, but with some timidity.

"Indeed, ma'am, your room was not fit to be seen, and I just came to see that Jenny laid everything down where she took it up."

"And how dare you, or Jenny either, presume to meddle with my private matters!" (Mr. Oldback hated getting to rights as much as Dr. Grithorne, or any other professed student.) "Go, sew your sampler, you monkey, and do not let me find you here again, as you value your ears.—I assure you, Mr. Lovel, that the last brand of those pretenceful friends to cleanliness was almost as fatal to my collection as Hadikow's visit to that of Rhiphal; and I have ever since mixed

My superplate, with chamade
Engarved upon't and other knacks;
My muscadet, with Napier's bones,
And several constitution stones;
My tea, my soapstone, and pumice,
I purchased for my proper use.

And so forth, as old Butler has it."

The young lady, after courtoying to Lovel, had taken the

opportunity to make her escape during this immersion of losses. "You'll be poisoned here with the volumes of dust they have raised," continued the Antiquary; "but I assure you the dust was very sweet, peaceful, quiet dust, about an hour ago, and would have remained so for a hundred years, had not these gipsies disturbed it, as they do everything else in the world."

It was indeed some time before Level could, through the thick atmosphere, perceive in what sort of den his friend had constructed his retreat. It was a lofty room of maddling size, dimly lighted by high narrow latticed windows. One end was entirely occupied by book-shelves, greatly too limited in space for the number of volumes placed upon them, which were, therefore, drawn up in ranks of two or three files deep, while manuscripts others littered the floor and the tables, amid a chaos of maps, engravings, scraps of parchment, bundles of papers, pieces of old armour, accords, dirks, helmets, and Highland targets. Behind Mr. Oldback's seat (which was an ancient leather-covered easy-chair, worn smooth by constant use) was a huge oaken cabinet, decorated at each corner with Dutch cherubs, having their little duck-wings displayed, and great jester-headed vases placed between them. The top of this cabinet was covered with books, and Roman lamps and patera, interspersed with one or two bronze figures. The walls of the apartment were partly clothed with grim old tapestry, representing the memorable story of Sir Gawaine's wedding, in which full justice was done to the ugliness of the Lusty Lady; although, to judge from his own looks, the gentle knight had less reason to be disgusted with the match on account of disparity of outward show, than the romance has given us to understand. The rest of the room was packed, or reamotted, with black oak, against which hung two or three portraits in armour, being characters in Scottish history, favourites of Mr. Oldback, and as many in the wig and hood coats, staring representatives of his own ancestors. A large old-fashioned oaken table was covered with a profusion of papers, parchments, books, and manuscript trinkets and gewgaws, which seemed to have little to recommend them, besides rest and the antiquity which it indicates. In the midst of this wreck of ancient books and utensils, with a gravity equal to Marins among the ruins of Carthage, sat a large black cat, which, to a superstitious eye, might have presented the pious cat, the tricker demon of the

apartment. The floor, as well as the table and chairs, was covered by the same worn surface of miscellaneous trumpery, where it would have been as impossible to find any individual article wasted, as to put it to any use when discovered.

Amid this medley, it was no easy matter to find each way to a chair, without stumbling over a prostrate idler, or the still more awkward reluctance of overturning some piece of Roman or ancient British pottery. And, when the chair was obtained, it had to be disassembled, with a careful hand, of cupbearings which might have received damage, and of antique spurs and buckles, which would certainly have occasioned it to any sudden movement. Of this the Antiquary made Lord particularly aware, adding, that his friend, the Rev. Doctor Henspiene from the Low Countries, had sustained much injury by sitting down suddenly and incautiously on three ancient cushions, or *coussins*, which had been lately dug up in the bog near Bunschoven, and which, disposed by Robert Bruce to lighten the feet of the English chaperons, came thus in process of time to endanger the sitting part of a learned professor of Utrecht.

Having at length fairly settled himself, and being nothing loath to make inquiry concerning the strange objects around him, which his host was equally ready, as far as possible, to explain, Lord was introduced to a large stick, or bludgeon, with an iron spike at the end of it, which, it seems, had been lately found in a field on the Monkhouse property, adjacent to an old burying-ground. It had slightly the air of such a stick as the Highland reapers use to walk with on their annual peregrinations from their mountains; but Mr. Oldbank was strongly tempted to believe, that, as its shape was singular, it might have been one of the clubs with which the monks armed their peasants in lieu of more martial weapons,—whereas, he observed, the villains were called *Cole-cotes*, or *Kill-kots*, that is, *Chisels*, or club-bearers. For the truth of this custom, he quoted the chronicle of Antwerp and that of St. Martin; against which authorities Lord had nothing to oppose, having never heard of them till that moment.

Mr. Oldbank next exhibited thumb-screws, which had given the Covenanters of former days the cramp in their joints, and a collar with the name of a fellow convicted of theft, whose services, as the inscription bore, had been adjudged to a neighbouring baron, in lieu of the modern Scottish parliament,

which, as Oldback said, sends such culprits to enrich England by their labour, and themselves by their dexterity. Many and various were the other curiosities which he showed;—but it was chiefly upon his books that he prided himself, repeating, with a complacent air, as he led the way to the crowded and dusty shelves, the verse of old Chaucer—

For he would rather have, at his bed-head,
A twenty books, clothed in black or red,
Of Aristotle, or his philosophy,
Than robes rich, which, or silken,

This pithy motto he delivered, shaking his head, and giving each gathered the true Anglo-Saxon conviction, which is now forgotten in the southern parts of this realm.

The collection was indeed a curious one, and might well be envied by an amateur. Yet it was not collected at the enormous prices of modern times, which are sufficient to have appalled the most determined as well as coldest bibliomaniac upon record, whom we take to have been none else than the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, as, among other slight indications of an infirm understanding, he is stated, by his voracious historian, Old Horatio Bonaparte, to have exchanged fields and farms for folios and quarters of civility. In this species of exploit, the good knight-errant has been imitated by lords, knights, and squires of our own day, though we have not yet heard of any that has mistaken an inn for a castle, or laid his lance in rest against a windmill. Mr. Oldback did not follow these collectors in such excess of expenditure; but, taking a pleasure in the personal labour of forming his library, saved his purse at the expense of his time and toil. He was no encourager of that ingenuous race of peripatetic riddle-men, who, trafficking between the obscure keeper of a stall and the eager amateur, make their profit at once of the ignorance of the former, and the dear-bought skill and taste of the latter. When such were mentioned in his hearing, he seldom failed to point out how necessary it was to arrest the object of your curiosity in its first transit, and to tell his favourite story of Snuffy Darts and Claxton's Game at Chess.—“Derry Wilson,” he said, “commonly called Snuffy Dery, from his inveterate addiction to black rappee, was the very prince of scouts for searching blind alleys, cellars, and stalls for rare volumes. He had the scent of a shrew-hound, sir, and the snuff of a bull-dog

He would detect you an old black-letter leaflet among the leaves of a law-paper, and find an white princeps under the mask of a school Chaucerian. Scuffy Davy bought the "Game of Chess, 1474," the first book ever printed in England, from a stall in Holland, for about two groats, or twopenny of our money. He sold it to Osborne for twenty pounds, and as many books as came to twenty pounds more. Osborne resold this incalculable windfall to Dr. Ashmole for sixty guineas. At Dr. Ashmole's sale," continued the old gentleman, twinkling as he spoke, "this incalculable treasure blazed forth in its full value, and was purchased by Royalty itself for one hundred and seventy pounds!—Could a copy now come, Lord only knows," he quavered, with a deep sigh and lifted-up hands—"Lord only knows what would be its ransom; and yet it was originally secured, by skill and research, for the easy equivalent of twopenny sterling." Happy, thrice happy, Scuffy Davy!—and blessed were the times when thy industry could be so rewarded!

"Even I, sir," he went on, "though far inferior in industry and discernment and presence of mind, to that great man, can show you a few—a very few things, which I have collected, not by force of money, as my wealthy race might,—although, as my friend London says, he might chance to throw away his coin only to illustrate his ignorance,—but gained in a manner that shows I know something of the matter. See this bundle of ballads, not one of them later than 1700, and some of them as hundred years older. I wheedled an old woman out of these, who loved them better than her pocket-book. *Tobacco*, sir, *snuff*, and the *Complete Syon*, were the equivalent! For that mutilated copy of the *Complaynt of Scotland*, I set out the drinking of two dozen bottles of strong ale with the late learned proprietor, who, in gratitude, bequeathed it to me by his last will. These little *Shrotes* are the memoranda and trophies of many a walk by night and morning through the *Cowgate*, the *Cowgate*, the *Bow*, *St. Mary's Wynd*,—wherever, in fact, there were to be found brokers and traders, those miscellaneous dealers in things rare and curious. How often have I stood haggling on a halfpenny, but, by a too ready acquiescence in the dealer's first price, he should he led to suspect the value I

* This ballad-merchant's anecdote is literally true; and David Wilson, the author need not tell his brethren of the *Forburghs* and *Remingtons* Clubs, was a real personage.

set upon the article!—how have I trembled, lest some passing stranger should stop in between me and the price, and regarded each poor student of divinity that stopped to turn over the books at the stall, as a rival customer, or prying looker-on in disguise!—And then, Mr. Lovel, the dy satisfaction with which one page the consideration, and pockets the article, affecting a cold indifference, while the hand is trembling with pleasure!—Then to dash the eyes of our wealthier and cautious clients by showing them such a treasure as this" (displaying a little black smocked book about the size of a primer); "to enjoy their surprise and envy, shrouding meanwhile, under a veil of mysterious consciousness, our own superior knowledge and dexterity;—these, my young friend, these are the white moments of life, that repay the toil, and pains, and anxious attention, which our profession, above all others, so positively demands!"

Lovel was not a little amused at hearing the old gentleman run on in this manner, and, however incapable of entering into the full merits of what he beheld, he admired, as much as could have been expected, the various treasures which Oldbuck exhibited. Here were editions esteemed as being the first, and there stood those scarcely less regarded as being the last and best; here was a book valued because it had the author's final improvements, and there another which (strange to tell!) was in request because it had them not. One was precious because it was a folio, another because it was a duodecimo; some because they were tall, some because they were short; the merit of this lay in the title-page—of that in the arrangement of the letters in the word *Fine*. There was, it seemed, no possible distinction, however trifling or minute, which might not give value to a volume, providing the indispensable quality of scarcity, or rare occurrence, was attached to it.

Not the least fascinating was the original broadside—the Dying Speech, Bloody Murder, or Wonderful Wonder of Wonders,—in its primary tattered guise, as it was hawked through the streets, and sold for the cheap and easy price of one penny, though now worth the weight of that penny in gold. On these the Antiquary dilated with transport, and roared, with a rapturous voice, the elaborate titles, which bore the same proportion to the contents that the painted signs without a showman's booth do to the animals within. Mr. Oldbuck, for example, played himself splendidly in possessing an unique broad-

sible, entitled and called "Strange and Wonderful News from Clipping-Norton, in the County of Essex, of certain dreadful Apparitions which were seen in the Air on the Night of July 1618, at Half an Hour after Nine o'Clock at Noon, and continued till Eleven, in which Time was seen Apparitions of several flaming Swords, strange Motions of the superior Orbs; with the unusual Sparkling of the Stars, with their dreadful Continuances; With the Account of the Opening of the Heavens, and strange Apparitions therein disclosing themselves, with several other prodigious Circumstances not heard of in any Age, to the great Amusement of the Deceivers, as it was communicated in a Letter to me Mr. Colley, living in West Smithfield, and attested by Thomas Brown, Elizabeth Greenway, and Anne Outhridge, who were Spectators of the dreadful Apparitions: And if any one would be further satisfied of the Truth of this Relation, let them repair to Mr. Nightingale's at the Bear Inn, in West Smithfield, and they may be satisfied."

"You laugh at this," said the proprietor of the collection, "and I forgive you. I do acknowledge that the charms on which we rest are not so obvious to the eyes of youth as those of a fair lady; but you will grow wiser, and see more justly, when you come to wear spectacles.—Yet stay, I have one piece of antiquity, which you, perhaps, will prize more highly."

So saying, Mr. Oldback unlatched a drawer, and took out a bundle of keys, then pulled aside a piece of the tapestry which concealed the door of a small closet, into which he descended by four stone steps, and, after some fiddling among bottles and cans, produced two long-stalked wine-glasses with bell mouths, such as are seen in Tensors' pieces, and a small bottle of what he called rich racy canary, with a little bit of diet cake, on a small silver server of exquisite old workmanship. "I will say nothing of the server," he remarked, "though it is said to have been wrought by the old and Florentine, Bartramio Cellini. But, Mr. Level, our ancestors drank such—you, who admire the drama, know where that's to be found.—Here's success to your exertions at Falstaff, sir!"

"And to you, sir, and an ample increase to your treasure, with no more trouble on your part than is just necessary to make the acquisition valuable."

* Of this three and four times rare beverage, the author possesses an example.

After a *flânerie* as suitable to the circumstance in which they had been engaged, Lovel rose to take his leave, and Mr. Oldback prepared to give him his company a part of the way, and show him something worthy of his curiosity on his return to Fairport.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

The people will make men over the box,
 By queer goods'ness and good-manners to me,
 Saying, Alas the, for poor country,
 Will ye judge a silly pair men?

THE CLOTHROOM MAN.

Our two friends moved through a little orchard, where the aged apple-trees, well loaded with fruit, showed, as is usual in the neighbourhood of manorial buildings, that the days of the month had not always been spent in idle hours, but often dedicated to horticulture and gardening. Mr. Oldback failed not to make Lovel remark, that the planters of those days were possessed of the modern secret of preventing the roots of the fruit-trees from penetrating the till, and compelling them to spread in a lateral direction, by placing paving-stones beneath the trees when first planted, so as to interpose between their fibres and the subsoil. "This old fellow," he said, "which was blown down last summer, and still, though half rotted on the ground, is covered with fruit, has been, as you may see, accommodated with such a barrier between his roots and the untillable till. That other tree has a story:—the fruit is called the Abbot's Apple; the lady of a neighbouring house was so fond of it, that she would often pay a visit to Monkhouse, to have the pleasure of gathering it from the tree. The husband, a jealous man, heifer, suspected that a taste so nearly resembling that of Mother Eve prognosticated a similar fall. In the honour of a noble family is concerned, I will say no more on the subject, only that the lords of Lockard and Oringbent still pay a fine of six bolls of barley annually, to atone the guilt of their audacious owner, who intruded himself and his worldly companions upon the seclusion of the Abbot and his peasant.—Adieu the little belty riding along the ivy-matted path—there was here a hopfium, hopfah, or hopfumentum. (For

it is written all these various ways in the old writings and orientals, in which the words received pilgrims. I knew our minister has said, in the Statistical Account, that the hospital was situated either in the lands of Halloway or upon those of Halloway; but he is incorrect, Mr. Lord—that is the gate called still the Palmer's Port, and my gardener found many hawthorn trees, when he was treading the ground for winter colley, several of which I have sent as specimens to my learned friends, and to the various antiquarian societies of which I am an unworthy member. But I will say no more at present; I reserve something for another visit, and we have an object of real curiosity before us."

While he was thus speaking, he led the way briskly through one or two rich pasture-meadows, to an open beach or common, and so to the top of a gentle eminence. "Here," he said, "Mr. Lord, is a truly remarkable spot."

"It commands a fine view," said his companion, looking around him.

"True; but it is not for the prospect I brought you hither; do you see nothing else remarkable?—nothing on the surface of the ground?"

"Why, yes; I do see something like a ditch, indistinctly marked."

"Indistinctly!—pardon me, sir, but the indistinctness must be in your powers of vision. Nothing can be more plainly traced—a proper eye or ear, with its corresponding ditch or fence. Indistinctly! why, Heaven help you, the fence, my friend, as light-headed a goose as wrenched ass, saw the traces of the ditch at once. Indistinct!—why, the great station at Ayr, or that at Burness in Ayrshire, may be clearer, doubtless, because they are stative facts, whereas this was only an occasional circumstance. Indistinct!—why, you must suppose that dials, bones, and fillets, have ploughed up the land, and, like hoofs and ignorant steers, have thereby obliterated two sides of the square, and greatly injured the third; but you see, yourself, the fourth side is quite entire!"

Lord endeavoured to apologise, and to explain away his ill-tempered phrase, and pleaded his inexperience. But he was not at once quite successful. His first expression had come too frankly and naturally not to alarm the Antiquary, and he could not easily get over the shock it had given him.

"My dear sir," continued the senior, "your eyes are not inexperienced: you know a ditch from level ground, I presume, when you see them! Indistinct! why, the very common people, the very least boy that can herd a cow, calls it the *Kaine* of *Kingman*; and if that does not imply an ancient camp, I am ignorant what does."

Lovel having again surprised, and at length failed to deep the irritated and suspicious vanity of the Antiquary, he proceeded in his task of evasion. "You must know," he said, "our Scottish antiquaries have been greatly divided about the local situation of the final conflict between Agricola and the *Unobedients*; some contend for Ardoch in Strathallan, some for *Impergilly*, some for the *Enclyffe* in the *Hevra*, and some are for carrying the scene of action as far north as *Elair* in *Aitha*. Now, after all this discussion," continued the old gentleman, with one of his steepest and most complacent looks, "what would you think, Mr. Lovel,—I say, what would you think,—if the memorable scene of conflict should happen to be on the very spot called the *Kaine* of *Kingman*, the property of the obscure and humble individual who now speaks to you?" Then, having paused a little, to suffer his guest to digest a communication so important, he resumed his dissertation in a higher tone. "You, my good friend, I am indeed greatly desirous if this place does not correspond with all the marks of that celebrated place of action. It was near to the *Grampian* mountains—in! yonder they are, rising and contending with the sky on the skirts of the heathen! It was in compact close—in sight of the Roman fleet; and would any admiral, Roman or British, with a finer bay to ride in than that on your right hand! It is astonishing how blind we professed antiquaries sometimes are! Sir Robert Sibbald, *Samuel Gordon*, General *Ray*, Dr. *Stukely*,—why, it escaped all of them. I was unwilling to say a word about it till I had secured the ground, for it belonged to said *Johanna Herts*, a honest-baird* land-ty, and every a commencing we had before he and I could agree. At length—I am almost ashamed to say it—but I once brought my mind to give acre for acre of my good corn-land for this barren spot. But then it was a national concern; and when the scene of so celebrated an event became my own, I was

* A homestead signified a petty proprietor, wearing the dress, along with the habits of a peasant.

overpaid.—Whose publication would not grow warmer, as old Johnson says, on the plains of Marathon? I began to trench the ground, to see what might be discovered; and the third day, sir, we found a stone, which I have transported to Moulharnes, in order to have the sculpture taken off with plaster of Paris; it bears a smouldering vessel, and the letters A.D.L.I., which may stand, without much violence, for *Agricola Dionis Lohas Lohas*."

"Certainly, sir; for the Dutch Antiquaries claim Caligula as the founder of a lighthouse, on the sole authority of the letters C.L.P.F., which they interpret *Calus Caligula Pteron Fost*."

"True, and it has ever been recorded as a wondrous exposition. I see we shall make something of you even before you wear spectacles, notwithstanding you thought the traces of this beautiful camp belidant when you first observed them."

"In time, sir, and by good instruction."—

"—You will become more apt—I doubt it not. You shall peruse, upon your next visit to Moulharnes, my trivial Essay upon Castrametation, with some particular Remarks upon the Vestiges of Ancient Fortifications lately discovered by the Author at the Kalm of Kinsgraw. I think I have pointed out the infallible touchstone of supposed antiquity. I prescribe a few general rules on that point, on the nature, namely, of the evidence to be received in such cases. Meanwhile be pleased to observe, for example, that I could press into my service Claudius's famous *Evo*,

He Calabrois possit qd castra possit.

For *posuit*, though interpreted to mean *haser frost*, to which I own we are somewhat subject in this north-eastern sea-coast, may also signify a locality, namely, *Præns*; the *Castra Præns* possit therefore be the Kalm of Kinsgraw. But I waive this, for I am sensible it might be laid hold of by enemies as carrying down my *Castra* to the time of Theodosius, sent by Valentinian into Britain as late as the year 367, or thereabout. No, my good friend, I appeal to people's eye-sight. Is not here the Decuman gate? and there, but for the ravage of the horrid plough, as a learned friend calls it, would be the Prætorian gate. On the left hand you may see some slight vestiges of the *pota sinistra*, and on the right, one side of the *pota destra* walling

entire. Here, then, let us take our stand, on this tumulus, exhibiting the foundation of ruined buildings,—the central point—the precursor, doubtless, of the ramp. From this place, now scarce to be distinguished but by its slight elevation and its greener turf from the rest of the fortification, we may suppose Agricola to have looked forth on the immense army of Caligornius, occupying the declivities of yon opposite hill,—the infantry rising rank over rank, in the form of ground displayed their army to its utmost advantage,—the cavalry well compact, by which I understand the chariotmen—another gale of folk from your Bond-street four-in-hand men, I try—securing the more level space below:—

——— See, then, Lovel—See——
 See that huge host moving from the mountain !
 Their gilt coats shine like dragon scales ;—their march
 Like a rough tumbling storm—See them, and view them,
 And then see Rome no more !——

Yes, my dear friend, from this stance it is probable—say, it is nearly certain, that Julius Agricola beheld what our Beaumont has so admirably described :—From this very *Prætorium*.”——

A voice from behind interrupted his ecstatic description—
 “*Prætorium* here, *Prætorium* there, I mind the begging o’ it.”

Both at once turned round, Lovel with surprise, and Oldback with mingled surprise and indignation, at so unkind an interruption. An soldier had stolen upon them, unseen and unheard, amid the energy of the antiquary’s enthusiastic declamation, and the attentive docility of Lovel. He had the exterior appearance of a mendicant. A slouched hat of huge dimensions ; a long white beard which mingled with his grizzled hair ; an aged but strongly marked and expressive countenance, hardened, by climate and exposure, to a ruddy brick-dust complexion ; a long blue gown, with a peacock badge on the right arm ; two or three wallets, or bags, slung across his shoulder, for holding the different kinds of meal, when he received his charity in kind from those who were but a degree sicker than himself :—all these marked at once a beggar by profession, and one of that privileged class which are called in Scotland the King’s Bedesman, or, vulgarly, *Blue-Gown*.

“*What is that you say, Edie ?*” said Oldback, hoping, perhaps,

that his men had betrayed their duty—"what were you speaking about?"

"About this bit board, your honour," answered the unshamed thief; "I noted the blipping o't."

"The devil you do! Why, you old fool, it was here before you were born, and will be after you are hanged, man!"

"Hanged or drowned, here or now, dead or alive, I noted the blipping o't."

"You—you—yes—," said the Antiquary, stammering between confusion and anger, "you strutting old vagabond, what the devil do you know about it?"

"Oo, I ken this about it, Monkburne—and what profit have I for telling ye a bit—I just ken this about it, that about twenty years ago, I, and a whole hallowhallow like myself, and the same-kind that built the lang dikes that gaue down the loosing, and two or three hardy maybe, just set to work, and built this bit thing here that ye ca' the—the—Prutorian, and a' just for a while as auld Alison Dren's bridel, and a bit little gaue-down w' had in't, some sair rainy weather. Mair by toben, Monkburne, if ye look up the board, as ye seem to have begun, ye'll find, if ye hae not found it already, a stone that one o' the mason-crafts set a hole in to have a board at the bridgeway, and he put four letters on't, that's A.D.L.L.—Alison Dren's Lang Laddie—for Alison was one o' the hale-supper o' Fife."

"This," thought Level to himself, "is a famous counterpart to the story of *Kelp on the Aye*." He then ventured to steal a glance at our Antiquary, but quickly withdrew it in sheer compassion. For, gentle reader, if there had ever beheld the visage of a demented old stonemason, whose remembrance of true love has been blown up by an untimely discovery, or of a child of ten years, whose castle of cards has been blown down by a malicious companion, I can safely aver to you, that Jonathan Oldbuck of Monkburne looked neither more wise nor less disconcerted.

"There is some mistake about this," he said, strongly turning away from the mendicant.

"Dell a bit on my side o' the wa'," answered the sturdy beggar; "I never deal in mistakes, they aye being nichances. —Now, Monkburne, that young gentleman, that's w' your honour, thinks little o' a curle like me; and yet, I'll wager I'll tell him what he was yestern at the glomra, only he maybe wudna like to ha'e spoken o' in company."

Lore's soul rushed to his cheeks, with the vivid blush of two-and-twenty.

"Never mind the old rogue," said Mr. Oldback; "don't suppose I think the worse of you for your profession; they are only prejudiced folk and conceits that do so. You remember what old Tully says in his oration, *pro dechie poete*, concerning one of your confraternity—*quis nostrum tam arduo agendi se dare fuit—et—et—I forget the Latin—the meaning is, which of us was so rude and barbarous as to remain unmoved at the death of the great Roccus, whose advanced age was so far from preparing us for his death, that we rather hoped one so graceful, so excellent in his art, ought to be exempted from the common lot of mortality!* So the Prince of Orators spoke of the stage and its professors."

The words of the old man fell upon Lore's ears, but without conveying any precise idea to his mind, which was then occupied in thinking by what means the old beggar, who still continued to regard him with a countenance provokingly sly and intelligent, had contrived to thrust himself into any knowledge of his affairs. He put his hand in his pocket as the readiest mode of intimating his desire of secrecy, and securing the concurrence of the person whom he addressed; and while he bestowed on him an alms, the amount of which rather bore proportion to his force than to his charity, looked at him with a marked expression, which the mendicant, a physiognomist by profession, seemed perfectly to understand—"Never mind me, sir—I am no talker; but there are wiser men in the world than mine," answered he as he pocketed Lore's bounty, but in a tone to be heard by him alone, and with an expression which amply filled up what was left unspoken. Then turning to Oldback—"I am ans' to the master, your honour. Has your honour any word there, or to Mr Arthur, for I'll come in by Knockwinock Castle again s'en!"

Oldback started as from a dream; and, in a hurried tone, where vacillation strove with a wish to conceal it, saying, at the same time, a tribute to Edie's smooth, glossy, unlined hat, he said, "Go down, go down to Monkbarra—let them give you some dinner—Or stay; if you do go to the manse, or to Knockwinock, ye need say nothing about that foolish story of yours."

"Who, I?" said the mendicant—"Lord bless your honour, nobody will ken a word about it but me, mair than if the bit

barrock had been there since Noah's flood. But, Lord, they tell me your honour has given Johnnie Howie some for some of the high stuff for this leather knowe! Now, if he has really imposed the barrock on ye for an ancient wark, it's my real opinion the bargain will never lose a gale, if you would just bring down your heart to try it at the law, and say that he beguiled ye."

"Provoking scandal!" muttered the indignant Antiquary between his teeth,—*"I'll have the hangman's lash and his back negotiated for this."* And then, in a louder tone,—*"Never mind, Edie—it is all a mistake."*

"Trot, I am thinking so," continued his tumbler, who seemed to have pleasure in rubbing the galled wound, "trot, I say thought so; and it's no use lang since I said to Lucie Gamble, 'Never think ye, hickie,' said I, 'that his honour Monkburn would hae done sic a daft-like thing as to gie grand wark worth fifty shillings an acre, for a malling that would be dear o' a pound Scots. Na, na, 'quo' I, 'depend upon't the laird's been imposed upon wi that wily de-little devil, Johnnie Howie.' 'But Lord haud a care o' us, ah, how can that be,' 'quo' she again, 'when the laird's son look-learned, there's no the like o' him in the country side, and Johnnie Howie has hardly sense enough to m' the come out o' his kail-yard?' 'Aweel, aweel,' 'quo' I, 'but ye'll hear he's drimmed him with some o' his wail-wail stories,'—for ye ken, laird, ye either dine about the hells that ye thought was an wail-cola"—

"Go to the devil!" said Oldback; and then in a more mild tone, as one that was conscious his reputation lay at the mercy of his antagonist, he added,—*"Away with you down to Monkburn, and when I come back, I'll send ye a bottle of ale to the kitchen."*

"Heaven reward your honour!" This was uttered with the true unselfish whine, as, setting his phre-staff before him, he began to move in the direction of Monkburn.—*"But did your honour,"* turning round, *"ever get back the silver ye gae to the travelling pedlars for the hells?"*

"Come then, go about thy business!"

"Aweel, aweel, ah, God bless your honour! I hope ye'll ding Johnnie Howie yet, and that I'll live to see it." And so saying, the old beggar moved off, relieving Mr. Oldback of reflections which were anything rather than agreeable.

"Who is this familiar old gentleman?" said Lovel, when the mendicant was out of hearing.

"O, one of the plagues of the country—I have been always against poor-wives and a work-house—I think I'll vote for them now, to have that scoundrel shut up. O, your old-remembered guest of a beggar becomes as well acquainted with you as he is with his stick—as intimate as one of the beasts familiar to man, which signify love, and with which his own trade is especially conversant. Who is he?—why, he has gone the rale—has been soldier, hatching-stager, travelling tinker, and is now a beggar. He is spoiled by our English gentry, who laugh at his jokes, and rehearse Edie Ochiltree's good things as regularly as Joe Miller's."

"Why, he was freedom apparently, which is the root of wit," answered Lovel.

"O ay, freedom enough," said the Antiquary; "he generally invents some damned improbable lie or another to provoke you. Eke that nonsense he talked just now—not that I'll publish any tract till I have examined the thing to the bottom."

"In England," said Lovel, "such a mendicant would get a speedy death."

"Yes, your denunciations and dog-whips would make slender allowance for his vein of humour! But here, among him! he is a sort of privileged nuisance—one of the last specimens of the old-fashioned Scottish mendicant, who kept his rounds within a particular space, and was the news-carrier, the minstrel, and sometimes the historian of the district. That rascal, now, knows more old ballads and traditions than any other man in this and the four next parishes. And after all," continued he, assuming as he went on describing Edie's good gifts, "the dog has some good humour. He has borne his hard fate with unbroken spirits, and it's cruel to deny him the comfort of a laugh at his betters. The pleasure of having quizzed me, as you gay folk would call it, will be more and drink to him for a day or two. But I must go back and look after him, as he will spend his J—d nonsensical story over half the country."

"So saying our horses parted, Mr. Ochiltree to return to his hospital at Monkburn, and Lovel to pursue his way to Fairport, where he arrived without further adventure.

* Note G. Protection.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

Leonard Gold. Meet me now: Now will I visit the waters.

MANAGER OF THEATRE.

THE theatre at Fairport had opened, but no Mr. Level appeared on the boards, nor was there anything in the habits or deportment of the young gentleman so named, which authorized Mr. Oldback's conjecture that his fellow-traveller was a candidate for the public favour. Regular were the Antiquary's inquiries at an old-fashioned barber who dressed the only three wigs in the parish which, in defiance of taxes and times, were still subjected to the operation of powdering and frizzling, and who for that purpose divided his time among the three employers where fashion had yet left him; regular, I say, were Mr. Oldback's inquiries at this passage concerning the news of the little theatre at Fairport, expecting every day to hear of Mr. Level's appearance; on which occasion the old gentleman had determined to put himself to charges in honour of his young friend, and not only to go to the play himself, but to carry his roomkind along with him. But old Jacob Cram conveyed no information which warranted his taking so decisive a step as that of securing a box.

He brought information, on the contrary, that there was a young man residing at Fairport, of whom the town (by which he meant all the gossips, who, having no business of their own, fill up their leisure moments by attending to that of other people) could make nothing. He sought no society, but rather avoided that which the apparent gentleness of his manners, and some degree of curiosity, induced many to offer him. Nothing could be more regular, or less resembling an adventurer, than his mode of living, which was simple, but so completely well arranged, that all who had any transactions with him were lost in their approbation.

"There are not the virtues of a stage-struck hero," thought Oldback to himself; and, however habitually pertinacious in his opinions, he must have been compelled to abandon that

which he had formed in the present instance, but for a part of Charr's conversation. "The young gentlemen," he said, "was sometimes heard speaking to himself, and musing about in his room, just as if he was one of the player folk."

Nothing, however, excepting this single circumstance, occurred to confirm Mr. Oldbuck's supposition; and it remained a high and doubtful question, what a well-informed young man, without friends, connections, or employment of any kind, could have to do as a resident at Fairport. Neither poet was nor what had apparently any chance for him. He declined dining with the mass of the volunteer cohort which had been lately embodied, and shunned joining the convivialities of either of the two parties which then divided Fairport, as they did more important places. He was too little of an ardentist to join the dash of Royal Free Blues, and too little of a democrat to fraternise with an affiliated society of the ardentest Friends of the People, which the borough had also the happiness of possessing. A coffee-room was his detestation; and, I believe to say it, he had as few sympathies with the tea-table.—In short, since the name was fashionable in novel-writing, and that is a great while ago, there was never a Master Level of whom so little positive was known, and who was so universally described by negatives.

One negative, however, was important—nobody knew any harm of Level. Indeed, had such existed, it would have been speedily made public; for the natural desire of speaking evil of our neighbour could in his case have been checked by no feelings of sympathy for a being so unsocial. On one account alone he fell somewhat under suspicion. As he made free use of his pencil in his solitary walks, and had drawn several views of the harbour, in which the signal tower, and even the four-gun battery, were introduced, some restless friends of the public sent abroad a whisper, that this mysterious stranger must certainly be a French spy. The Sheriff paid his respects to Mr. Level accordingly; but in the interview which followed, it would seem that he had entirely removed that magistrate's suspicions, since he not only suffered him to remain undisturbed in his retirement, but it was credibly reported, sent him two invitations to dinner-parties, both which were civilly declined. But what the nature of the explanation was, the magistrate kept a profound secret, not only from the public at large, but from his substitute, his clerk,

his wife and his two daughters, who formed his privy council on all questions of official duty.

All these particulars being faithfully reported by Mr. Canon to his patron at Monkham, tended much to raise Level in the opinion of his former fellow-traveller. "A decent sensible lad," said he to himself, "who seems to enter into the politics and nonsense of those idiot people at Fairport—I must do something for him—I must give him a dinner;—and I will write Sir Arthur to come to Monkham to meet him. I must consult my womankind."

Accordingly, such consultation having been previously held, a special messenger, being no other than Canon himself, was ordered to prepare for a walk to Knockwinock Castle with a letter, "For the honoured Sir Arthur Warden, of Knockwinock, Bart." The contents ran thus:

"DEAR SIR ARTHUR,

"On Tuesday the 17th inst, with awe, I held a confidential symposium at Monkham, and pray you to assist thereof, at four o'clock precisely. If my fair money, Miss Level, can and will honour us by accompanying you, my womankind will be but too proud to have the aid of such an auxiliary in the cause of resistance to awful rule and right supremacy. If not, I will send the womankind to the manes for the day. I have a young acquaintance to make known to you, who is touched with some strain of a better spirit than belongs to those giddy-paced times—reverts his claims, and has a pretty notion of the classics—and, as such a youth must have a natural contempt for the people about Fairport, I wish to show him some rational as well as wonderful society.—I am, Dear Sir Arthur, etc. etc. etc."

"Fly with this letter, Canon," said the scribe, holding out his inkstand, signatum signis cyphillis, "fly to Knockwinock, and bring me back an answer. Go as fast as if the town-council were met and waiting for the provost, and the provost was waiting for his new-powdered wig."

"Ah ah," murmured the messenger, with a deep sigh, "three days has long gone by. Dost a wig has a provost of Fairport worn sir? said Provost Jarvis's time—and he had a queue of a servant-lad that dressed it himself, wth the doup o' a candle and a dressing-box. But I have seen the day, Monkham, when

the town-council of Fairport and has as soon wanted their town-shack, or their gill of brandy over-head after the battles, as they want has wanted life and a well-forevered, easy, decent partying on his part. High, sir! now wonder the commons will be discontent and rise against the law, when they see magistrates and bailiffs, and deacons, and the parson himself, wif heads as bold and as bare as any o' my blacks!"

"And as well furnished within, Canon. But away with you!—you have an excellent view of public affairs, and, I dare say, have touched the cause of our popular discontent as closely as the parson could have done himself. But away with you, Canon!"

And off went Canon upon his walk of three miles—

He babbled—but his heart was good!
Could he go faster than he could!—

While he is engaged in his journey and return, it may not be impertinent to inform the reader to whose mansion he was bearing his embassy.

We have said that Mr. Oldbank kept little company with the surrounding gentlemen, excepting with one person only. This was Sir Arthur Warburton, a baronet of ancient descent, and of a large but unimpaired fortune. His father, Sir Anthony, had been a Jacobite, and had displayed all the enthusiasm of that party, while it could be served with words only. He was squeezed the wrong with more significant gesture; no one could more dexterously intimate a dangerous health without coming under the penal statutes; and, above all, none drank more to the same more deeply and devoutly. But, on the approach of the Highland army in 1745, it would appear that the worthy baronet's soul became a little more moderate; just when its warmth was of most consequence. He talked much, indeed, of taking the field for the rights of Scotland and Charles Stuart; but his drink-pages would admit only one of his horses; and that horse could by no means be brought to stand firm. Perhaps the worshipful owner sympathized in the struggles of this capacious quadruped, and began to think, that what was so much dreaded by the horse could not be very wholesome for the rider. At any rate, while Sir Anthony Warburton talked, and drank, and hesitated, the steady parson of Fairport (who, as we before noticed, was the father of our Antiquary) walked

from his ancient burgh, heading a body of whig-burghees, and seized at once, in the name of George II., upon the Castle of Knockrinnoch, and on the four castles-herries, and persons of the proprietors. Sir Anthony was shortly after sent off to the Tower of London by a secretary of state's warrant, and with him went his son, Arthur, then a youth. But as nothing appeared like an court act of treason, both father and son were soon set at liberty, and returned to their own mansion of Knockrinnoch, to drink beside five fallows deep, and talk of their sufferings in the royal cause. This became so much a matter of habit with Sir Arthur, that, even after his father's death, the non-juring chaplain used to pray regularly for the restoration of the rightful sovereign, for the downfall of the usurper, and for deliverance from their cruel and bloodthirsty enemies; although all idea of serious opposition to the House of Hanover had long melted away, and this treasonable liturgy was kept up rather as a matter of form than as conveying any distinct meaning. So much was this the case, that, about the year 1770, upon a disputed election occurring in the county, the worthy knight fairly gulped down the oaths of abjuration and allegiance, in order to serve a candidate in whom he was interested;—thus renouncing the help for whose restoration he weekly petitioned Heaven, and acknowledging the usurper whose dethronement he had never ceased to pray for. And to add to this melancholy instance of human inconsistency, Sir Arthur continued to pray for the House of Stuart even after the family had been extinct, and when, in truth, though in his theoretical loyalty he was pleased to regard them as alive, yet, in all actual service and practical action, he was a most ardent and devoted subject of George III.

In other respects, Sir Arthur Wackour lived like most country gentlemen in Scotland, hunted and fished—gave and received dinners—attended races and county meetings—was a deputy-lieutenant and trustee upon township acts. But, in his more advanced years, as he became too lazy or cowardly for sports, he supplied them by now and then reading Scottish history; and, having gradually acquired a taste for antiquities, though neither very deep nor very correct, he became a story of his neighbour, Mr. Oldback of Monkton, and a joint-labourer with him in his antiquarian pursuits.

There were, however, points of difference between these two

humanists, which sometimes occasioned discord. The faith of Sir Arthur, as an antiquary, was boundless, and Mr. Oldbeck (notwithstanding the affair of the Protectorate at the Reins of Elgarwood) was much more scrupulous in receiving legends as current and authentic coin. Sir Arthur would have deemed himself guilty of the crime of lese-majesty had he doubted the existence of any single individual of that formidable head-roll of one hundred and four Kings of Scotland, received by Bothwell, and rendered classical by Buchanan, in virtue of whom James VI. claimed to rule his ancient kingdom, and whose portraits still hung grimly upon the walls of the gallery of Holyrood. Now Oldbeck, a shrewd and suspicious man, and no respecter of divine hereditary right, was apt to curl at this sacred list, and to affirm, that the procession of the posterity of Fergus through the pages of Scottish history, was as vain and unsubstantial as the glimmering pageant of the descendants of Banquo through the cavern of Hecate.

Another tender topic was the good name of Queen Mary, of which the knight was a most obstreperous assertor, while the squire indulged it, in spite both of her beauty and misdeeds. When, unhappily, their conversation turned on yet later times, motives of discord occurred in almost every page of history. Oldbeck was, upon principle, a staunch Presbyterian, a ruling elder of the kirk, and a friend to revolution principles and Protestant succession, while Sir Arthur was the very reverse of all this. They agreed, it is true, in dutiful love and allegiance to the sovereign who now fills* the throne; but this was their only point of union. It therefore often happened, that bickerings hot broke out between them, in which Oldbeck was not always able to suppress his caustic humor, while it would sometimes occur to the Baronet that the descendant of a German printer, whose slave had "sought the loose friendship of palfrey burghers," forgot himself, and took an unbecoming freedom of debate, considering the rank and ancient descent of his antagonist. This, with the old fond of the reach-heron, and the odors of his manor-place and tower of strength by Mr. Oldbeck's father, would at times rush upon his mind, and influence at once his checks and his arguments. And, lastly, as Mr. Oldbeck thought his worthy friend and compeer was in some

* The reader will understand that this refers to the reign of our late gracious Sovereign, George the Third.

respects little better than a fool, he was apt to come more near commiserating to him that unfavorable opinion, than the rules of modern politeness warrant. In such cases they often parted in deep disgust, and with something like a resolution to forbear each other's company in future :

But with the morning calm reflection came ;

and as each was sensible that the society of the other had become, through habit, essential to his comfort, the breach was speedily made up between them. On such occasions, Oldbuck, considering that the Baronet's pettishness resembled that of a child, usually showed his superior sense by compassionately making the first advances to reconciliation. But it once or twice happened that the aristocratic pride of the far-descended knight took a slight too offensive to the feelings of the representative of the typographer. In these cases, the breach between these two originals might have been immortal, but for the kind exertion and interposition of the Baronet's daughter, Miss Isabella Warkour, who, with a son, now absent upon foreign and military service, formed his whole surviving family. She was well aware how necessary Mr. Oldbuck was to her father's amusement and comfort, and seldom failed to interpose with effect, when the office of a mediator between them was rendered necessary by the satirical shrewdness of the one, or the assumed superiority of the other. Under Isabella's mild influence, the wrongs of Queen Mary were forgotten by her father, and Mr. Oldbuck forgave the blasphemy which reviled the memory of King William. However, as she used in general to take her father's part placidly in these disputes, Oldbuck was wont to call Isabella his fair enemy, though in fact he made more account of her than any other of her sex, of whom, as we have seen, he was so adverse.

There existed another connection between these worthies, which had alternately a repelling and attractive influence upon their intimacy. Sir Arthur always wished to borrow ; Mr. Oldbuck was not always willing to lend. Mr. Oldbuck, per contra, always wished to be repaid with regularity ; Sir Arthur was not always, nor indeed often, prepared to gratify this reasonable desire ; and, in accomplishing an arrangement between tenders so opposite, little wit would occasionally take place. Still there was a spirit of mutual accommodation

upon the whole, and they dragged on like dogs in couples, with some difficulty and occasional snarling, but without absolutely coming to a stand-still or throttling each other.

Some little disagreement, such as we have mentioned, arising out of business, or politics, had divided the houses of Knock-winnock and Montkarna, when the untimely of the latter arrived to discharge his errand. In his ancient Gothic parlour, whose windows on one side looked out upon the restless ocean, and, on the other, upon the long straight avenue, was the Baronet seated, now turning over the leaves of a folio, now casting a weary glance where the sun quivered on the dark-green foliage and smooth trunks of the large and branching trees with which the avenue was planted. At length, sight of joy! a moving object is seen, and it gives rise to the mental inquiries, Who is it? and what can be his errand? The old whitish-grey coat, the hobbling gait, the hat half-slouched, half-cocked, announced the factors' maker of periwigs, and left for investigation only the second query. This was soon solved by a servant entering the parlour,—"A letter from Montkarna, Sir Arthur."

Sir Arthur took the epistle with a due assumption of consequential dignity.

"Take the old man into the kitchen, and let him get some refreshment," said the young lady, whose compassionate eye had remarked his thin grey hair and wrinkled gait.

"Mr. Oldback, my love, invites us to dinner on Tuesday the 17th," said the Baronet, pausing;—"he really seems to forget that he has not of late conducted himself so civilly towards us as might have been expected."

"Dear sir, you have so many advantages over poor Mr. Oldback, that no wonder it should put him a little out of humour; but I know he has much respect for your person and your congregation;—nothing would give him more pain than to be wanting in any real attention."

"True, true, Isabella; and we must allow for the original descent;—something of the German boresomeness still flows in the blood; something of the whiggish and perverse opposition to established rank and privilege. You may observe that he never has any advantage of me in dispute, unless when he scolds himself of a sort of pettifoggery intimacy with dates, names, and telling matters of fact—a tiresome and diabolical accuracy of memory, which is entirely owing to his mechanical descent."

"He must find it convenient in historical investigation, I should think, sir!" said the young lady.

"It leads to an untrifling and positive mode of disputing; and nothing seems more unreasonable than to hear him impugn even Hollander's rare translation of Hector Boece, which I have the satisfaction to possess, and which is a black-letter folio of great value, upon the authority of some old scrap of parchment which he has saved from its deserved destiny of being cut up into tailor's measures. And besides, that habit of minute and troublesome accuracy leads to a more useful manner of doing business, which ought to be beneath a landed proprietor whose family has stood two or three generations. I question if there's a dealer's clerk in Fairport that can run an account of interest better than Monkhouse."

"But you'll accept his invitation, sir?"

"Why, ye—yes; we have no other engagement on hand, I think. Who can the young man be he talks of?—he seldom picks up new acquaintances; and he has no relation that I ever heard of."

"Probably some relation of his brother-in-law Captain McIntyre."

"Very possibly—yes, we will accept—the McIntyres are of a very ancient Highland family. You may answer his call in the affirmative, Isabella; I believe I have no leisure to be *Dear Sir*ing myself."

So this important matter being adjusted, Miss Warden intimated "her own and Sir Arthur's compliments, and that they would have the honour of waiting upon Mr. Oldbuck. Miss Warden takes this opportunity to renew her hostility with Mr. Oldbuck, on account of his late long absence from Knockwinnock, where his visits give so much pleasure." With this pleads she concluded her note, with which old Canoe, now refreshed in limbs and wind, set out on his return to the Antiquary's mansion.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

WAIL, BY WINDS, GOD OF THORNS,
 FROM WHENCE COMES WINDSTAY, THAT IS, WINDSTAY,
 THERE IS A THING THAT I WILL EVER LOSE;
 THERE THE DAY IS IN WHICH I SWAY INTO
 MY SQUANDER—

CHARLES'S GALLERY.

Our young friend Lord, who had received a corresponding invitation, punctual to the hour of appointment, arrived at Markham about five minutes before four o'clock on the 17th of July. The day had been remarkably sultry, and large drops of rain had occasionally fallen, though the threatened showers had as yet passed away.

Mr. Oldbuck received him at the Palmer's port in his complete brown suit, grey silk stockings, and wig powdered with all the skill of the veteran Coxe, who having smelt out the dinner, had taken care not to hinder his job till the hour of eating approached.

"You are welcome to my symposium, Mr. Lord. And now let me introduce you to my Chaplain's, as Tom Otter calls them—my talisman and good-for-nothing woman-kind—male kind, Mr. Lord."

"I shall be disappointed, sir, if I do not find the ladies very unobtrusive of your affairs."

"Tillay-silly, Mr. Lord,—which, by the way, our commentator deduces from *titillations*, and another from *tail-pieces*—but tillay-silly, I say—a truce with your politeness. You will find these last samples of woman-kind—But here they be, Mr. Lord. I present to you in due order, my most discreet sister Griselda, who decides the simplicity, as well as politeness annexed to the poor old name of Orkney; and my most exquisite niece Maria, whose mother was called Mary, and sometimes Mally."

The elderly lady seated in silk and satin, and bore upon her head a structure resembling the fashion in the ladies' memorandum-book for the year 1770—a superb piece of architecture, not much less than a modern Gothic castle, of which the curls might represent the turrets, the black pins the columns *à la*, and the lappets the banners.

The face, which, like that of the ancient statues of *Yvra*, was thus crowned with tresses, was large and long, and pecked at nose and chin, and here, in other respects, such a ludicrous resemblance to the physiognomy of Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck, that Lord, had they not appeared at once, like Sebastian and Viola in the last scene of the "*Twelfth Night*," might have supposed that the figure before him was his old friend masquerading in female attire. An antique flowered silk gown graced the extraordinary person to whom belonged this unparalleled tale, which her brother was wont to say was fit for a turban for Mahound or Tormogant, than a headgear for a reasonable creature, or Christian gentleman. Two long and bony arms were truncated at the elbows by triple blood ruffles, and being folded sideways in front of her person, and decorated with long gloves of a bright vermilion colour, presented an odd resemblance to a pair of gigantic lobster-tails. High-boded shoes, and a short silk cloak, thrown in easy negligence over her shoulders, completed the exterior of Miss Griselda Oldbuck.

Her niece, the same whom Lord had seen transiently during his first visit, was a pretty young woman, gorgeously dressed according to the fashion of the day, with an air of coquetry which became her very well, and which was perhaps derived from the comic humour peculiar to her uncle's family, though softened by transmission.

Mr. Lord paid his respects to both ladies, and was answered by the elder with the prolonged courtesy of 1580, drawn from the righteous period,

When like conceived a peer
Of half an hour's space,
And replied in a Falstaff's pace,

and by the younger with a modern reverence, which, like the festive benediction of a modern divine, was of much shorter duration.

While this salutation was exchanging, Sir Arthur, with his fair daughter hanging upon his arm, having dismissed his chariot, appeared at the garden door, and in all due form paid his respects to the ladies.

"Sir Arthur," said the Antiquary, "and you, my fair son, let me make known to you my young friend Mr. Lord, a gentleman who, during the amuletence which is epidemic at present in this our island, has the virtue and decency to appear

in a suit of a dull complexion. You see, however, that the fashionable colour has mastered in his checks which appears not in his garments. Sir Arthur, let me present to you a young gentleman, whom your further knowledge will find grave, wise, courtly, and scholar-like, well seen, deeply read, and thoroughly grounded in all the hidden mysteries of the green-room and stage, from the days of David Lindsay down to those of Dibdin—he blushes again, which is a sign of grace."

"My brother," said Miss Griselda, addressing Level, "has a humorous way of expressing himself, sir; nobody thinks anything of what Monkhouse says—to I beg you will not be so confused for the matter of his nonsense; but you must have had a warm walk beneath this boiling sun—would you take anything!—a glass of halm-wine?"

The Level could answer, the Antiquary interposed. "Aren't thou, which I wouldst then poison my guests with thy infernal deceptions! Dost thou not remember how it fared with the doggyman whom you advised to partake of that dreadful beverage?"

"O ty, ty, brother!—Sir Arthur, did you ever hear the like!—he must have everything his ain way, or he will invent such stories!—But there goes Jenny to ring the old bell to tell us that the dinner is ready."

Rigid in his economy, Mr. Oldback kept no male servant. This he disguised under the pretext that the masculine sex was too noble to be employed in those acts of personal servitude, which, in all early periods of society, were uniformly imposed on the female. "Why," would he say, "did the boy, Tom Flatherout, whom, at my wife sister's instigation, I, with equal wisdom, took upon trial—why did he pilfer apples, take birds' nests, break glasses, and ultimately steal my spectacles, except that he felt that noble exaltation which swells in the bosom of the masculine sex, which has conducted him to Flanders with a musket on his shoulder, and deathless will promote him to a glorious halibut, or even to the pillion? And why does this girl, his full sister, Jenny Flatherout, move in the same vocation with safe and soulless step—shed, or washed—soft as the pure of a cat, and deathless as a sparrow—Why? but because she is in her vocation. Let them minister to us, Sir Arthur,—let them minister, I say,—it's the only thing they are fit for. All ancient legislations, from Lycurgus to Mahomed, corruptly

called Mahomet, agree in putting them in their proper and subordinate rank, and it is only the crazy heads of our old chivalrous ancestors that created their Dalai-lamas into despotic princes."

Miss Worslow protested loudly against this arrogant doctrine; but the bell now rang for dinner.

"Let me do all the office of this country to so fair an antagonist," said the old gentleman, offering his arm. "I remember, Miss Worslow, Mahomed (vulgarily Mahomet) had some hesitations about the mode of summoning his Moslems to prayer. He rejected bells as used by Christians, trumpets as the summons of the Goths, and finally adopted the human voice. I have had equal doubts concerning my dinner-call. Gongs, now in present use, seemed a scorched and heathenish invention, and the voice of the female waiters which I rejected as equally shrill and dissonant; wherefore, contrary to the said Mahomed, or Mahomet, I have resorted to the bell. It has a local property, since it was the conventional signal for spreading the report in their refectory, and it has the advantage over the tongue of my sister's prime minister, Jerry, that, though not quite so loud and shrill, it comes ringing the instant you drop the bell-rope: whereas we know, by sad experience, that any attempt to silence Jerry, only wakes the sympathetic slum of Miss Oldback and Mary M'Intyre to join in clamor."

With this discourse he led the way to his dining-parlour, which Lord had not yet seen—it was vaulted, and contained some curious paintings. The dining-table was attended by Jerry; but an old superintendent, a sort of female butler, stood by the sideboard, and underwent the burden of bearing several reproach from Mr. Oldback, and sometimes, not so much marked, but not less cutting, from his sister.

The dinner was such as suited a professed antiquary, unperplexing many curious specimens of Scottish viands, now dished at the tables of those who affect elegance. There was the relishing Solon goose, whose smell is so powerful that he is never cooled within doors. Good-nay he proved to be on this occasion, so that Oldback half threatened to throw the goose sea-fowl at the head of the negligent housekeeper, who acted as prisoner in presenting this delicious offering. But, by good-luck, she had been most fortunate in the hotch-potch, which was unanimously pronounced to be infallible. "I know

"we should succeed here," said Oldbuck confidently, "for Daria Diddle, the goddess (as old bachelor like myself), takes care the usually women do not disfigure our vegetable. And here is fish and sauce, and crisp-knobs—I acknowledge our woman-kind excel in that dish—it procures them the pleasure of smiling, for half an hour at least, twice a-week, with said Missy Shuckledill, our fish-wife. The chicken-pie, Mr. Lord, is made after a recipe bequeathed to me by my departed grandmother of happy memory—And if you will venture on a glass of wine, you will find it worthy of one who professes the motto of King Alphonsus of Castile,—Old wood is burn—old heads to read—old wine to drink—and old friends, Sir Arthur—ay, Mr. Lord, and young friends too, to converse with."

"And what news do you bring us from Edinburgh, Manchester?" said Sir Arthur; "how wags the world in Auld Reekie?"

"Mad, Sir Arthur, mad—intrinsically frantic—for beyond dipping in the sea, shaving the crown, or drinking hellstone. The worst sort of drury, a military drury, both possessed man, woman, and child."

"And high time, I think," said Miss Wansboro, "when we are threatened with invasion from abroad and insurrection at home."

"O, I did not doubt you would join the warlike host against me—women, like turkeys, are always subdued by a red rag—But what says Sir Arthur, whose dreams are of standing armies and German oppression?"

"Why, I say, Mr. Oldbuck," replied the knight, "that as far as I am capable of judging, we ought to resist our vile oppressors—on the plains is, unless I have altogether forgotten my Latin—an enemy who comes to propose to us a Whiggish sort of government, a republican system, and who is aided and abetted by a sort of fanatic of the worst kind in our own bowels. I have taken some measures, I assure you, such as become my rank in the community; for I have directed the constables to take up that old scoundrelly beggar, Edie Goldstone, for spreading dissension against church and state through the whole parish. He said plainly to old Cuzco, that Willie Mowbray Kilmarnock was several more wiser than all the three wigs in the parish—I think it is easy to make out that innuendo—But the signs shall be taught better manners."

"O no, my dear sir," exclaimed Miss Warkour, "not did Elsie, that we have known so long;—I assure you no mortal shall have my good graces that excites such a warment."

"Ay, there it goes," said the Antiquary; "you, to be a staunch Tory, Mr Arthur, have nourished a true spirit of Whiggery in your bosom.—Why, Miss Warkour is alone sufficient to control a whole quarter-session—a quarter-session! ay, a general assembly or convocation to boot—a Scotland she—an Amazon, a Xenobia."

"And yet, with all my courage, Mr. Oldbuck, I am glad to hear our people are getting under arms."

"Under arms, Lord love thee! didst thou ever read the history of Sister Margaret, which flowed from a head, that, though now old and somewhat grey, has more sense and political intelligence than you find now-a-days in the whole synod? Dost thou remember the Nurse's dream in that exquisite work, which she recounts in such agony to Habbie Dabbie?—When she would have taken up a piece of broad-cloth in her vision, lo! it exploded like a great iron cannon; when she put out her hand to save a fire, it perked up in her face in the form of a pistol. My own vision in Edinburgh has been something similar. I called to consult my lawyer; he was clothed in a dragon's dress, belted and crested, and about to mount a charger, which his writing-clerk (habited as a champagnester) walked to and fro before his door. I went to consult my agent for having sent me to advise with a madman; he had stuck into his head the pike, which in more sober days he wielded between his fingers, and figured as an artillery officer. My messenger had his spouton in his hand, as if he measured his cloth by that implement, instead of a legitimate yard. The banker's clerk, who was directed to send my cash-account, blundered it three times, being disordered by the recollection of his military *étiquette* at the morning-drill. I was ill, and sent for a surgeon—

He came—but vision no had lost his eye,
And such a looking glistened on his thigh,
That, by the gods, with such a load of steel,
I thought he came to smother—and to kill.

I had recourse to a physician, but he also was practising a more wholesale mode of slaughter than that which his profession had been supposed at all times to open to him. And now,

since I have returned here, even our wise neighbours of Fairport have caught the same valiant humour. I hate a gun like a hart wild duck—I detest a drum like a quaker;—and they thunder and rattle out yonder upon the town's enemies, so that every valley and roll goes to my very heart."

"Dear brother, these speak that gain *d'* the gentleman volunteers—I am sure they have a most becoming uniform.—Well I wet they have been wet to the very skin twice last week—I met them marching in terribly drenched, an' many a wir' horse was among them.—And the trouble they take, I am sure it claims our gratitude."

"And I am sure," said Miss M'Intyre, "that my uncle sent twenty guineas to help out their equipments."

"It was to buy liquorice and sugar-candy," said the civic, "to encourage the trade of the place, and to refresh the throats of the officers who had hauled themselves hoarse in the service of their country."

"Take care, Masterman! we shall set you down among the black-coats by and by."

"No, Sir Arthur—a tame grantler I. I only claim the privilege of croaking in my own corner here, without making my throat to the grand chorus of the nation.—Oh quite *fig*, *ni* quite *fig*, *ni* quite *fig*—I neither make king nor mar king, as Sancho says, but pray heartily for our own sovereign, pay scot and lot, and grumble at the taxman.—But here comes the cow-milk cheese in good time; it is a better digestive than politics."

When dinner was over, and the dessert placed on the table, Mr. Oldbuck proposed the King's health in a bumper, which was cordially seconded to both by Lord and the Baronet, the Jacobitism of the latter being now a sort of speculative opinion merely,—the shadow of a shade.

After the ladies had left the apartment, the landlord and Sir Arthur entered into several explosive discussions, in which the younger guest, either on account of the abstruse condition which they involved, or for some other reason, took but a slender share, till at length he was suddenly started out of a profound reverie by an unexpected appeal to his judgment.

"I will stand by what Mr. Lord says; he was born in the north of England, and may know the very spot."

Sir Arthur thought it unlikely that so young a gentleman should have paid much attention to matters of that sort,

"I am *relied* of the contrary," said Oldback.

"How say you, Mr. Lovel?—speak up for your own credit, man."

Lovel was obliged to confess himself in the ridiculous situation of one alike ignorant of the subject of conversation and controversy which had engaged the company for an hour.

"Lord help the lad, his head has been wool-gathering!—I thought how it would be when the woman-kind were admitted—no getting a word of sense out of a young fellow for six hours after.—Why, man, there was once a people called the *Piks*!"

"More properly *Pais*," interrupted the Baronet.

"I say the *Pilow*, *Pilar*, *Pickler*, *Piglier*, or *Prophiler*," vociferated Oldback; "they spoke a Gothic dialect!"

"Genuine Gothic," again asserted the knight.

"Gothic! Gothic! I'll go to death upon it!" counter-asserted the squire.

"Why, gentlemen," said Lovel, "I conceive that is a dispute which may be easily settled by philologists, if there are any remainers of the language."

"There is but one word," said the Baronet, "but, in spite of Mr. Oldback's pertinacity, it is decisive of the question."

"Yes, in my favour," said Oldback: "Mr. Lovel, you shall be judge—I have the learned Pinkerton on my side."

"I, on mine, the indefatigable and erudite Chalmers."

"Gordon comes into my opinion."

"Sir Robert Sibbald holds mine."

"James is with me!" vociferated Oldback.

"Riston has no doubt!" shouted the Baronet.

"Truly, gentlemen," said Lovel, "before you master your forces and overwhelm me with authorities, I should like to know the word in dispute."

"*Swast*," said both the disputants at once.

"Which signifies *swast* said," said Sir Arthur.

"The head of the wall," retorted Oldback.

There was a deep pause.—"It is rather a narrow foundation to build a hypothesis upon," observed the arbiter.

"Not a whit, not a whit," said Oldback; "men fight best in a narrow ring—an inch is as good as a mile for a house-fight."

"It is decidedly Gothic," said the Baronet; "every hill in the Highlands begins with *Swast*."

"But what say you to *Pict*, Sir Arthur; is it not decidedly the *Basen* wall?"

"It is the *Roman* wall," said Sir Arthur;—"the *Picts* borrowed that part of the word."

"No such thing; if they borrowed anything, it must have been your *Ben*, which they might have from the neighbouring Britons of Strath Chyrd."

"The *Pits*, or *Picta*," said Lord, "must have been singularly poor in dialect, since, in the only remaining word of their vocabulary, and that consisting only of two syllables, they have been contentedly obliged to borrow one of them from another language; and, methinks, gentlemen, with submission, the controversy is not unlike that which the two knights fought, concerning the shield that had one side white and the other black. Each of you claims one-half of the word, and seems to resign the other. But what strikes me most, is the poverty of the language which has left such slight vestiges behind it."

"You are in an error," said Sir Arthur; "it was a copious language, and they were a great and powerful people; built two stupes—one at Brechin, one at Abernethy. The Pictish residence of the blood-royal were kept in Edinborough Castle, thence called *Castrum Pictarum*."

"A childish legend," said Oldback, "invented to give consequence to tawdry womanhood. It was called the Maiden Castle, quasi *domus* a *non* *facunda*, because it repelled every attack, and women never do."

"There is a list of the Pictish kings," persisted Sir Arthur, "well authenticated, from *Contharimachuryne* (the date of whose reign is somewhat uncertain) down to *Drustastone*, whose death concluded their dynasty. Half of them have the Celtic patronymic *Mac* prefixed—*Mac*, is *of* *filius*;—what do you say to that, Mr. Oldback? There is *Drust Macmorachin*, *Trynd Macachlin* (that of that ancient clan, as it may be judged), and *Gormach Macdonald*, *Alpin Macmorgyn*, *Drust Macatharpan*" (here he was interrupted by a fit of coughing)—"ugh, ugh, ugh—*Gedurge Macchun*—ugh, ugh—*Macchama*—ugh—*Macchamuel*, *Kenneth*—ugh—ugh—*Macferdith*, *Bachan Macchinga*—and twenty more, doubtless Celtic names, which I could repeat, if this limited cough would let me."

"Take a glass of wine, Sir Arthur, and drink down that head-roll of unadapted jargon, that would choke the devil—

why, that last fellow has the only intelligible name you have repeated—they are all of the tribe of Madrugos—madhouse madmen—every one of them; sprung up from the fumes of conceit, folly, and falsehood, fermenting in the brains of some mad Highland madmen.

"I am surprised to hear you, Mr. Oldback: you know, or ought to know, that the list of these potentates was copied by Henry Maule of Melgum, from the *Chronicles of Loch Leryn* and *St. Andrews*, and put forth by him in his short but satisfactory history of the Fife, printed by Robert Froubair of Edinburgh, and sold by him at his shop in the Parliament Close, in the year of God seventeen hundred and five, or six, I am not precisely certain which—but I have a copy at home that stands next to my treasured copy of the *Santa Acts*, and ranges on the shelf with them very well. What say you to that, Mr. Oldback?"

"Say!—why, I laugh at Harry Maule and his history," answered Oldback, "and thereby comply with his request, of giving it entertainment according to its merits."

"Do not laugh at a better man than yourself," said Sir Arthur, somewhat scornfully.

"I do not conceive I do, Sir Arthur, in laughing either at him or his history."

"Henry Maule of Melgum was a gentleman, Mr. Oldback."

"I presume he had an advantage of me in that particular," replied the Antiquary, somewhat tediously.

"Pardon me, Mr. Oldback—he was a gentleman of high family, and ancient descent, and therefore"—

"The descendant of a Westphalian printer should speak of him with deference! Such may be your opinion, Sir Arthur—it is not mine. I conceive that my descent from that painful and industrious typographer, Wolfgang Oldenback, who, in the month of December 1493, under the patronage, as the colophon tells us, of Sebastian Scheyter and Sebastian Kuenenmeister, accomplished the printing of the great *Chronicle of Nuremberg*—I conceive, I say, that my descent from that great restorer of learning is more creditable to me as a man of letters, than if I had numbered in my genealogy all the howling, bullock-headed, iron-fisted, old Gothic barons since the days of Chrambo-schryne—not one of whom, I suppose, could write his own name."

"If you mean the observation as a matter of my ancestry," said the knight, with an assumption of dignified superiority and composure, "I have the pleasure to inform you, that the name of my ancestor, Guinevere de Guinevere, M.D., is written fairly with his own hand in the earliest copy of the Hagman-roll."

"Which only serves to show that he was one of the earliest who set the mean example of submitting to Edward I. What have you to say for the stainless loyalty of your family, Sir Arthur, after such a backsliding as that?"

"It's enough, sir," said Sir Arthur, starting up slowly, and pushing back his chair; "I shall hereafter take care how I honour with my company one who shows himself so ungrateful for my condemnation."

"In that you will do as you find most agreeable, Sir Arthur;—I hope, that as I was not aware of the extent of the obligation which you have done me by visiting my poor house, I may be excused for not having carried my gratitude to the extent of servility."

"Highly well—highly well, Mr. Offback—I wish you a good evening—Mr. a—a—a—Barrel—I wish you a very good evening."

Out of the parlour door followed the increased Sir Arthur, as if the spirit of the whole Round Table infused his single house, and increased with long strides the labyrinth of passages which conducted to the drawing-room.

"Did you ever hear such an old top-headed one?" said Offback, loudly apostrophizing Larril. "But I must not let him go in this mad-like way neither."

So saying, he pushed off after the retreating Dumont, whom he traced by the clang of several doors which he opened in search of the apartment for tea, and clattered with force behind him at every disappointment. "You'll do yourself a mischief," roared the Antiquary; "qui se balade en courtois, n'est pas sage!—You'll tumble down the back-stair!"

Sir Arthur had now got involved in darkness, of which the relative effect is well known to nurses and governesses who have to deal with pettish children. It retarded the pace of the trusted Dumont, if it did not abate his resentment, and Mr. Offback, better acquainted with the house, got up with him as he had got his grasp upon the handle of the drawing-room door.

"Stay a minute, Sir Arthur," said Offback, opposing his

sleepy entrance; "don't be quite so hasty, my good old friend, I was a little too rude with you about Sir Gamelyn—why, he is an old acquaintance of mine, mine, and a favourite; he kept company with Bruce and Wallace—and I'll be sworn on a black-letter Bible, only subscribed the Ragman-roll with the legitimate and justifiable intention of circumventing the false Scottish—twas right Scottish craft, my good knight—knew-chole did it. Come, come, forget and forgive—certain we have given the young fellow here a right to think us two tasty old fools."

"Speak for yourself, Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck," said Sir Arthur with much majesty.

"A-well, a-well—a wildfowl man must have his way."

With that the door opened, and into the drawing-room marched the tall gaunt form of Sir Arthur, followed by Lovel and Mr. Oldbuck, the countenances of all the three a little discomposed.

"I have been waiting for you, sir," said Miss Wardeur, "so propose we should walk forward to meet the carriage, as the evening is so fine."

Sir Arthur readily assented to this proposal, which suited the angry mood in which he found himself; and having, according to the established custom in cases of pet, refused the refreshment of tea and coffee, he tucked his daughter under his arm; and after taking a ceremonious leave of the ladies, and a very dry one of Oldbuck—off he marched.

"I think Sir Arthur has got the black dog on his back again," said Miss Oldbuck.

"Black dog!—black devil!—he's more shrewd than woman-kind—What say you, Lovel!—Wig, the lady's gone too."

"He took his leave, ma'am, while Miss Wardeur was putting on her things; but I don't think you observed him."

"The devil's in the people! This is all one gets by fluting and boasting, and putting one's self out of one's way in order to give dinner, besides all the charges they are put to!—O Seged, Emperor of Ethiopia!" said he, taking up a cup of tea in the one hand, and a volume of the Rambler in the other,—for it was his regular custom to read while he was eating or drinking in presence of his sister, being a practice which served at once to crisscross his contempt for the society of woman-kind, and his resolution to lose no moment of instruction,—“O Seged,

Emperor of Ethiopia! well, hast thou spoken—? No man should presume to say, This shall be a day of happiness."

Oldback proceeded in his studies for the best part of an hour, interrupted by the ladies, who each, in profound silence, pursued some kind of employment. At length, a light and mellow song was heard at the parlour door. "Is that you, Caxton—come in, come in, man."

The old man opened the door, and thrusting in his head, flushed with this grey locks, and one sleeve of his white coat, said in a subdued and mysterious tone of voice, "I was wanting to speak to you, sir."

"Come in then, you old fool, and say what you have got to say."

"I'll maybe frighten the ladies," said the co-friar.

"Frighten!" answered the Anabaptist,—"what do you mean!—never mind the ladies. Have you seen another ghost at the Blacklock-knave?"

"No, sir—it's no a ghost this time," replied Caxton ;—"but I'm no way in my mind."

"Did you ever hear of any body that was?" answered Oldback ;—"what woman has an old battered powder-puff like you to be easy in your mind, more than all the rest of the world besides?"

"It's no for myself, sir; but it threatens an awfu' night; and Sir Arthur, and Miss Wardour, poor thing!"

"Why, man, they must have met the carriage at the head of the landing, or thereabouts; they must be home long ago."

"No, sir; they didna gang the road by the turnpike to meet the carriage, they gaed by the woods."

The word operated like electricity on Oldback. "The woods!" he exclaimed; "impossible!"

"Oo, sir, that's what I said to the gardener; but he says he saw them turn down by the Mussel-raig. In truth, says I to him, as that be the case, David, I am misdoubting!"

"An' a chance! an' a chance!" said Oldback, starting up in great alarm—"not that humble!" flinging away a little pocket almanac which he once offered him—"Great God! my poor dear Miss Isabella!—Fetch me instantly the Fairport Almanac."—It was brought, consulted, and added greatly to his agitation. "I'll go myself—call the gardener and ploughman—bid them bring ropes and ladders—bid them wait near by as they come

along—keep the top of the cliffs, and halloo down to them—
I'll go myself!"

"What is the matter?" inquired Miss Oldbuck and Miss
M'Intyre.

"The tide!—the tide!" answered the alarmed Antiquary.

"Had not Jenny better—but no, I'll run myself," said the
younger lady, pertaining in all her uncle's terror—"I'll run
myself to, Saunders Mackintosh, and make him get out his
hook."

"Thank you, my dear, that's the wisest word that has been
spoken yet—Run! run!—To go by the sands!" seizing his hat
and cane; "was there ever such madness heard of!"

CHAPTER SEVENTE.

—————Tipped awhile to rise
The weary warts, the prospect wild and new;
The sea swelling waters gave them space,
On either side, the growing shores to leave;
And then returning, they contract the space,
Till small and smaller grows the walk between.

CHILDE.

THE information of Duff's Escape, which had spread such general
alarm at Monkburn, proved to be strictly correct. Sir Arthur
and his daughter had set out, according to their first proposal,
to return to Knockwinnoch by the torrida road; but when
they reached the head of the loosing, as it was called, or great
lune, which on one side made a sort of avenue to the house of
Monkburn, they discerned, a little way before them, Lovel, who
seemed to linger on the way as if to give him an opportunity to
join them. Miss Winton immediately proposed to her father
that they should take another direction; and, as the weather
was fine, walk home by the sands, which, stretching below a
picturesque ridge of rocks, afforded at almost all times a pic-
turesque passage between Knockwinnoch and Monkburn than the
high-road.

Sir Arthur acquiesced willingly. "It would be unpleasant,"
he said, "to be joined by that young fellow, when Mr. Oldbuck
had taken the freedom to introduce them to." And his old-

followed politeness had none of the ease of the present day, which permits you, if you have a mind, to cut the person you have associated with for a week, the instant you feel or suppose yourself in a situation which makes it disagreeable to own him. Sir Arthur only stipulated, that a little ragged boy, for the purpose of one penny steering, should run to meet his coachman, and turn his equipage back to Knockvinnock.

When this was arranged, and the infantry despatched, the knight and his daughter left the high-road, and following a wandering path among sandy hillsides, partly grown over with ferns and the long grass called *heath*, soon attained the side of the ocean. The tide was by no means so far out as they had computed; but this gave them no alarm;—these were wisdom ten days in the year when it approached so near the cliffs as not to leave a dry passage. But, nevertheless, at periods of spring-tide, or even when the ordinary flood was accelerated by high winds, this road was altogether covered by the sea; and tradition had recorded several fatal accidents which had happened on such occasions. Still, such dangers were considered so remote and improbable; and rather served, with other legends, to assure the bachelors beside, than to prevent any one from going between Knockvinnock and Monkburn by the sands.

As Sir Arthur and Miss Waverley paced along, enjoying the pleasant footing afforded by the cool moist hard sand, Miss Waverley could not help observing that the last tide had risen considerably above the usual water-mark. Sir Arthur made the same observation, but without its occurring to either of them to be alarmed at the circumstance. The sun was now rising his rays-dart upon the edge of the level ocean, and gilded the accumulation of towering clouds through which he had travelled the living day, and which now assembled on all sides, like miniature and distant around a sinking empire and falling monarch. Still, however, his dying splendour gave a somber magnificence to the massive congregation of vapours, throwing out of their substantial gloom the show of pyramids and towers, some touched with gold, some with purple, some with a hue of deep and dark red. The distant sea, stretched beneath this varied and gorgeous canopy, lay almost portentously still, reflecting back the dusky and level beams of the descending luminary, and the splendid colouring of the clouds amidst which he was setting. Nearer to the beach the tide rippled onward in waves

of sparkling effervescence, that imperceptibly, yet rapidly, gained upon the wind.

With a mind employed in admiration of the romantic scene, or perhaps on some more agitating topic, Miss Warburton advanced in silence by her father's side, whose recently offended dignity did not stoop to open any conversation. Following the windings of the beach, they passed one projecting point of headland or rock after another, and now found themselves under a huge and continued extent of the precipices by which that iron-bound coast is in most places defended. Long projecting rocks of rock, extending under water and only arising their existence by here and there a peak entirely bare, or by the breakers which foamed over those that were partially covered, rendered Knockwinnock bay divided by plate and ship-cannon. The crags which rose between the beach and the mainland, to the height of two or three hundred feet, afforded in their crannies shelter for unnumbered sea-fowl, in situations seemingly secured by their dizzy height from the rapacity of man. Many of these wild tribes, with the instinct which craves them to seek the land before a storm arises, were now winging towards their nests with the still and diamond gleam which announces disquietude and fear. The disk of the sun became almost totally obscured ere he had altogether sunk below the horizon, and an early and lurid shade of darkness blotted the serene twilight of a summer evening. The wind began next to arise; but its wild and meaning sound was heard for some time, and its effects became visible on the bosom of the sea, before the gale was felt on shore. The mass of vapours, now dark and threatening, began to lift itself in larger ridges, and sink in deeper fennets, forming waves that rose high in foam upon the breakers, or burst upon the beach with a sound resembling distant thunder.

Appalled by this sudden change of weather, Miss Warburton drew close to her father, and held his arm fast. "I wish," at length she said, but almost in a whisper, as if ashamed to express her increasing apprehensions, "I wish we had kept the road we intended, or waited at Monkborne for the carriage."

Sir Arthur looked round, but did not see, or would not acknowledge, any signs of an immediate storm. They would reach Knockwinnock, he said, long before the tempest began. But the speed with which he walked, and with which Isabella could hardly keep pace, indicated a feeling that some exertion was necessary to accomplish his consultative prediction.

They were now near the centre of a deep but narrow bay or cove, formed by two projecting capes of high and inaccessible rock, which shut out into the sea like the horns of a crescent;—and neither durst communicate the apprehension which each began to entertain, that, from the unusually rapid advance of the tide, they might be deprived of the power of proceeding by doubling the promontory which lay before them, or of retreating by the road which brought them thither.

As they thus pressed forward, longing doubtless to exchange the easy moving line, which the direction of the bay compelled them to adopt, for a straighter and more expeditious path, though less conformable to the line of beauty, Sir Arthur observed a human figure on the beach advancing to meet them. "Thank God," he exclaimed, "we shall get round Halket-head!—that person must have passed it;" thus giving vent to the feeling of hope, though he had suppressed that of apprehension.

"Thank God, indeed!" echoed his daughter, half wildly, half intensely, as expressing the gratitude which she strongly felt.

The figure which advanced to meet them made many signs, which the haze of the atmosphere, now disturbed by wind and by a drifting rain, prevented them from seeing or comprehending distinctly.—Some time before they met, Sir Arthur could recognise the old blue-gowned beggar, Edie Ochiltree. It is said that even the brute creation lay aside their animosities and antipathies when pressed by an instant and common danger. The beach under Halket-head, rapidly diminishing in extent by the encroachments of a spring-tide and a north-west wind, was in like manner a neutral field, where even a justice of peace and a strutting mandarin might meet upon terms of mutual forbearance.

"Turn back! turn back!" exclaimed the vagrant; "why did ye not turn when I waded to you?"

"We thought," replied Sir Arthur, in great agitation, "we thought we could get round Halket-head."

"Halket-head!—the tide will be running on Halket-head by this time like the Fall of Fyvie!—it was if I could do to get round it twenty minutes since—it was coming in three feet almost. We will maybe get back by Bally-burnh Nose Point yet. The Lord help us!—it's our only chance. We can last try."

"My God, my child!"—"My father! my dear father!" exclaimed the parent and daughter, as, their hands thus strengthened and sped, they turned to retruce their steps, and endeavoured to double the point, the projection of which formed the western extremity of the bay.

"I heard ye were here first the bit collant ye sent to meet your carriages," said the beggar, as he tramped steadily on a step or two behind Miss Worslow; "and I couldn't bide to think o' the dainty young laddy's peril, that has aye been bled to the father's heart that can save him. See I lookit at the lilt and the rin o' the tide, till I needed it that if I could get down time enough to gie you warning, we wad be wad yet. But I doubt, I doubt, I have been beguiled! for what mortal or ever saw do a race as the tide is rising o'm now? See, ponder's the Batten's Cherry—he aye held his ash above the water in my day—but he's sunk it now."

Sir Arthur cast a look in the direction in which the old man pointed. A huge rock, which in general, even in spring-tides, displayed a bulk like the keel of a large vessel, was now quite under water, and its place only indicated by the boiling and breaking of the eddying waves which encountered its submarine resistance.

"Mak haste, mak haste, my bonny laddy," continued the old man—*crack, crack*, and we may do yet! Take heed o' my arm—as auld and frail as it's now, but it's been in an aye stream as this is yet. Take heed o' my arm, my winsome laddy! Dye see yae wee black speck among the wallowing waves yonder? This morning it was as high as the mast o' a brig—it's sun' enough now—but, while I see as crackle black about it as the crow's o' my hat, I wina believe but we'll get round the Bally-bugh Ness, for a' that's come and gone yet."

Inchella, in silence, accepted from the old man the assistance which Sir Arthur was less able to afford her. The waves had now encroached so much upon the beach, that the firm and smooth footing which they had hitherto had on the sand must be exchanged for a rougher path close to the feet of the peopie, and in some places even raised upon its lower ledges. It would have been utterly impossible for Sir Arthur Worslow, or his daughter, to have found their way along these shelves without the guidance and encouragement of the beggar, who had been there before in high tides, though now, he acknowledged, "in me awane a night as this."

It was indeed a dreadful evening. The howling of the storm mingled with the shrieks of the sea-fowl, and sounded like the dirge of the three devoted beings, who, pent between two of the most magnificent, yet most dreadful objects of nature—a raging tide and an immeasurable precipice—tossed along their painful and dangerous path, often lashed by the spray of some giant billow, which threw itself higher on the beach than those that had preceded it. Each minute did their enemy gain ground perceptibly upon them! Still, however, loth to relinquish the last hopes of life, they bent their eyes on the black rock pointed out by Ochiltree. It was yet distinctly visible among the breakers, and continued to be so, until they came to a turn in their precarious path, where an intervening projection of rock hid it from their sight. Deprived of the view of the beacon on which they had relied, they now experienced the double agony of terror and suspense. They struggled forward, however; but, when they arrived at the point from which they ought to have seen the crag, it was no longer visible: the signal of safety was lost among a thousand white breakers, which, dashing upon the point of the promontory, rose in prodigious sheets of snowy foam, as high as the mast of a first-rate man-of-war, against the dark brow of the precipice.

The countenance of the old man fell. Isabella gave a faint shriek, and, "God have mercy upon us!" which her guide solemnly uttered, was piteously echoed by Sir Arthur—"My child! my child!—to die such a death!"

"My father! my dear father!" his daughter exclaimed, clinging to him—"and you too, who have lost your own life in endeavouring to save ours!"

"That's not worth the counting," said the old man. "I have lived to be weary o' life; and here or yonder—at the back o' a dyke, in a wrath o' snow, or in the veins o' a wave, what signifies how the wald guberments dies!"

"Good man," said Sir Arthur, "can you think of nothing!—of no help!—I'll make you rich—I'll give you a farm—I'll—"

"Our riches will be soon equal," said the beggar, looking out upon the strife of the waters—"they are now already; for I have one land, and you would give your fair household and barns for a square yard of rock that would be dry for twal hours."

While they exchanged these words, they passed upon the highest ledge of rock to which they could attain : for it seemed that any further attempt to move forward could only serve to anticipate their fate. Here, then, they were to await the sure though slow progress of the raging element, something in the situation of the martyrs of the early church, who, exposed by heathen tyrants to be slain by wild beasts, were compelled for a time to witness the impetuosity and rage by which the animals were agitated, while awaiting the signal for attacking their prey, and letting them loose upon the victims.

Yet even this fearful pause gave Isabella time to collect the powers of a mind naturally strong and courageous, and which relied itself at this terrible juncture. "Must we yield life," she said, "without a struggle? Is there no path, however dreadful, by which we could climb the crag, or at least attain some height above the tide, where we could remain till morning, or till help comes? They must be aware of our situation, and will raise the country to relieve us."

Mr Archer, who heard, but scarcely comprehended, his daughter's question, turned, nevertheless, instinctively and eagerly to the old man, as if their lives were in his gift. Cuthbert paused—"I was a bold conjurer," he said, "once in my life, and many a kittywaker's and hangle's nest has I hurried up among these very black rocks ; but it's long, long since, and now mortal could speed them without a rope—and if I had one, my re-sight, and my footstep, and my hand-grip, has a' failed away a day since—And then, how could I save you? But there was a path here once, though maybe, if we could see it, ye would rather bide where we are—Life saves be praised?" he ejaculated suddenly, "there's one coming down the crag e'en now?"—Then, casting his voice, he bellow'd out to the daring adventurer such instructions as his former practice, and the remembrance of local circumstances, suddenly forced upon his mind :—"Ye're right!—ye're right!—that gate—that gate!—fasten the rope well round Crannichlam, that's the crackle black stone—cast two pikes round it—duffa di!—now, wince, yourself a wee cant-ward—a wee rank yet to that thirp stone—we will it the Cat's-leg—there used to be the root o' an aak tree there—that will do!—canny now, lad—canny now—tak tent and tak time—Lord bless ye, tak time—Yea well!—Now ye must get to Bony's apen, that's the crackle braid

fast blue stone—and then, I think, with your help and the two together, I'll win at ye, and then will be able to get up the young lady and Sir Arthur."

The adventurers, following the directions of old Edie, hung him down the end of the rope, which he coiled around Miss Wardour, wrapping her previously in his own blue gown, to preserve her as much as possible from injury. Then, snatching himself of the rope, which was made fast at the other end, he began to ascend the face of the crag—a most precarious and dangerous undertaking, which, however, after one or two perilous escapes, placed him safe on the brow that stood beside our friend Lovel. Their joint strength was able to raise Isabella to the place of safety which they had attained. Lovel then descended in order to assist Sir Arthur, around whom he adjusted the rope; and again mounting to their place of refuge, with the assistance of old Cradock, and such aid as Sir Arthur himself could afford, he raised himself beyond the reach of the billows.

The sense of reprieve from approaching and apparently inevitable death, had its usual effect. The father and daughter threw themselves into each other's arms, kissed and wept for joy, although their escape was connected with the prospect of passing a tempestuous night upon a precipitous ledge of rock, which scarce afforded footing for the four shivering beings, who now, like the sea-fowl around them, clung there in hopes of some shelter from the devastating element which raged beneath. The spray of the billows, which attained in fearful succession the foot of the precipice, overflowing the beach on which they so lately stood, flew as high as their place of temporary refuge; and the streaming sound with which they dashed against the rocks beneath, seemed as if they still demanded the fugitives in accents of thunder as their destined prey. It was a summer night, doubtless; yet the probability was slender, that a storm so delicate as that of Miss Wardour should survive till morning the drenching of the spray; and the dashing of the sea, which now burst in full violence, accompanied with deep and heavy gusts of wind, added to the constrained and perilous circumstances of their situation.

"The lady!—the poor sweet lady!" said the old man: "may such a night have I weathered at home and abroad, but, God guide us, how can she ever win through it!"

His apprehension was communicated in unfeigned words to Lord; for with the sort of freemasonry by which bold and ready spirits correspond in moments of danger, and become almost instinctively known to each other, they had established a mutual confidence.—“I’ll climb up the cliff again,” said Lord—“there’s daylight enough left to see my footing; I’ll climb up, and call for more assistance.”

“Do so, do so, for Heaven’s sake!” said Sir Arthur eagerly.

“Are ye mad?” said the monk: “Francis o’ Portlough, and he was the best craigman that ever speird lough (near by token, he broke his neck upon the Duns of Elaness), vintus has ventured upon the Hallow-head craig after sun-down—It’s God’s grace, and a great wonder besides, that ye are not in the middle o’ that roaring sea w’ what ye has done already—I didna think there was the man left alive wou’d has come down the craig as ye did. I question an I could has done it myself, at this hour and in this weather, in the youngest and yaldest of my strength.—But to venture up again—It’s a mare and a dear tempting o’ Providence.”

“I have no fear,” answered Lord; “I reached all the stations perfectly as I came down, and there’s still light enough left to see them quite well—I am sure I can do it with perfect safety. Stay here, my good friend, by Sir Arthur and the young lady.”

“I’ll be in my foot then,” answered the holierman, steadily; “if ye gang, I’ll gang too; for between the two o’ us, we’ll has made them work enough to get to the top o’ the lough.”

“No, no—stay you here and attend to Miss Walslow—you see Sir Arthur is quite exhausted.”

“Stay yourself then, and I’ll go,” said the old man;—“let death spare the green ones and take the ripe.”

“Stay both of you, I charge you,” said Isabella, faintly; “I am well, and can spend the night very well here—I feel quite refreshed.” So saying, her voice failed her—she sunk down, and would have fallen from the crag, had she not been supported by Lord and Ochiltree, who placed her in a posture half sitting, half reclining, beside her father, who, exhausted by fatigue of body and mind so extreme and unusual, had already sat down on a stone in a sort of stupor.

“It is impossible to leave them,” said Lord.—“What is to be done?—Hark! hark!—did I not hear a halloo?”

"The shriek of a Titanic Baid," answered Odibuck—"I knew the shriek well."

"No, by Heaven!" replied Lovel, "it was a human voice."

A distant hail was repeated, the sound plainly distinguishable among the various elemental noises, and the clang of the weapons by which they were surrounded. The marauders and Lovel asserted their voices in a loud halloo, the former waving Miss Warden's handkerchief on the end of his staff to make them conspicuous from above. Though the shouts were repeated, it was some time before they were in exact response to their own, leaving the unfortunate sufferers uncertain whether, in the darkening twilight and increasing storm, they had made the passage via apparently were traversing the verge of the precipice to bring them assistance, sensible of the place in which they had found refuge. At length their halloo was regularly and distinctly answered, and their courage confirmed, by the assurance that they were within hearing, if not within reach, of friendly assistance.

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

There is a cliff, whose high and howling head
Looks forthfully on the endless deep ;
Living and lost to the very bottom of it,
And I'll repair the misery that dost hurt.

KING LEAR.

THE shout of human voices from above was soon augmented, and the gleam of torches mingled with those lights of evening which still remained amidst the darkness of the storm. Some attempt was made to hold communication between the assistants above and the sufferers beneath, who were still clinging to their precarious place of safety ; but the howling of the tempest limited their intercourse to cries as inarticulate as those of the winged darkness of the rag, which shrieked in chorus, shrouded by the reiterated sound of human voices, where they had seldom been heard.

On the verge of the precipice an anxious group had now assembled. Odibuck was the foremost and most earnest, pressing forward with unswerving desperation to the very brink

of the crag, and extending his head (his hat and wig secured by a handkerchief under his chin) over the deep height, with an air of determination which made his more timorous assistants tremble.

"Head a care, head a care, Monkhouse!" cried Canoe, clinging to the skirts of his partner, and withholding him from danger as far as his strength permitted—"God's sake, head a care!—Sir Arthur's drowned already, and as ye be' over the clough too, there will be but an wig left in the parish, and that's the minister's."

"Mind the peak there," cried Monkhousekit, an old fisherman and struggler—"mind the peak—Stennie, Stennie Willie, bring up the tackle—The varmint we'll soon have them on board, Monkhouse, and ye bet stand out o' the gate."

"I see them," said Oldbuck—"I see them low down on that fat stone—Hillikilloe, hillikoo!"

"I see them upell wool enough," said Monkhousekit; "they are sitting down yonder like hoodo-coons in a mist; but d'ye think ye'll help them w' shivering that gate like an old short before a flow o' weather!—Stennie, lad, bring up the mast—Oo, I've hae them up as we need to bouse up the legs o' gin and brandy long ago—Get up the pickaxe, make a step for the mast—make the chair flat with the millie—had taught and bely!"

The fishers had brought with them the mast of a boat, and as half of the country fellows about had now appeared, either out of zeal or curiosity, it was soon work in the ground, and sufficiently secured. A yard across the upright mast, and a rope stretched along it, and reeved through a block at each end, formed an extempore crane, which afforded the means of lowering an arm-chair, well secured and fastened, down to the flat shelf on which the sufferers had rested. Their joy at hearing the preparations going on for their deliverance was considerably qualified when they beheld the precarious vehicle by means of which they were to be conveyed to upper air. It swung about a yard free of the spot which they occupied, obeying each impulse of the tempest, the empty air all around it, and depending upon the security of a rope, which, in the increasing darkness, had dwindled to an almost imperceptible thread. Besides the hazard of committing a human being to the vacant atmosphere in such a slight vessel of conveyance,

there was the fearful danger of the chair and its occupant being dashed, either by the wind or the vibrations of the cord, against the rugged face of the precipice. But to diminish the risk as much as possible, the experienced woman had let down with the chair another line, which, being attached to it, and held by the persons beneath, might serve by way of stay, as Muscadel expressed it, to render its descent in some measure steady and regular. Still, to commit one's self in such a vehicle, through a howling tempest of wind and rain, with a howling precipice above and a raging abyss below, required that courage which despair alone can inspire. Yet, wild as the sounds and sights of danger were, both above, beneath, and around, and doubtful and dangerous as the mode of escaping appeared to be, Lovel and the old mountaineer agreed, after a moment's consultation, and after the former, by a sudden strong pull, had, at his own imminent risk, ascertained the security of the rope, that it would be best to secure Miss Wardour in the chair, and trust to the tenderness and care of those above for her being safely craned up to the top of the crag.

"Let my father go first," exclaimed Isabelle; "for God's sake, my friends, place him first in safety!"

"It cannot be, Miss Wardour," said Lovel;—"your life must be first secured—the rope which bears your weight may"—

"I will not listen to a reason so selfish!"

"But ye must listen to it, my bonnie lassie," said Goldtree, "for if our lives depend on it—besides, when ye get on the top o' the lough yonder, ye can gie them a round game o' whist's ganging on in this Prison o' mine—and Sir Arthur's far by that, as I'm thinking."

Struck with the truth of this reasoning, she exclaimed, "True, most true; I am ready and willing to undertake the first risk—What shall I say to our friends above?"

"Just to look that their tackle does not graze on the face o' the crag, and to let the chair down and draw it up hoody and fairly;—we will halloo when we are ready."

With the sedulous attention of a parent to a child, Lovel bound Miss Wardour with his handkerchief, neckcloth, and the mountaineer's leathern belt, to the back and arms of the chair, ascertaining minutely the security of each knot, while Goldtree kept Sir Arthur quiet. "What are ye doing wi' my

boins!—what are ye doing?—She shall not be separated from me—Isabel, stay with me, I command you!”

“Look here, Sir Arthur, lend your tongue, and be thankful in God that there’s wiser folk than you to manage this job,” cried the beggar, worn out by the unreasonable exclamations of the poor baronet.

“Farewell, my father!” answered Isabella.—“Farewell, my—my friends!” and shutting her eyes, as Edie’s experience recommended, she gave the signal to Lord, and he to those who were above. She rose, while the chair in which she sat was kept steady by the line which Lord managed beneath. With a beating heart he watched the flutter of her white dress, until the vehicle was on a level with the brink of the precipice.

“Gone now, lady, away now!” exclaimed old Monkchuck, who acted as commodore; “averse the yard a bit—Now—there! there she sits safe on dry land.”

A loud shout announced the successful experiment to her fellow-sufferers beneath, who replied with a ready and cheerful halloo. Monkchuck, in his ecstacy of joy, stripped his great-coat to wrap up the young lady, and would have pulled off his coat and waistcoat for the same purpose, had he not been withheld by the cautious Canon. “Mind a crew o’ us! your honour will be killed wif the hoast—ye’ll no get out o’ your night-coat this fortnight—and that will suit us wae ill.—Na, na—there’s the chariot down by; let twa o’ the folk carry the young lady there.”

“You’re right,” said the Antiquary, readjusting the sleeves and collar of his coat, “you’re right, Canon; this is a mighty sight to witness in.—Miss Warlock, let me convey you to the chariot.”

“Not for worlds till I see my father safe.”

In a few distinct words, evincing how much her resolution had surmounted even the mortal fear of so agitating a hazard, she explained the nature of the situation beneath, and the wishes of Lord and Editha.

“Right, right, that’s right too—I should like to see the son of Sir Gamelyn de Guardover on dry land myself—I have a notion he would sign the abjuration writ, and the flagmen-roll to boot, and acknowledge Queen Mary to be nothing better than she should be, to get alongside my bonnie old past that he ran away from, and left scarce beggars. But he’s safe now,

and here a' comes"—(for the chair was again lowered, and Sir Arthur made fast in it, without much consciousness on his own part).—"here a' comes—Beware, my boys! carry w' him—a pedigree of a hundred baits is hanging on a temporary tow—the whole luxury of Knockwinnoch depends on those plan of keep—vapin faun, vapin faun—look to your end—look to a rope's end.—Welcome, welcome, my good old friend, to firm land, though I cannot say to warm land or to dry land. A cool for ever against thy shivers of water, though wet in the sense of the lame parver—a tin for the phaser—fetter me, per fasces, than not per cell."

While Giffback ran on in this way, Sir Arthur was safely wrapped in the close embraces of his daughter, who, assuming that authority which the circumstances demanded, ordered some of the assistants to carry him to the chariot, promising to follow in a few minutes. She lingered on the cliff, holding an old countryman's arm, to witness probably the safety of those whose danger she had shared.

"What have we here?" said Giffback, as the vehicle once more started—"what patched and weather-beaten matter is this?" Then as the tories floundered the rough sea and grey hairs of old Ockilree,—"What! is it thou?—Come, old Kocker, I must needs be friends with thee—but who the devil makes up your party besides?"

"Aye that's wad wad my tea o' us, Macklarnie;—it's the young stranger lad they af Lovel—and he's behaved this blessed right as if he had three lives to rely on, and was willing to waste them a' rather than endanger their folk's. Oh! hoody, aye, as ye wad win an auld man's blessing;—and there's nobody better now to lead the gy—Has a care o' the Cat's-bag come—bide wad off Ockilree's-bum!"

"Have a care indeed," echoed Giffback. "What! is it my own—my black-own—my phoenix of compassion in a post-chaise!—take care of him, Macklarnie."

"As much care as if he were a greybeard o' brandy; and I could take care if his hair were like John Barlow's.—Ye ho, my hearts! beware, my hearts!"

Lovel did, in fact, run a much greater risk than any of his passengers. His weight was not sufficient to render his ascent steady amid such a storm of wind, and he swung like an agitated pendulum at the mortal risk of being dashed against the rocks.

But he was young, bold, and active, and, with the assistance of the beggar's stout plumed staff, which he had retained, by advice of the proprietor, contrived to bear himself from the face of the precipice, and the yet more hazardous projecting cliffs which varied its surface. Traced in empty space, like an life and substantial father, with a motion that agitated the brain as much with fear and with disquiet, he retained his clearness of vision and presence of mind; and it was not until he was safely grounded upon the summit of the cliff, that he felt temporary and giddy sickness. As he recovered from a sort of half swoon, he cast his eyes eagerly around. The object which they would most willingly have sought, was already in the act of vanishing. Her white garment was just discernible as she followed on the path which her father had taken. She had lingered till she saw the last of their company rescued from danger, and until she had been assured by the hoarse voice of Knockbuckin, that "the villain had come off w' unhurted bones, and that he was but in a kind o' dream." But Levee was not aware that she had expressed in his face even this degree of interest,—which, though nothing more than was due to a stranger who had assisted her in such an hour of peril, he would have gladly purchased by braving even more imminent danger than he had that evening been exposed to. The beggar she had already commanded to come to Knockbuckin that night. He made an excuse,—“Then tomorrow let me see you.”

The old man promised to obey. Giffnock thrust something into his hand—Oakthorn looked at it by the torchlight, and returned it.—“Na, na! I never tak gowd—besides, Mackbuckin, ye wad maybe be using it the morn.” Then turning to the group of fishermen and peasants.—“Now, din, vha will gie me a supper and some sleep to-morrow?”

“I,” “and I,” “and I,” answered many a ready voice.

“Aweel, dinna use it, and I can only sleep in an bare at morn, I’ll gie down with Saunders Knockbuckin—he has got a scrap o’ something comfortable about his begging—and, besides, I’ll maybe live to get the use o’ ye in mind someither right that ye has promised me quarters and my services;” and away he went with the fishermen.

Oakthorn held the hand of strong possession on Levee.—“Din a strife ye’ve got to Fairport this night, young man—you must go

home with me to Marksbarn. Why, man, you have been a hero—a perfect Sir William Wallace, by all accounts. Come, my good lad, take hold of my arm—I am not a prime support to such a wind—but Cressy shall help us out—Here, you old idiot, come on the other side of me.—And how the devil get you down to that infernal Bony's apron, as they call it? Well, said they? Why, come here, she has spread out that vile person or banner of wretchedness, like all the rest of her sex, to allure her votaries to death and headlong ruin."

"I have been pretty well accustomed to disturbing, and I have long deserved betterer practices than pass down the cliff."

"But how, in the name of all that is wonderful, come you to discover the danger of the peevish Percost and his far more deserving daughter?"

"I saw them from the verge of the precipice."

"From the verge?—*verge*!—And what possessed you *demure powder* *prout de rage*?—through *demure* is not the appropriate epithet—what the devil, man, tempted ye to the verge of the Craig?"

"Why—I like to see the gathering and growing of a coming storm—or, in your own classical language, Mr. Oldback, *serre et suri neque*—and so forth—but here we reach the turn to Fairport. I must wish you good-night."

"Not a step, not a pace, not an inch, not a shatiment, as I may say,—the meaning of which word has puzzled many that think themselves antiquaries. I am clear we should read *shatim-length* for *shatiment's-length*. You are aware that the space allotted for the passage of a salmon through a dam, dike, or weir, by statute, is the length within which a full-grown pig can turn himself round. Now I have a scheme to prove, that, as terrestrial objects were thus apposed to for ascertaining subterranean measurement, so it must be supposed that the productions of the water were established sagaciously of the extent of land.—*Shatiment*—*shatiment*—you see the close alliance of the sounds; dropping out two *h's*, and a *t*, and assuming an *l*, makes the whole difference—I wish to barren an antiquarian derivation had demanded heavier considerations."

"But, my dear sir, I really must go home—I am wet to the skin."

"Shall have my night-gown, man, and slippers, and catch the antiquarian fever as men do the plague, by wearing infected

garments. Nay, I know what you would be at—you are afraid to put the old bachelor to charges. But is there not the remains of that glorious chicken-pie—which, *mon abbé*, is better cold than hot—and that bottle of my oldest port, out of which the silly brain-sick Baronet (whom I cannot pardon, since he has escaped breaking his neck) had just taken one glass, when his infernal peckle went a woo-gathering after Gamely de Guerdour?"

So saying he dragged Level forward, till the Palmer's-port of Monkham received them. Never, perhaps, had it admitted two pedestrians more needing rest; for Monkham's fatigue had been to a degree very contrary to his usual habits, and his more young and robust companion had that evening undergone agitation of mind which had harassed and wearied him even more than his extraordinary exertions of body.

CHAPTER NINTH.

"Be brave," she cried, "you yet may be our guest,
Our haunted room was ever held the best;
If, then, your valour can the night sustain
Of rustling curtains and the clinking chain;
If your courageous tongue have power to tell,
When round your bed the horrid ghosts shall walk;
If you dare ask it why it leaves its tomb,
I'll see your sheets well stir'd, and show the room."

THEY DREAM.

THEY reached the room in which they had slept, and were cheerfully welcomed by Miss Oldback.

"Where's the younger womankind?" said the Antiquary.

"Indeed, brother, among 's the story, Maria would be galled by me—she set away to the Halket-crag-head—I wonder ye dikna see her."

"Thi?—what—what's that you say, sister?—did the girl go out in a night like this to the Halket-head?—Good God! the misery of the night is not ended yet?"

"But ye wince wae, Monkham—ye are so impatient and impatient!"

"Tittle-tattle, woman," said the impatient and agitated Antiquary, "where is my dear Mary?"

"Just where ye said he yourself, Monkburn—up-stairs, and in her warm bed."

"I could have sworn it," said Oldback, laughing, but obviously much relieved—"I could have sworn it;—the lay monkey did not care if we were all drowned together. Why did you say she went out?"

"But ye wadna wait to hear out my tale, Monkburn—she goed out, and she came in again with the gardener man same as she was that morn o' ye were doctored over the coals, and that Miss Wardour was sick in the chariot; she was lame a quarter of an hour ago, for it's now gauging tea—our droutht was she, poor thing, and I o'm put a glass o' sherry in her water-pot."

"Right, Grind, right—let womenkind alone for cooiling each other. But hear me, my venerable sister—start not at the word venerable; it implies many praiseworthy qualities besides age; though that too is honourable, albeit it is the last quality for which womenkind would wish to be honoured.—But proceed my words: let Lord and me have forthwith the relief of the children-ple, and the recreation of the port."

"The children-ple! the port!—oh dear! brother—there was but a whann house, and scarce a drop o' the wine."

The Antiquary's countenance became clouded, though he was too well bred to give way, in the presence of a stranger, to his displeased surprise at the disappearance of the rials on which he had reckoned with absolute certainty. But his sister understood these looks of his. "Oh dear! Monkburn, what's the use of making a wark?"

"I make no wark, as ye call it, woman."

"But what's the use o' looking as glum and glouch about a pickle house!—as ye will lose the truth, ye mean; loss the minister came in, worthy man—oh drownd he was, and doubt, about your precarious situation, as he said it (for ye has how weel he's gifted w' wark), and how he wad hide till he could hear w' certainty how the matter was likely to gang w' ye a'—He said two things on the duty of resignation to Providence's will, worthy man! that did he."

Oldback replied, nodding the same time, "Worthy man!—he need not have seen Monkburn had devoured an an' half-trunk, I'm a nation;—and while he was occupied in this Christian office of consolation against impending evil, I reckon that the children-ple and my good port disappeared!"

"Dear brother, how can you speak of *de* freedom, when you have had *de* as escape from the cage?"

"Better than my supper has had from the minister's cage, Grisel—in't all dismissed, I suppose?"

"Hoot, Monkburn, ye speak as if there was nae mair meat in the house—wad ye not have had me offer the honest man some slight refreshment after his walk from the manse?"

"Oldbuck half-whisked, half-hummed, the end of the old Scottish ditty,

O, first they wad the white puddings,
And then they wad the black, O,
And thought the pulman wad himself,
The dill dink dore of that, O!

His sister hastened to allude his merriment, by proposing some of the relics of the dinner. He spoke of another bottle of wine, but recommended in preference a glass of brandy which was really excellent. As no contrivance could prevail on Lord to make the robust night-cap and branched morning-gown of his host, Oldbuck, who pretended to a little knowledge of the medical art, insisted on his going to bed as soon as possible, and proposed to dispatch a messenger (the indefatigable Canon) to Fairport early in the morning, to procure him a change of clothes.

This was the first intimation Miss Oldbuck had received that the young stranger was to be their guest for the night; and such was the surprise with which she was struck by a proposal so uncommon, that, had the superabundant weight of her head-dress, such as we before described, been less preponderant, her grey locks must have started up on end, and lurched it from its position.

"Lord, had a case o' us!" exclaimed the astounded maiden.

"What's the matter now, Grisel?"

"Wad ye bet just speak a moment, Monkburn?"

"Speak!—what should I speak about? I want to get to my bed—and this poor young fellow—let a bed be made ready for him instantly."

"A bed!—The Lord preserve us!" again ejaculated Grisel.

"Wig, what's the matter now!—are there not beds and rooms enough in the house?—was it not an ancient legend, in which, I am warranted to say, beds were nightly made dore for a score of playlows?"

"O dear, Muckburn! who knew what they might do long ago!—but in our time—hold—ay, toth, there's hold now as in they are—and rooms now too—but ye ken yourself the beds—have been sleep't in, Laid down the time, nor the rooms aird.—If I had know'd, Mary and me might hae gae down to the nurse—Miss Beckie is aye fad to see us—(and she is the minister, brother)—But now, gude even us!"

"Is there not the Green Room, Gird?"

"Toth is there, and it is in decent order too, though nobody has sleep't there since Dr. Herryterne, and"—

"And what?"

"And what! I am sure ye ken yourself what a night he had—ye wadna expose the young gentlemen to the like o' that, wad ye?"

Lord Interloper upon hearing this altercation, and protesting he would far rather walk home than put them to the least inconvenience—that the exercise would be of service to him—that he knew the road perfectly, by night or day, to Fairport—that the storm was clearing, and so forth—adding all that civility could suggest as an excuse for escaping from a hospitality which seemed more inconvenient to him than he could possibly have anticipated. But the howling of the wind, and the pattering of the rain against the windows, with his knowledge of the preceding fatigues of the evening, must have prohibited Olbeck, even had he entertained less regard for his young friend than he really felt, from permitting him to depart. Besides, he was piqued in honour to show that he himself was not governed by womanhood—"Sit ye down, sit ye down, sit ye down, man," he retorted—"as ye put so, I wad I might never draw a cork again, and have come out one from a prime bottle of—strong ale—right near drink—some of your Wauls. Quene's doctouns, but brewed of Muckburn barley—John of the Gird never drew a better flagon to entertain a wandering minstrel, or palmer, with the freshest news from Palestine.—And to remove from your mind the slightest wish to depart, know, that if you do so, your character as a gallant knight is gone for ever. Wye, be an adventure, man, to sleep in the Green Room at Muckburn.—Water, pray see it get ready.—And, although the bold adventure, Herryterne, dro'd pain and deliver in that charmed apartment, it is no reason why a gallant knight like you, steady twice as tall and not half so heavy, should not encounter and break the spell."

"What! a haunted apartment, I suppose!"

"To be sure, to be sure—every mansion in this country of the slightest antiquity has its ghosts and its haunted chamber, and you must not suppose us worse off than our neighbours. They are going, indeed, somewhat out of fashion. I have seen the day, when if you had doubted the reality of a ghost in an old manse-house, you ran the risk of being made a ghost yourself, as Hamlet says.—Yes, if you had challenged the existence of Belshazzar in the Castle of Glamis, old Sir Peter Pepper-brass would have had ye out to his court-yard, made you betake yourself to your weapon, and if your trick of fence were not the better, would have staked you like a pullock, on his own barbed middle-stead. I once narrowly escaped such an affair—but I handled myself, and apologized to Belshazzar; for, even in my younger days, I was no friend to the convention, or feud, and would rather walk with Sir Priest than with Sir Knight—I care not who knows so much of my valor. Thank God, I am old now, and can indulge my irascibility without the necessity of supporting them by cold steel."

Here Miss Chibbuck re-entered, with a singularly sage expression of countenance.—"Mr. Lovell's wife's ready, brother—damn shoots—wood shod—a spark of fire in the chimney—I am sure, Mr. Lovell," (addressing him), "it's no fur the trouble—and I hope you will have a good night's rest.—But"—

"You are resolved," said the Antiquary, "to do what you can to prevent it."

"No!—I am sure I have said nothing, Monkburne."

"My dear madam," said Lovell, "allow me to ask you the meaning of your obliging anxiety on my account."

"Oh, Monkburne does not like to hear of it—but he knows himself that the room has an ill name. It's well related that it was there said Rab Tull the town-clerk was sleeping when he had that marvellous communication about the grand law-plea between us and the fencers at the Mamel-craig.—It had cost a haughty fellow, Mr. Lovell; for law-pleas were so carried on with-out either long arguments there they are now—and the Monkburne of that day—our guest, Mr. Lovell, as I said before—was like to be warned afore the bench for want of a paper—Monkburne there knew well what paper it was, but the warrant he'll no help me out w' my tale—but it was a paper of great significance to the plea, and we were to be warned for want o't,

Awed, the cause was to come on before the fifteen—in presence, as they say—and said Rab Tail, the town-clerk, he ran over to make a last search for the paper that was wanting, before our gentleman went into Edinburgh to look after his plea—as there was little time to come and gang on. He was but a dotted snuffy body, Rab, as I've heard—but then he was the town-clerk of Fairport, and the Monkhorne business eye employed him on account of their connection wth the burgh, ye ken."

"Eister Grisel, this is abominable," interrupted Oldbuck; "I vow to Heaven ye might have raised the ghosts of every abbot of Trochsey, since the days of Waltheof, in the time you have been detailing the introduction to this single spectre.—Learn to be succinct in your narrative.—Indicate the concise style of old Aspley, an experienced ghost-seer, who entered his memoranda on these subjects in a terse business-like manner; *conspici potius*—'At Chichester, 9th March, 1670, was an apparition.—Being demanded whether good spirit or bad, made no answer, but instantly disappeared with a curious perfume, and a melodious twang'—*Finis* his Miscellanies, p. eighteen, as well as I can remember, and near the middle of the page."

"O, Monkhorne, man! do ye think everybody is as book-learned as yourself!—But ye like to gar folk look like fools—ye can do that to Sir Arthur, and the minister his very well."

"Nature has been bethered with me, Grisel, in both these instances, and in another which shall be needless;—but take a glass of ale, Grisel, and proceed with your story, for it waxes late."

"Jenny's just warning your bed, Monkhorne, and ye mean o'er wait till she's done.—Well, I was at the search that our gudewife, Monkhorne that then was, made wth said Rab Tail's assistance;—but na'm-to-licket could they find that was to their purpose. And see, after they had tossed out many a leather poke-full o' papers, the town-clerk had his drop punch at o'm to wash the dust out of his throat—we never were glass-breakers in this house, Mr. Lovel, but the body had got ak a trick of sipping and tipping wth the bottle and decanter when they met (which was aince the right) concerning the ancient gale o' the burgh, that he couldn't wad sleep without it.—But his punch he got, and to bed he gaed; and in the middle of the night he got a fearful waking;—he was never just himself after it, and he was stricken wth the dead pakey that very day four years. He thought, Mr. Lovel, that he heard the curtain

o' his bed fluff, and out he looks, fancying, fair man, it might has been the cat—But he sees—God has a care o' us! It gars my flesh aye creep, though I has tald the story twenty times—he sees a well-fair'd auld gentleman standing by his bedside, in the moonlight, in a queer-fashion'd dress, wif many a button and band-string about it, and that pack o' his garments which it does not become a laddy to particularize, was half auld and wide, and as many pieces o't as o' my Hanburgh skipper's—He had a beard too, and whiskers turned upwards on his upper-lip, as long as handrons—and many mair particulars there were that Rab Tull tald o', but they are forgotten now—ifs an auld story. Aweel, Rab was a just-living man, for a country writer—and he was less feared than maybe might just has been expected; and he asked in the name o' goodness what the apparition wanted—and the spirit answered in an unknown tongue. Then Rab said he tried him wif Ruse, for he can in his youth see the brans o' Oldfist—but it wadna do. Aweel, in this state, he bethought him o' the two or three words o' Latin that he used in making out the town's debts, and he had no sooner tald the spirit wif that, than out came sic a blither o' Latin about his legs, that poor Rab Tull, who was no great scholar, was clean overwhelmed. O! but he was a bauld body, and he minded the Latin names for the deed that he was wanting. It was something about a cart, I fancy, for the ghost cried aye, *Carter, carter*—

"Carts, you transformer o' languages!" cried Oldback;—"If my ancestor had learned no other language in the other world, at least he would not forget the Latinity for which he was so famous while in this."

"Weel, weel, carts be it then, but they said it carts that tald me the story. It cried aye carts, if we be that it was carts, and made a sign to Rab to follow it. Rab Tull heapt a Highland heart, and lunged out o' bed, and all some o' his readiest duds—and he did follow the thing up stairs and down stairs in the place we call the high door-oot—(a sort o' a little tower in the corner o' the auld house, where there was a rickie o' useless boxes and trunks)—and there the ghost gaes Rab a kick wif the toe foot, and a kick wif the tother, to that very wifd east-country telemarkie o' a cabinet that my brother has standing beside his library table, and then disappeared like a puff o' tobacco, leaving Rab in a very pitiful condition."

"*Thomas would be saved,*" quoth Oldback. "Marry, sir, saved also—but, sure enough, the deed was there found in a drawer of this forgotten repository, which contained many other curious old papers, now properly labelled and arranged, and which seemed to have belonged to my ancestor, the first possessor of Monkham. The deed, thus strangely recovered, was the original Charter of Erection of the Abbey, Abbey Lands, and so forth, of Troscery, comprehending Monkham and others, into a Lordship of Equality in favour of the first Earl of Clingstone, a favourite of James the Sixth. It is subscribed by the King at Westminster, the seventeenth day of January, A.D. one thousand six hundred and twelve—thirteen. It's not worth while to repeat the witnesses' names."

"I would rather," said Level, with awakened curiosity, "I would rather hear your opinion of the way in which the deed was discovered."

"Why, if I wanted a patron for my legend, I could find no less a one than Saint Augustine, who tells the story of a deceased person appearing to his son, when sued for a debt which had been paid, and directing him where to find the discharge.* But I rather opine with Lord Bacon, who says that imagination is much akin to miracle-working faith. There was always some tale story of the room being haunted by the spirit of Abbecham Oldback, my great-great-great-grandfather—it's a shame to the English language that we have not a less clumsy way of expressing a relationship of which we have occasion to think and speak so frequently. He was a foreigner, and wore his national dress, of which tradition had preserved an accurate description; and indeed there is a print of him, supposed to be by Raphael Holbrooke, pulling the press with his own hand, as it works off the sheets of his scarce edition of the Augsburg Confession. He was a chemist as well as a good mechanic, and either of these qualities in this country was at that time sufficient to constitute a white witch at least. This superstitious old writer had heard all this, and probably believed it, and in his sleep the image and idea of my ancestor recalled that of his cabinet, which, with the grateful attention to antiquities and the memory of our ancestors not unusually met with, had been pushed into the pigeon-house to be out of the way—Add a quantity of spirit of exaggeration, and you have a key to the whole mystery."

* Note D. Mr. Balthazar's dream.

"O brother ! brother ! bet Dr. Hovvstern, brother—whose sleep was more broken, that he declared he would pass another night in the Green Room to get all Monkiana, so that Mary and I were forced to yield our"——

"Why, Gried, the doctor is a good, honest, pudding-headed German, of much merit in his own way, but full of the mystic, like many of his countrymen. You and he had a traffic the whole evening, in which you received tales of Mæmar, Sharpter, Cagliostro, and other modern pretenders to the mystery of making spirits, discovering hidden treasures, and so forth, in exchange for your legends of the green bedchamber ;—and considering that the *Illustrations* ate a pound and a half of French collars to supper, smoked six pipes, and drank ale and brandy in proportion, I am not surprised at his having a fit of the nightmare. But everything is now ready. Permit me to light you to your apartment, Mr. Lovel—I am sure you have need of rest—and I trust my ancestor is too sensible of the duties of hospitality to interfere with the repose which you have so well merited by your manly and gallant behaviour."

So saying, the Antiquary took up a bed-room candlestick of massive silver and antique form, which, he observed, was wrought out of the silver found in the mines of the Hara mountains, and had been the property of the very personage who had supplied them with a subject for conversation. And having so said, he led the way through many a dark and winding passage, now ascending, and now descending again, until he came to the apartment destined for his young guest.

CHAPTER TENTH.

When midnight o'er the mountain sides
Her pall of transient-floods has spread,
When meteors sleep, when specters rise,
And none are visible but the dead ;
No bloodless shape my way pursues,
No ghastly glow my track arrays,
Vision none and my lamp none,—
Vision of long departed joys.

W. L. GILMAN.

WHEN they reached the Green Room, as it was called, Old-back placed the candle on the toilet table, before a large mirror with a black japanned frame, surrounded by dressing-

bones of the same, and looked around him with something of a disturbed expression of countenance. "I am seldom in this apartment," he said, "and never without yielding to a miserably feeling—not, of course, on account of the childish nonsense that Grisel was telling you, but owing to circumstances of an early and unhappy attachment. It is at such moments as these, Mr. Lovel, that we feel the changes of time. The same objects are before us—those insensate things which we have gazed on in wayward infancy and impetuous youth, in anxious and scheming manhood—they are permanent and the same; but when we look upon them in cold unfeeling old age, can we, changed in our temper, our pursuits, our feelings—changed in our form, our looks, and our strength,—can we be ourselves called the same? or do we not rather look back with a sort of wonder upon our former selves, as being separate and distinct from what we now are? The philosopher who appealed from Philip influenced with wine to Philip in his hours of sobriety, did not choose a judge so different, as if he had appealed from Philip in his youth to Philip in his old age. I cannot but be touched with the feeling so beautifully expressed in a poem which I have heard repeated:—"

My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is fully stored,
For the same wound is in my case
Which in those days I bore.

Thus time it still is our enemy;
And yet the wound mends
Nor less for what time takes away,
Than what he leaves behind.

Well, time cures every wound, and though the scar may remain and occasionally ache, yet the earliest agony of its recent infliction is felt no more."—So saying, he shook Lovel cordially by the hand, wished him good-night, and took his leave.

Step after step Lovel could trace his host's retreat along the various passages, and each door which he closed behind him fell with a sound more distant and dead. The guest, thus separated from the living world, took up the candle and surveyed the apartment.

The fire blazed cheerfully. Mrs. Grisel's attention had left some fresh wood, should he choose to continue it, and the apartment had a comfortable, though not a lively appearance. It was

* Probably Wordsworth's *Lyonesse Ballad* had not as yet been published.

hang with tapestry, which the house of Arnis had produced in the sixteenth century, and which the learned typographer, so often mentioned, had brought with him as a sample of the art of the Continent. The subject was a hunting-piece; and as the lofty length of the forest-trees, branching over the tapestry, formed the predominant colour, the apartment had thence acquired its name of the Green Chamber. Glean figures in the old Flemish dress, with slashed doublets covered with ribbands, short cloaks, and trunk-hose, were engaged in holding grey-hounds, or stay-hounds, in the leash, or shooting them upon the objects of their gaze. Others, with horse-pieces, swords, and old-fashioned guns, were attacking stags or bears whom they had brought to bay. The branches of the woven forest were crowded with fowls of various kinds, each depicted with its proper plumage. It seemed as if the profile and sick invention of old Chaucer had animated the Flemish artist with its profusions, and Oldback had accordingly caused the following verses, from that ancient and excellent poet, to be embroidered in Gothic letters, on a sort of border which he had added to the tapestry :—

Lo ! here be subtle grete, straight as a line,
Under the which the grass, so fresh of line,
Be'th newly sprung—on eight feet or nine.
Kerchie best well from the fallow grete,
With branches broad lades with leaves new,
That spronges out against the sunny shene,
Some golden red and some a glad bright green.

And in another curtain was the following similar legend :—

And many an hart and many an hind,
Was both before us and behind.
Of fawns, roe-bucks, hinds and does,
Was full the wood and many a roe,
And many squirrel that puzle
High on the trees and note do.

The bed was of a dark and faded green, wrought to correspond with the tapestry, but by a more modern and less skilled hand. The large and heavy stuff-bottomed chairs, with black ebony backs, were embroidered after the same pattern, and a lofty mirror, over the antique chimney-piece, corresponded in its mounting with that on the old-fashioned toilet.

"I have heard," murmured Lovell, as he took a survey view of the room and its furniture, "that ghosts often dance the last

room in the manner to which they attached themselves ; and I cannot disapprove of the taste of the disembodied printer of the *Anglo-Saxon Confession*." But he found it so difficult to fix his mind upon the stories which had been told him of an apartment with which they seemed so singularly to correspond, that he almost regretted the absence of those agitated feelings, half fear half curiosity, which sympathize with the old legends of awe and wonder, from which the serious reality of his own hopeless position at present detached him. For he now only felt emotions like those expressed in the lines,—

Alas! cruel maid, how hast thou changed
The temper of my mind!
My heart, by thee from all estranged,
Reveres like thee no kind.

He endeavored to conjure up something like the feelings which would, at another time, have been congenial to his situation, but his heart had no room for these vagaries of imagination. The recollection of Miss Wardour, determined not to acknowledge him when compelled to endure his society, and avowing her purpose to escape from it, would have alone occupied his imagination exclusively. But with this were united recollections more agitating if less painful,—her hair-breadth escape—the fortunate assistance which he had been able to render her—Yet what was his reward? She left the cliff while his fate was yet doubtful—while it was uncertain whether her preserver had not lost the life which he had exposed for her as freely. Surely gratitude, at least, called for some little interest in his fate—But no—she could not be selfish or unjust—it was no part of her nature. She only desired to shut the door against hope, and, even in compassion to him, to extinguish a passion which she could never return.

But this lover-like mode of reasoning was not likely to reconcile him to his fate, since the more available his imagination presented Miss Wardour, the more impossible he felt he should be rendered by the extinction of his hopes. He was, indeed, conscious of possessing the power of removing her prejudices on some points ; but, even in uncertainty, he determined to keep the original determination which he had formed, of ascertaining that she desired an explanation, ere he intruded one upon her. And, turn the matter as he would, he could not regard his call as desperate. There was something of embarrassment as well as of grave

surprise in her look when Oldback presented him—and, perhaps, upon second thoughts, the one was assumed to cover the other. He would not relinquish a pursuit which had already cost him such pains. Plans, suiting the romantic temper of the brain that entertained them, chased each other through his head, thick and irregular as the notes of the sea-bass, and, long after he had bid himself to rest, continued to prevent the repose which he greatly needed. Then, worried by the uncertainty and difficulties with which each scheme appeared to be attended, he bent up his mind to the strong effort of shaking off his love, "like dew-drops from the lion's mane," and resuming those studies and that career of life which his unrequited affection had so long and so fruitlessly interrupted. In this last resolution he endeavored to fortify himself by every argument which pride, as well as reason, could suggest. "She shall not suppose," he said, "that, pretending on an accidental service to her or to her father, I am desirous to intrude myself upon that notice, to which, personally, she considered me as having no title. I will see her no more. I will return to the land which, if it affords some labor, has at least more to fair, and less haughty than Miss Warburton. To-morrow I will bid adieu to these northern shores, and to her who is as cold and repulsive as her climate." When he had for some time brooded over this sturdy resolution, exhausted nature at length gave way, and, despite of wrath, doubt, and anxiety, he sunk into slumber.

It is seldom that sleep, after such violent agitation, is either sound or refreshing. Level's was disturbed by a thousand baseless and confused visions. He was a bird—he was a fish—or he flew like the one, and swam like the other,—qualifications which would have been very essential to his safety a few hours before. Then Miss Warburton was a syren, or a bird of Paradise; her father a Triton, or a sea-gull; and Oldback alternately a porpoise and a cornucopia. These agreeable imaginations were varied by all the unreal vagaries of a feverish dream;—the air refused to bear the visionary, the water seemed to lure him,—the rocks felt like down pillows as he was dashed against them;—whatever he undertook, failed in some strange and unexpected manner;—and whatever attracted his attention, underwent, as he attempted to investigate it, some wild and wonderful metamorphosis, while his mind continued all the while in some degree conscious of the delusion, from which it in vain struggled to free itself by waking.

ing;—frenzied symptoms all, with which those who are haunted by the night-hag, whom the learned call *Ephialtes*, are but too well acquainted. At length these crude phantasms arranged themselves into something more regular, if indeed the imagination of Lovel, after he awoke (for it was by no means the faculty in which his mind was least rich), did not gradually, fitfully, and unintentionally, arrange in better order the scenes of which his sleep presented, it may be, a less distinct outline. Or it is possible that his frenzied agitation may have assisted him in forming the vision.

Leaving this discussion to the learned, we will say, that after a succession of wild images, such as we have above described, our hero, for such we must acknowledge him, so far regained a consciousness of locality as to remember where he was, and the whole furniture of the Green Chamber was depicted to his dawning eye. And here, once more, let me protest, that if there should be so much old-fashioned faith left among this shrewd and sceptical generation, as to suppose that what follows was an impression conveyed rather by the eye than by the imagination, I do not impugn their doctrine. He was, then, or imagined himself, broad awake in the Green Chamber, gazing upon the flickering and occasional flame which the unconcerned remnants of the tapers sent forth, as, one by one, they fell down upon the red cushions, into which the principal part of the benches to which they belonged had crumbled away. Inasmuch the legend of Aldebrand Oldenbuck, and his mysterious visits to the inmates of the chamber, awoke in his mind, and with it, as we often feel in dreams, an anxious and fearful expectation, which seldom fails instantly to summon up before our mind's eye the object of our fear. Brighter sparks of light flashed from the chimney, with such intense brilliancy as to enlighten all the room. The tapestry waved wildly on the wall, all its dusky forms seemed to become animated. The hunters blew their horns—the stag seemed to fly, the lion to roar, and the hounds to assail the one and pursue the other; the cry of deer, mangled by throttling dogs—the shouts of men, and the clatter of horses' hoofs, seemed at once to surround him—while every group passed, with all the fury of the chase, the employment in which the artist had represented them as engaged. Lovel looked on this strange scene devoid of wonder (which seldom intrudes itself upon the sleeping

fancy), but with an anxious sensation of awful fear. At length an individual figure among the dressed hantsemen, as he gazed upon them more closely, seemed to leave the arms and to approach the bed of the chamberer. As he drew near, his figure appeared to alter. His hagle-horn became a human-shaped volume; his hunting-cap changed to such a furled head-gear as graces the burgomasters of Rastibrandt; his Flemish garb remained but his features, no longer agitated with the fury of the chase, were changed to such a state of awful and stern composure, as might best portray the first proprietor of Moulthure, such as he had been described to Lovel by his descendants in the course of the preceding evening. As this metamorphosis took place, the hantsemen among the other personages in the arms disappeared from the imagination of the dreamer, which was now exclusively lost on the single figure before him. Lovel strove to interrogate this awful person in the form of questions proper for the occasion; but his tongue, as it were in frightful dream, refused its office, and clung, palsied, to the roof of his mouth. Althornd held up his finger, as if to impose silence upon the guest who had intruded on his apartment, and began deliberately to unroll the venerable volume which occupied his left hand. When it was unfolded, he turned over the leaves hastily for a short space, and then raising his figure to its full dimensions, and holding the book aloft in his left hand, pointed to a passage in the page which he thus displayed. Although the language was unknown to our dreamer, his eye and attention were both strongly caught by the line which the figure seemed thus to press upon his notice, the words of which appeared to blaze with a supernatural light, and remained riveted upon his memory. As the vision shut his volume, a strain of delightful music seemed to fill the apartment:—Lovel started, and became completely awake. The music, however, was still in his ears, nor could till he could distinctly follow the measure of an old Scottish tune.

He sat up in bed, and endeavoured to clear his brain of the phantoms which had disturbed it during this weary night. The beams of the morning sun streamed through the half-closed shutters, and admitted a distinct light into the apartment. He looked round upon the hangings,—but the mixed groups of silken and worsted hantsemen were as stationary as tinter-backs

would make them, and only troubled slightly as the early hours, which found its way through an open crevice of the latticed window, glided along their surface. Lord lunged out of bed, and, wrapping himself in a morning-gown, that had been carelessly laid by his bedside, stepped towards the window, which commanded a view of the sea, the roar of whose billows unceasingly it still disquieted by the storm of the preceding evening, although the morning was fair and serene. The window of a turret, which projected at an angle with the wall, and thus came to be very near Lord's apartment, was half-open, and from that quarter he heard again the same music which had probably broken short his dream. With its visionary character it had lost much of its charm—it was now nothing more than an air on the lute-stringed, tolerably well performed—such is the capacity of imagination as affecting the fine arts. A female voice sang, with some taste and great simplicity, something between a song and a hymn, in words to the following effect:—

"Woe sett'st thou by that ruin'd hall,
Thou aged, rude as stone and grey?
That thou its former pride could
Or ponder how it passed away?"

"Hear'st thou not too?" the Deep Voice said,
"In long-expected, or oft planned—
Alternate, in thy hollow groins,
Tremol'd, whisper'd, and around!"

"Before my mouth, like living fire,
Kiss and his secrets pass away:
And changing vapours rise and rise,
Are fabled, dream'd and decay."

"Hush! what answer—the answer is long—
While in my glass the mid-gallop stirrer,
And remember the joy or grief,
When Time and thou shall part for ever!"

While the verses were yet singing, Lord had returned to his bed; the train of ideas which they awakened was romantic and pleasing, such as he was delighted in, and, willingly relinquishing all more broad day the doubtful task of determining on his future line of conduct, he abandoned himself to the pleasing language inspired by the music, and fell into a sound and refreshing sleep, from which he was only awakened at a late hour by old Cass,

who came creeping into the room to render the office of a valet-de-chambre.

"I have brushed your coat, sir," said the old man, when he perceived Lord was awake; "the coldest brought it free Fairport this morning, for that ye had on yesterday is nearly frosty day, though it's been a' night at the kitchen fire; and I has cleaned your shoes. I doubt ye'll no be wanting me to tie your hair, sir" (with a gentle sigh) "a' the young gentlemen wear craps now; but I has the curling tongs here to gie it a bit turn over the brow, if ye like, before ye gae down to the ladies."

Lord, who was by this time once more on his legs, declined the old man's professional office, but accompanied the refusal with such a display as completely overruled Canon's mortification.

"It's a pity he does get his hair tied and powdered," said the ancient fieur, when he had got once more into the kitchen, in which, on one pretence or other, he spent those parts of his idle time—that is to say, of his whole time—"it's a great pity, for he's a really young gentleman."

"Hush awn, ye wad growl," said Jenny Blackmont, "would ye crush his bonny brown hair wi' your nasty wigs, and then mount it like the wald minister's wig? Ye'd be the poor black-die, I'm warrant!—has, there's a soap porrick for ye—it will set ye better an' be-showering at them and the lappet-walk than meddling wi' Mr. Lord's head—ye wad spoil the most natural and beautiful head o' hair in a' Fairport, both bairn and country."

The poor ladies sighed over the disrupted locks which his art had so universally failed, but Jenny was a person too important to offend by contradiction; so, sitting quietly down in the kitchen, he digested at once his humiliation, and the contents of a haddock which held a Scotch pint of substantial oatmeal porridge.

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

Sometimes he thinks that Heaven this passport sent,
 And ordered all the passports as they went;
 Sometimes that only Venus with Povey's plop,—
 The loose and scattered notes of the drop.

We trust now request our readers to adjourn to the breakfast parlour of Mr. Oldbuck, who, despite the modern slops of tea and coffee, was substantially regaling himself, more vigorous, with cold roast-beef, and a glass of a sort of beverage called *wass*—a species of hot ale, brewed from wheat and bitter herbs, of which the present generation only know the name by its occurrence in revenue acts of parliament, coupled with cider, perry, and other excisable commodities. Level, who was asked to taste it, with difficulty refrained from pronouncing it detestable, but did refrain, as he saw he should otherwise give great offence to his host, who had the liquor unusually prepared with peculiar care, according to the approved recipe bequeathed to him by the master mentioned elsewhere (Oldbuck). The hospitality of the ladies offered Level a breakfast more suited to modern taste, and while he was engaged in partaking of it, he was assailed by indirect inquiries concerning the manner in which he had passed the night.

"We cannot compliment Mr. Level on his looks this morning, brother—but he seems conduced on any ground of disturbance he has had in the night time. I am certain he looks very pale, and when he came here he was as fresh as a rose."

"Why, sister, consider this rest of yours has been knocked down by sea and wind all yesterday evening, as if he had been a bunch of hemp or tangle, and how the devil would you have him retain his colour?"

"I certainly do still feel somewhat fatigued," said Level, "notwithstanding the excellent accommodations with which your hospitality so amply supplied me."

"Ah, do!" said Miss Oldbuck, looking at him with a knowing smile, or what was meant to be one, "ye'll not allow of any inconvenience, out of civility to us."

"Really, madam," replied Level, "I had no disturbance;

for I cannot bear such the music with which some kind fairy haunted me."

"I doubted Mary was wakened you wif her sleighing; she dress her I had left open a chink of your window, for, hehys the ghast, the Green Room dress vent wad in a high wind—But I am juckin ye heard naair than Mary's lile yestreen. Weel, men are hardy creatures—they can gae through wif a thing. I am sure, had I been to undergo any thing of that nature,—tha's to say that's beyond nature—I would hae skricht'd out at once, and raised the house, for the consequence what liket—and, I dare say, the minister wad hae done as wickle, and me I hae told him,—I hae nobody but my brother, Monkhouse himself, wad gae through the life o't, if, indeed, it kenna ye, Mr. Lavel."

"A man of Mr. Oldbuck's learning, wisdom," answered the questioned party, "would not be exposed to the inconvenience sustained by the Highland gentlemen you mentioned last night."

"Ay, ay—ye understand now where the difficulty lies. Langrange! he has ways o' his ain wad bairn o' that sort o' warriors as far as the hindmost parts of Olden" (pointing possibly Milton), as Mr. Rattapost says—only one within be mair'd to an's forewar, though he be a ghast. I am sure I will try that receipt of yours, brother, that ye showed me in a book, if anybody is to sleep in that room again, though I think, in Christian charity, ye should rather fit up the mattress-room—It's a wee damp and dark, to be sure, but then we hae an auld's occasion for a spare bed."

"No, no, sister;—dampness and darkness are worse than spectres—ours are spirits of light, and I would rather have you try the spell."

"I will do that Wylthy, Monkhouse, as I had the ingredients, as my melody book ca's them.—There was vervain and dill—I mind that—Doric Diddle will ken about them, though, maybe, he'll gie them Latin names—and Peppercorn, we hae wath o' them, for"—

"Hypericon, thou foolish woman!" thundered Oldbuck; "I've suppose you're making a haggie—or do you think that a spirit, though he be formed of air, can be expelled by a receipt against wind?—This wee Grisel of mine, Mr. Lavel, recollects (with what accuracy you may judge) a charm which I once mentioned to her, and which, happening to hit her superstitious

modify, she remembers better than anything tending to a useful purpose, I may choose to have said for this ten years. But many an old woman besides herself!"——

"Aldi vrasen, Mouskharas!" said Miss Oldback, raised something above her usual exultant tone; "ye really are less than still to me."

"Not less than just, Grisel: however, I include in the same class many a swelling woman, from Jamblékas down to Arbury, who have wasted their time in devising imaginary remedies for non-existing diseases.—But I hope, my young friend, that, charmed or uncharmed—soured by the potency of Hypericon,

*With vapours and with ill,
That kinder witches of their will,*

or left disarmed and defenceless to the attacks of the terrible world, you will give another night to the horrors of the haunted apartment, and another day to your faithful and fond friends."

"I heartily wish I could, but"——

"Nay, but me no buts—I have set my heart upon it."

"I am greatly obliged, my dear sir, but"——

"Look ye there, now—but again I—I hate but: I know no form of expression in which he can appear, that is suitable, excepting as a butt of mock. But is to me a more detestable combination of letters than so himself. No is a surly, honest fellow—speaks his mind rough and round at once. But is a sneaking, sneaky, half-bred, exceptionable sort of a conjunction, which comes to pull away the cap just when it is at your lips—

————— *It does allay*
The good proceeding—do upon, but yet!
But yet to us a better to bring forth
Some numerous consolation."

"Well, then," answered Lovel, whose notions were really undetermined at the moment, "you shall not connect the recollection of my name with so disagreeable a particle. I must soon think of leaving Fairport, I am afraid—and I will, since you are good enough to wish it, take this opportunity of spending another day here."

"And you shall be rewarded, my boy. First, you shall see John of the Gravel's grave, and then we'll walk gently along the sands, the state of the tide being first ascertained (for we will have no more Peter Wilkins' adventures, no more Ginn and

Gaeric walk), as far as Kinslowmanck Castle, and inspire after the old knight and my fair foe—which will but be barely civil, and then”——

“I beg pardon, my dear sir; but, perhaps, you had better adjourn your visit till to-morrow—I am a stranger, you know.”

“And are, therefore, the more bound to show civility, I should suppose. But I beg your pardon for mentioning a visit that perhaps belongs only to a collector of antiquities—I am one of the old school,

*When courtesy galloped o’er four centuries
The hall’s fair parterre to behold,
And humbly begs the sought no more.”*

“Why, if—if—if you thought it would be expected—but I believe I had better stay.”

“Nay, nay, my good friend, I am not so old-fashioned as to press you to what is disagreeable, neither—it is sufficient that I am there in some measure, some cause of delay, some mild impediment, which I have no title to lay too late. Or you are still somewhat tired, perhaps;—I warrant I find means to entertain your intellects without fatiguing your limbs—I am no friend to violent exertion myself—a walk in the garden once a-day is exercise enough for my thinking being—none but a fool or a fastidious would require more. Well, what shall we eat about?—my Essay on Cauterisation—but I have that in press for our afternoon meal;—or I will show you the controversy upon Ovidian’s Poems between Mac-Gribb and me. I hold with the acute Ovidian—he with the defenders of the authenticity;—the controversy began in smooth, oily, lady-like terms, but is now warring more and more as we get on—it already partakes somewhat of old Scalliger’s style. I fear the rages will get some scent of that story of Ovidius’s—but at worst, I have a hard reporter for him on the affairs of the abstracted Antiquary—I will show you his last epistle, and the merit of my answer—again, it is a trimmer!”

So saying, the Antiquary opened a drawer, and began rummaging among a quantity of miscellaneous papers, ancient and modern. But it was the misfortune of this learned gentleman, as it may be that of many learned and unlearned, that he frequently experienced, on such occasions, what Harlequin calls *embarras des richesses*; in other words, the abundance of his collection often prevented him from finding the article he sought

for, "Curses the papers!—I believe," said Oldbuck, as he shuffled them to and fro—"I believe they make themselves wings like grasshoppers, and fly away bodily—but here, in the meanwhile, look at that little treasure." So saying, he put into his hand a case made of oak, bound at the corner with silver rosettes and studs—"Prythoe, make this better," said he, as he observed Lovel fumbling at the clasp. He did so,—the lid opened, and discovered a thin quarto, curiously bound in black shagreen—"There, Mr. Lovel—there is the work I mentioned to you last night—the rare quarto of the Augsburg Confession, the foundation at once and the bulwark of the Reformation, drawn up by the learned and venerable Melancthon, defended by the Director of Ransing, and the other valiant hearts who stood up for their faith, even against the frown of a powerful and victorious emperor, and inspired by the sincerely less venerable and palerworthy Albrecht Ockenbeck, my happy progenitor, during the yet more tyrannical attempts of Philip II. to suppress at once civil and religious liberty. You see,—for printing this work, that valiant man was expelled from his ungrateful country, and driven to establish his household gods even here at Northorn, among the ruins of papal oppression and domination.—Look upon his venerable effigies, Mr. Lovel, and respect the honorable occupation in which it presents him, as labouring personally at the press for the diffusion of Christian and political knowledge.—And see here his favourite motto, expressive of his independence and self-reliance, which seemed to owe anything to patronage that was not earned by desert—expressive also of that firmness of mind and tenacity of purpose recommended by Homer. He was indeed a man who would have stood fire, had his whole printing-house, press, fonts, forms, galleys and small press, been directed to persecute him.—Bend, I say, his motto,—for each printer had his motto, or device, when that illustration art was first practised. My ancestor's was expressed, as you see, in the Teutonic phrase, *KREUSE MANN STRECKE*—that is, skill, or prudence, in straining ourselves of our natural talents and advantages, will compel favour and patronage, even where it is withheld from prejudice or ignorance."

"And that," said Lovel, after a moment's thoughtful silence—"that, then, is the meaning of those German words?"

"Unquestionably. You perceive the appropriate application

to a consciousness of inward worth, and of confidence in a useful and honorable art.—Such printer in those days, as I have already informed you, had his device, his *impresa*, as I may call it, in the same manner as the doughty chivalry of the age, who frequented tilt and tournament. My ancestor boasted as much in his, as if he had displayed it over a conquered field of battle, though it betokened the diffusion of knowledge, not the effusion of blood. And yet there is a family tradition which affirms him to have chosen it from a more romantic circumstance."

"And what is that said to have been, my good sir?" inquired his young friend.

"Why, it rather overreaches on my respected predecessor's fame for prudence and wisdom—did *several* *careless* *errors*—everybody has played the fool in their turn. It is said, my ancestor, during his apprenticeship with the descendant of old Faust, whom popular tradition hath sent to the devil under the name of *Fustian*, was attracted by a paltry slip of womanhood, his master's daughter, called *Bertha*—they broke rings, or went through some illotical ceremony, as it is named on such like occasions as the plighting of a true-love troth, and *Altknecht* set out on his journey through Germany, as became an honest handiworker; for such was the custom of mechanics at that time, to make a tour through the empire, and work at their trade for a time in each of the most eminent towns, before they finally settled themselves for life. It was a wise custom; for, as such travellers were received like brothers in each town by those of their own handicraft, they were sure, in every case, to have the means either of gaining or communicating knowledge. When my ancestor returned to Nuremberg, he is said to have found his old master nearly dead, and two or three gallant young suitors, some of them half-starved sprigs of nobility forsooth, in pursuit of the *Fengyler Bertha*, whose father was understood to have bequeathed her a dowry which might weigh against sixteen ancestral quarters. But *Bertha*, not a bad sample of womanhood, had made a vow she would only marry that man who could work her father's press. The skill at that time, was as rare as wonderful; besides that the reputation rid her at once of most of her suitors, who would have as soon wielded a composing wand as a composing stick. Some of the

more ordinary typographers made the attempt: but none were sufficiently possessed of the mystery—that I tell you."

"By no means; pray, proceed, Mr. Oldback—I listen with uncommon interest."

"Ah! it is all silly. However—Abdelnail arrived in the ordinary dress, as we would say, of a journeyman printer—the same in which he had traversed Germany, and conversed with Luther, Melancthon, Erasmus, and other learned men, who disdained not his knowledge, and the power he possessed of diffusing it, though hid under a garb as homely. But what appeared respectable in the eyes of wisdom, religion, learning, and philosophy, seemed mean, as might readily be supposed, and disgusting, to those of silly and affected womanhood, and Bertha refused to acknowledge her former lover, in the torn doublet, skin cap, cloaked shoes, and leathern apron, of a travelling handcraftsman or mechanic. He claimed his privilege, however, of being admitted to a trial; and when the rest of the authors had either declined the contest, or made such work as the devil could not read if his pardon depended on it, all eyes were bent on the stranger. Abdelnail stepped gracefully forward, arranged the types without omission of a single letter, hyphen, or comma, imposed them without disturbing a single space, and pulled off the first proof as clear and free from errors, as if it had been a triple review! All applauded the worthy successor of the immortal Plautus—the blushing maiden acknowledged her error in trusting to the eye more than the intellect—and the elected bridegroom thereupon chose for his impress or device the appropriate words, '*Stimulus foveat*.'—But what is the matter with you?—you are in a brown study! Come, I told you this was but temporary conversation for thinking people—and now I have my head on the *Osborne Controversy*."

"I beg your pardon," said Lavel; "I am going to appear very silly and disagreeable in your eyes, Mr. Oldback—but you seemed to think Sir Arthur might in civility expect a call from me!"

"Psha! psha! I can make your apology; and if you must leave us so soon as you say, what signifies how you stand in his honour's good graces!—And I warn you that the *Essay on Gentrification* is something prolix, and will occupy the time we can spare after dinner, so you may lose the *Osborne Contro-*

were if we do not dedicate this morning to it. We will go out to my ever-green hower, my sacred holly-tree yarden, and here it *frends* *esper* *viridit*.

"Sing heigh-he! heigh-he! for the green holly,
That friendship is signing, most loving most holy."

But, again," continued the old gentleman, "when I look closer at you, I begin to think you may be of a different opinion. Amen with all my heart—I quarrel with no man's hobby, if he does not run it a tilt against mine, and if he does—let him bewee his eyes. What say you?—in the language of the world and worldings here, if you can understand it or mean a splere, shall we stay or go?"

"In the language of selfishness, then, which is of course the language of the world—let us go by all means."

"Amen, amen, quæ the Earl Marshall," answered Oldbuck, as he exchanged his slippers for a pair of stout walking shoes, with rattles, as he called them, of black cloth. He only interrupted the walk by a slight deviation to the tomb of John o' the Glind, remembered as the last habilit of the abbot who had resided at Monk-horne. Beneath an old willow upon a hill-side, sloping pleasantly to the south, and commanding a distant view of the sea over two or three rich enclaves, and the Mased-crag, lay a moss-grown stone, and, in memory of the departed worthy, it bore an inscription, of which, as Mr. Oldbuck affirmed (though many doubted), the defaced characters could be distinctly traced to the following effect:—

Here lyeth John o' ye Glind;
Erik has ye stit, and bewee ye Glind.
In his tyne the wyke's house doith,
The good man's birth wif becomen was stait.
He-bled a boll o' beer in Erik's tyne,
Four for ye bolle-bikin, and one for your man's eyne.

"You see how modest the author of this equiberal commemoration was;—he tells us that honest John could make five firlots, or quarters, as you would say, out of the boll, instead of four,—that he gave the fifth to the wives of the parish, and accounted for the other four to the abbot and chapter,—that in his time the wives here always laid eggs—and devil thank them, if they got one-fifth of the abbot's rents; and that honest man's house was never without with offspring—an addition

to the miracle, which they, as well as I, must have considered as perfectly unaccountable. But come on—leave we Jack o' the Glazel, and let us jog on to the poller made, where the sea, like a repulsed enemy, is now retreating from the ground on which he gave us battle last night."

Thus saying, he led the way to the made. Upon the kials or dunes close to them, were seen four or five huts inhabited by fishers, whose boats, drawn high upon the beach, lent the shoreward vapours of pitch melting under a burning sun, to contend with those of the smoke of fish and other substances usually collected round Scottish cottages. Undisturbed by these complicated steams of abundance, a middle-aged woman, with a face which had defied a thousand storms, sat mending a net at the door of one of the cottages. A handkerchief close bound about her head, and a coat which had formerly been that of a man, gave her a masculine air, which was increased by her strength, masculine stature, and harsh voice. "What are ye for the day, your honour?" she said, or rather screamed, to Oldbuck; "either backlocks and whittings—a buncock-fake and a cock-palle?"

"How much for the buncock-fake and cock-palle?" demanded the Antiquary.

"Four white shillings and sixpence," answered the Naid.

"Four daveils and six of their lugs?" retorted the Antiquary; "do ye think I am mad, Maggie?"

"And din ye think," rejoined the virgin, setting her arms a-kimbo, "that my man and my sons are to gae to the sea in weather like postum and the day—sit a sea as it's yet muggy—and get nothing for their fish, and be ribbed into the bargain, Monkharne! It's no fish ye're buying—it's men's lives."

"Well, Maggie, I'll bid you this—I'll bid you a shilling for the fake and the cock-palle, or sixpence separately—and if all your fish are as well paid, I think your man, as you call him, and your sons, will make a good voyage."

"Dell gie their boat were knockit against the Bell-Buck rather! It wad be better, and the bonnier voyage o' the twa, A shilling for these twa bonnie fish! Oo, that's awn indeed!"

"Well, well, ye old bodden, carry your fish up to Monkharne, and see what my sister will give you for them."

"Na, na, Monkharne, dell a fit—I'll rather deal w' yourself; for though ye're near enough, yet Miss Gried has an ousie

done grip—I'll gie ye them" (in a softened tone) "for three shillings."

"Eighteen-pence, or nothing?"

"Eighteen-pence!!!" (in a loud tone of astonishment, which declined into a sort of nasal whim, when the dealer turned as if to walk away)—"Ye'll no be for the fish, then?"—(then louder, as she saw him moving off)—"I'll gie ye them—and—and—a half-a-dozen o' potatoes to make the sauce, for three shillings and a dramma."

"Half-a-crown then, Maggie, and a dramma."

"Awrad, your honour means ha'e your ain gude, me deids; but a dramma's worth aither aw—the distilleries is no working."

"And I hope they'll never work again in my time," said Oldbuck.

"Ay, ay—it's easy for your honour, and the likes o' you gentle-folks to say so, that has stunk and roach, and fire and freezing, and meat and drink, and sit dry and snug by the fireside—but as ye wanted fire, and meat, and dry claes, and were doeing o' cold, and had a sair heart, whilk is worst aw', w'e' just uggeren in your pouch, wadna ye be glad to buy a dramma w'e', to be siking and claes, and a supper and hearth coze into the bargain, till the morn's mornin'?"

"It's even too true an apology, Maggie. Is your goodness off to sea this morning, after his caution last night?"

"In troth is he, Monkhearn; he was awa this mornin' by four o'clock, when the sea was working like barns o' yestern's wind, and our bit cooze dancing h'e' like a cork."

"Well, he's an industrious fellow. Carry the fish up to Monkhearn."

"That I will—or I'll send little Jenny, she'll rin faster; but I'll ca' on Miss Gray for the dramma myself, and say ye sent me."

A nondescript animal, which might have passed for a marmoset, as it was piddling in a pool among the rocks, was attracted when by the shrill screams of its dam; and having been made doozet, as her mother called it, which was performed by adding a short red cloak to a petticoat, which was at first her sole covering, and which reached scarcely below her knees, the child was dispatched with the fish in a basket, and a request on the part of Monkhearn that they might be prepared for dinner. "It would have been long," said Oldbuck, with much

self-complacency, "are my womankind could have made such a reasonable bargain with that old skin-flint, though they sometimes wrangle with her for an hour together under my study window, like three sea-gulls screaming and spattering in a gale of wind. But come, would we on our way to Knockrinnach.

CHAPTER TWELFTH.

*Temper I.—The only disease of your commonwealth :
First shows itself first, that shows us least,
Ours is government, not religion
But what they draw from their own unquiet consciences,
Or constitute themselves, yet they are no rebels.*

Macaulay.

WITH our reader's permission, we will outstep the dew, though sturdy pace of the Antiquary, whose habits, as he turned round to his companion at every moment to point out something remarkable in the landscape, or to enforce some favourite topic more emphatically than the exercise of walking permitted, delayed their progress considerably.

Notwithstanding the fatigue and dangers of the preceding evening, Miss Waverley was able to rise at her usual hour, and to apply herself to her usual occupations, after she had first satisfied her anxiety concerning her father's state of health. Sir Arthur was no farther indisposed than by the effects of great agitation and unusual fatigue, but these were sufficient to induce him to keep his bedchamber.

To look back on the events of the preceding day, was, to Isabella, a very unpleasant retrospect. She owed her life, and that of her father, to the very person by whom, of all others, she wished least to be obliged; because she could hardly even express common gratitude towards him without encouraging hopes which might be injurious to them both. "Why should it be my fate to receive such benefits, and conferred at so much personal risk, from one whose romantic passions I have so successfully laboured to discourage? Why should chance have given him this advantage over me? and why, oh why, should a halfhearted feeling in my own bosom, in spite of my sober reason, almost rejoice that he has attained it?"

While Miss Warburton thus taxed herself with wayward caprice, she beheld advancing down the avenue, not her younger and more dreaded preserver, but the old beggar who had made such a capital figure in the melodrama of the preceding evening.

She rang the bell for her maid-servant. "Bring the old man up stairs."

The servant returned in a minute or two—"He will come up at no time, madam;—he says his shodden shoes never were on a carpet in his life, and that, please God, they never shall.—Must I take him into the servants' hall?"

"No; stay, I want to speak with him.—Where is he?" she had lost sight of him as he approached the house.

"Sitting in the sun on the stone-bench in the court, beside the window of the flagged parlour."

"Bid him stay there.—I'll come down to the parlour, and speak with him at the window."

She came down accordingly, and found the mendicant half-seated, half-reclining, upon the bench beside the window. Edie Colclinton, old man and beggar as he was, had apparently some inherent consciousness of the favourable impressions connected with his tall form, commanding features, and long white beard and hair. It used to be remarked of him, that he was seldom seen but in a posture which showed those personal attributes to advantage. At present, as he lay half-reclined, with his wrinkled yet ruddy cheek, and keen gray eye turned up towards the sky, his staff and bag laid beside him, and a cast of homely wisdom and monastic living in the expression of his countenance, while he gazed for a moment around the courtyard, and then resumed his former look apward, he might have been taken by an artist as the model of an old philosopher of the Cynic school, nursing upon the frivolity of mortal pursuits, and the precarious towers of human possessions, and looking up to the source from which aught permanently good can alone be derived. The young lady, as she presented her tall and elegant figure at the open window, but divided from the courtyard by a grating, with which, according to the fashion of ancient times, the lower windows of the castle were secured, gave an interest of a different kind, and might be supposed, by a romantic imagination, an imprisoned damsel commiserating a tale of her distance to a prisoner, in order that he

might call upon the gallantry of every knight whom he should meet in his wanderings, to rescue her from her oppressive threshold.

After Miss Warburton had offered, in the terms she thought would be most acceptable, those thanks which the beggar declined as far beyond his merit, she began to express herself in a manner which she supposed would speak more feelingly to his apprehension. "She did not know," she said, "what her father intended particularly to do for their preserver, but certainly it would be something that would make him say for him; if he chose to reside at the castle, she would give orders"—

The old man smiled, and shook his head. "I wad be bith a priotness and a disgrace to your fine servants, my laddy, and I hae never been a disgrace to anybody yet, that I ken of."

"Sir Arthur would give strict orders"—

"Ye're very kind—I dootna, I dootna; but there are some things a master can command, and some he canna—I dootna he wad get them keep hands off me—and truth, I think they wad hardly venture on that way gate)—and he wad get them gie me my soup parritch and bit meat. But trow ye that Sir Arthur's command could forbid the gife o' the tongue as the blink o' the ee, or get them gie me my dool w' the look o' kindness that gae it digest me weel, or that he could make them forbear o' the slightis and taunts that hurt auld spirit mair nor downright mairing?—Dootna, I am the likeliest auld curle that ever lived; I dootna be bound down to hours o' eating and sleeping; and, to speak the honest truth, I wad be a very bad example in any weel regulated family."

"Well, then, Edie, what do you think of a neat cottage and a garden, and a dady dole, and nothing to do but to dig a little in your garden when you please yourself?"

"And how often wad that be, trow ye, my laddy? maybe na mair streen Cassidamus and Yale—and if a' thing were done to my hand, as if I was Sir Arthur himself, I could never bide the staying still in ae place, and just wring the same joints and couples aboon my head night after night.—And then I hae a queer humour o' my ain, that aye a strolling beggar wad enough, whose word mairly misleads—but ye ken Sir Arthur has odd sort o' ways—and I wad be jasting or scornin at them.—and ye wad be angry, and then I wad be just fit to hang myself."

"O, you are a licensed man," said Isabella; "we shall give you all reasonable scope: So you had better be ruled, and remember your age."

"But I am no that stir failed yet," replied the mendicant, "O! once I got a wee couple yestreen, I was as yauld as an col. And then what wad o' the country do for want o' auld Edie Ochiltree, that brings news and country cracks free as fern-steeding to caithers, and glengloried to the lasses, and helps the lairds to mend their fiddles, and the gentlemen to cheat their paws, and platts muck-errows and grouse-die cups for the women, and breaks the lads' dees, and has skill o' cow-die and horse-die, and kens mair auld songs and takes than o' the heavy bodies, and gars the body laugh wherever he comes! Truth, my boddie, I came by down my vocation; it would be a public loss."

"Well, Edie, if your idea of your importance is so strong as not to be shaken by the prospect of independence?"——

"Na, na, Edie—it's because I am mair independent as I am," answered the old man; "I beg me mair at my single home than a meal o' meat, or maybe but a mouthful o't—if it's refused at so place, I get it at another—na I canna be said to depend on anybody in particular, but just on the country at large."

"Well, then, only promise me that you will let me know should you ever wish to settle as you turn old, and more incapable of making your usual rounds; and, in the meantime, take this."

"Na, na, my boddie: I durna take muckle ailer at ance—it's against our rule; and—though it's maybe no dirl to be repeating the like o' that—they say that ailer's like to be scarce wi' Edie Acher himself, and that he's run himself out o' thought wi' his hawkings and minings for lead and copper yonder."

Isabella had some anxious anticipations in the same effect, but was shocked to hear that her father's enchainments were such public talk; as if scandal ever failed to stoop upon as acceptable a quarry as the failings of the good man, the decline of the powerful, or the decay of the prosperous.—Miss Wardour sighed deeply—"Well, Edie, we have enough to pay our debts, let folks say what they will, and requiring you is one of the foremost—let me press this man upon you."

"That I might be robbed and murdered some night between town and town! or, worse as bad, that I might live in constant apprehension o't!—I am no"—(lowering his voice to a whisper, and looking keenly around him)—"I am no that does unprovided for neither; and though I should die at the back of a dyke, they'll find as much as quitted in this cold blue gown as will bury me like a Christian, and gie the lair and leave a blythe hydraule to; see there's the gaberlunzie's burial provided for, and I need nae more. Were the likes o' me ever to change a note, wae the deil d'ye think wad be sin fules as to gie me charity after that!—it wad flow through the country like wildfire, that wad Ede wad hae done sicker a like thing, and then, I'm warrant, I might grace my heart out or anybody wad gie me either a bone or a hock."

"Is there nothing, then, that I can do for you?"

"Og ay—I'll ay come for my services as usual,—and whiles I wad be fain o' a pottle meekie, and ye mair speak to the court-bell and ground-offer just to overlock me; and maybe ye'll gie a gude word for me to Shandie Nothenstons, the miller, that he may chide up his cradle dog—I wadna hae him to hurt the pair heart, for it jist does its office in looking at a gaberlunzie like me. And there's nae thing maybe mair,—but ye'll think it's very bauld o' the like o' me to speak o't."

"What is it, Ede!—if it respects you it shall be done if it is in my power."

"It respects yourself, and it is in your power, and I mair come out wi't. Ye are a bonny young laddie, and a gude man, and maybe a wad-tethered one—but dinna ye sneer awa the lad Lavel, as ye did a while since on the walk beneath the Briery-hack, when I saw ye both, and heard ye too, though ye saw nae me. Is mair wi' the lad, for he luv ye wad, and fit to him, and so to supping I could have done for ye, that Sir Archer and ye was ever yinteen."

He uttered these words in a low but distinct tone of voice; and without waiting for an answer, walked towards a low door which led to the apartments of the servants, and so entered the house.

Miss Warburton remained for a moment or two in the situation in which she had heard the old man's last extraordinary speech, leaning, namely, against the bars of the window; nor could she determine upon saying even a single word, relative to a

subject so delicate, until the beggar was out of sight. It was, indeed, difficult to determine what to do. That her having had an interview and private conversation with this young and unknown stranger, should be a secret possessed by a person of the last class in which a young lady would seek a confidant, and at the mercy of one who was by profession gossip-general to the whole neighbourhood, gave her acute agony. She had no reason, indeed, to suppose that the old man would wilfully do anything to hurt her feelings, much less to injure her; but the mere freedom of speaking to her upon such a subject, showed, as might have been expected, a total absence of delicacy; and what he might take it into his head to do or say next, that she was pretty sure so professed an admirer of liberty would not hesitate to do or say without scruple. This idea so much hurt and vexed her, that she half-cried the officious assistance of Lord and Odithree had been absent upon the preceding evening.

While she was in this agitation of spirits, she suddenly observed Odithree and Lord entering the court. She drew instantly so far back from the window, that she could, without being seen, observe how the Antiquary passed in front of the building, and pointing to the various scabbiness of its former owners, seemed in the act of bestowing upon Lord much curious and creditable information, which, from the absent look of his auditor, Isabella might sincerely guess was entirely thrown away. The necessity that she should take some resolution became instant and pressing;—she rang, therefore, for a servant, and ordered him to show the visitors to the drawing-room, while she, by another staircase, gained her own apartment, to consider, ere she made her appearance, what line of conduct were fittest for her to pursue. The guests, accordingly to her instructions, were introduced into the room where company was usually received.

CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

———The time was that I hated thee,
 And yet it is not that I love thee less,
 Thy company, which erst was welcome to me,
 I will refuse :———

But do not look for further company.

As YOU LIKE IT.

Mrs ISABELLA WARDOUR's complexion was considerably brightened, when, after the delay necessary to arrange her ideas, she presented herself in the drawing-room.

"I am glad you are come, my fair foe," said the Antiquary greeting her with much kindness, "for I have had a most refractory, or at least negligent saddle, in my young friend here, while I endeavoured to make him acquainted with the history of Knaresborough Castle. I think the danger of last night has scared the poor lad. But you, Miss Isabel,—why, you look as if flying through the night air had been your natural and most congenial occupation; your colour is even better than when you honoured my hospitable doorway. And Sir Arthur—how does my good old friend?"

"Indifferently well, Mr. Oldbuck; but I am afraid, not quite able to receive your congratulations, or to pay—to pay—Mr. Lovel his thanks for his unqualified exertions."

"I dare say not—A good down pillow for his good white head were more need than a cushion so churlish as Bessy's-apron, plagues on her!"

"I had no thought of intruding," said Lovel, looking upon the ground, and speaking with hesitation and suppressed emotion; "I did not—did not seem to intrude upon Sir Arthur or Miss Wardour the presence of one who—who must necessarily be unwelcome—as associated, I mean, with painful reflections."

"Do not think my father so unjust and ungrateful," said Miss Wardour. "I dare say," she continued, participating in Lovel's embarrassment—"I dare say—I am certain—that my father would be happy to show his gratitude—in any way—that is, which Mr. Lovel could consider it as proper to point out."

"Why the deuce," interrupted Oldbuck, "what sort of a

qualification is that!—On my word, it reminds me of our minister, who, choosing, like a formal old lay as he is, to drink to my sister's inclinations, thought it necessary to add the saving clause, *Provided, inasmuch, they be virtuous*. Come, let us have no more of this nonsense—I dare say Sir Arthur will bid us welcome on some future day. And what news from the kingdom of subterranean darkness and airy hope?—What says the stout spirit of the mine? Has Sir Arthur had any good intelligence of his adventure lately in Glen-Willemshuis?"

Miss Wardour shook her head—"But indifferent, I fear, Mr. Oliphant; but there is some specimens which have lately been sent down."

"Ah! my poor dear hundred pounds, which Sir Arthur presented me to give for a share in that hopeful scheme, would have bought a pastor's load of talismancy—but let me see them."

And so saying, he sat down at the table in the room, on which the mineral productions were lying, and proceeded to examine them, grumbling and jawing at each which he took up and laid aside.

In the meantime, Lovel, forced as it were by this occasion of Oliphant, into a sort of intimacy with Miss Wardour, took an opportunity of addressing her in a low and interrupted tone of voice. "I trust Miss Wardour will impute, to circumstances almost irresistible, this intrusion of a person who has reason to think himself—so unacceptable a visitor."

"Mr. Lovel," answered Miss Wardour, observing the same tone of caution, "I trust you will not—I am sure you are incapable of abusing the advantages given to you by the services you have rendered us, which, as they affect my father, can never be sufficiently acknowledged or repaid. Could Mr. Lovel see me without his own peace being affected—could he see me as a friend—as a sister—as man will be—and, from all I have ever heard of Mr. Lovel, ought to be, more welcome; but—"

Oliphant's anathema against the proposition had was internally echoed by Lovel. "Pardon me if I interrupt you, Miss Wardour; you need not fear my intruding upon a subject where I have been already severely repressed;—but do not add to the severity of repelling my sentiments the rigour of obliging me to disavow them."

"I am much embarrassed, Mr. Lovel," replied the young lady, "by your—I would not willingly use a strong word—your romantic and hopeless pertinacity. It is for yourself I plead, that you would consider the calls which your country has upon your talents—that you will not waste, in an idle and fanciful indulgence of an ill-gained predilection, time, which, well reckoned by active exertion, should lay the foundation of future distinction. Let me entreat that you would form a manly resolution"——

"It is enough, Miss Warkour;—I see plainly that"——

"Mr. Lovel, you are hurt—and, believe me, I sympathize in the pain which I inflict; but can I, in justice to myself, in fairness to you, do otherwise? Without my father's consent, I never will entertain the address of any one, and how totally impossible it is that he should countenance the partiality with which you honour me, you are yourself fully aware; and, indeed"——

"No, Miss Warkour," answered Lovel, in a tone of passionate intensity; "do not go further—is it not enough to crush every hope in our present relative situation?—do not carry your resolutions further—why urge what would be your conduct if Sir Arthur's objections could be removed?"

"It is indeed vain, Mr. Lovel," said Miss Warkour, "because their removal is impossible; and I only wish, as your friend, and as one who is obliged to you for her own and her father's life, to entreat you to suppress this unfortunate attachment—to leave a country which affords no scope for your talents, and to resume the honourable line of the profession which you seem to have abandoned."

"Well, Miss Warkour, your wishes shall be obeyed;—have patience with me one little month, and if, in the course of that space, I cannot shew you such reasons for continuing my residence at Fairport, as even you shall approve of, I will bid adieu to its vicinity, and, with the same breath, to all my hopes of happiness."

"Not so, Mr. Lovel; many years of deserved happiness, founded on a more rational basis than your present vision, are, I trust, before you. But it is full time to finish this conversation. I cannot force you to adopt my advice—I cannot shut the door of my father's house against the progress of his life and mine; but the sooner Mr. Lovel can track his mind to

submit to the inevitable disappointment of wishes which have been so rashly formed, the more likely he will rise in my esteem—and, in the meanwhile, for his sake as well as mine, he must excuse my putting an interdict upon conversation on a subject so painful."

A servant at this moment announced that Sir Arthur desired to speak to Mr. Oldbuck in his dressing-room.

"Let me show you the way," said Miss Warkour, who apparently dreaded a continuation of her tit-a-tit with Lored, and she conducted the Antiquary accordingly to her father's apartment.

Sir Arthur, his legs swathed in flannel, was stretched on the couch. "Welcome, Mr. Oldbuck," he said; "I trust you have come better off than I have done from the inclemency of yesterday evening?"

"Truly, Sir Arthur, I was not so much exposed to it—I kept some flannel—you fairly committed yourself to the cold night-air in the most literal of all senses. But such adventures become a gallant knight better than a humble esquire,—to rise on the wings of the night-wind—to dive into the bowels of the earth. What news from our subterranean Good Hope!—the brave companions of Glen-Wilkenbush!"

"Nothing good as yet," said the Baronet, turning himself hastily, as if stung by a pang of the gout; "but Doncasterwell does not despair."

"Does he not?" quoth Oldbuck; "I do though, under his frown. Why, old Dr. H——" told me, when I was in Edinburgh, that we should never find copper enough, judging from the specimens I showed him, to make a pair of shapewy knee-buckles—and I cannot see that those samples on the table below differ much in quality."

"The learned doctor is not infallible, I presume!"

"No; but he is one of our first characters; and this tramping philosopher of yours—this Doncasterwell—is, I have a notion, one of those learned adventurers described by Kirchner, *Actus laborat sine orte, pariter sine parte, quorum medicum est unum, vis nervi modificationis tri;* that is to say, Miss Warkour!"

"It is unnecessary to translate," said Miss Warkour—"I comprehended your general meaning; but I hope Mr. Doncasterwell will turn out a more trustworthy character."

"Probably Dr. Hutton, the mineral geologist.

"I doubt it not a little," said the Antiquary,—*"and we are a bad way out if we cannot discover this infernal vein that he has prophesied about these two years."*

"I've have no great interest in the matter, Mr. Oldbuck," said the Baronet.

"Too much, too much, Sir Arthur; and yet, for the sake of my fall for here, I would consent to lose it all so you had no more on the venture."

There was a painful silence of a few moments, for Sir Arthur was too proud to acknowledge the downfall of his golden dreams, though he could no longer disguise to himself that such was likely to be the termination of the adventure. "I understand," he at length said, "that the young gentleman, to whose gallantry and presence of mind we were so much indebted last night, has favoured me with a visit—I am distressed that I am unable to see him, or indeed any one, but an old friend like you, Mr. Oldbuck."

A deduction of the Antiquary's stiff backbone acknowledged the preference.

"You made acquaintance with this young gentleman in Edinburgh, I suppose?"

Oldbuck told the circumstances of their becoming known to each other.

"Why, then, my daughter is an older acquaintance of Mr. Lovel than you are," said the Baronet.

"Indeed! I was not aware of that," answered Oldbuck somewhat surprised.

"I met Mr. Lovel," said Isabella, slightly colouring, "when I resided this last spring with my aunt, Mrs. Wilton."

"In Yorkshire!—and what character did he bear there, or how was he engaged?" said Oldbuck,—*"and why did not you recognise him when I introduced you?"*

Isabella answered the least difficult question, and passed over the other.—"He had a commission in the army, and had, I believe, served with reputation; he was much respected, as an amiable and promising young man."

"And pray, such being the case," replied the Antiquary, not disposed to take one reply to two distinct questions, "why did you not speak to the lad at once when you met him at my house? I thought you had lost of the policy pride of remarking about you, Miss Winton."

"There was a reason for it," said Sir Arthur with dignity; "you know the opinions—prejudices, perhaps you will call them—of our house concerning purity of birth. This young gentleman is, it seems, the illegitimate son of a man of fortune; my daughter did not choose to renew their acquaintance till she should know whether I approved of her holding any intercourse with him."

"If it had been with his mother instead of himself," answered Oldbuck, with his usual dry castidity of humour, "I could see an excellent reason for it. Ah, poor lady! that was the case, then, that he seemed so absent and confused while I explained to him the reason of the bond of hostility upon the shield yonder under the corner turret!"

"True," said the Baronet, with complacency—"it is the shield of Malcolme the Usurper, as he is called. The tower which he built is termed, after him, Malcolme's Tower, but more frequently Minstrel's Tower, which I conceive to be a corruption for *Mistake*. He is denominated, in the Latin pedigree of our family, *Mithrasius Norkus*; and his temporary seizure of our property, and most unjust attempt to establish his own illegitimate line in the estate of Knochenrueck, gave rise to such family feuds and misfortunes, as strongly to fixed us in that horror and antipathy to defiled blood and illegitimacy which has been handed down to me from my respected ancestry."

"I know the story," said Oldbuck, "and I was telling it to Lord this mornent, with some of the wise maxims and consequences which it has engendered on your family politics. Poor fellow! he must have been much hurt: I took the wandering of his attention for negligence, and was something piqued at it, and it proves to be only an excess of feeling. I hope, Sir Arthur, you will not think the loss of your life because it has been preserved by such assistance?"

"Not the loss of my assistant either," said the Baronet—"my doors and table shall be equally open to him as if he had descended of the most undoubted lineage."

"Come, I am glad of that—he'll know where he can get a dinner, then, if he wants one. But what dinner can he have in this neighbourhood! I must catch him; and if I find he wants it—ah, indeed, whether he does or not—he shall have my best advice." As the Antiquary made this Elysian promise, he took his leave of Miss Warden and her father, eager to com-

manoeuvres upon Mr. Lovel. He informed him shortly that Miss Warburton sent her compliments, and remained in attendance on her father, and then, taking him by the arm, he led him out of the castle.

Kendwincock still preserved much of the external attributes of a baronial castle. It had its drawbridge, though now never drawn up, and its dry moat, the sides of which had been planted with shrubs, chiefly of the evergreen tribes. Above these rose the old building, partly from a foundation of red rock scraped down to the sea-beach, and partly from the steep green verge of the moat. The towers of the arcades have been already mentioned, and many others rose around of large size,—as if to confuse the prejudice that timber cannot be raised near to the coast. Our walkers passed, and looked back upon the castle, as they attained the height of a small knoll, over which lay their homeward road; for it is to be supposed they did not tempt the risk of the tide by returning along the sands. The building flung its broad shadow upon the tufted foliage of the shrubs beneath it, while the front windows sparkled in the sun. They were viewed by the gaze with very different feelings. Lovel, with the fond eagerness of that passion which derives its food and nourishment from tribes, as the charadeon is said to live on the air, or upon the terrible insects which it contains, endeavoured to conjecture which of the numerous windows belonged to the apartment now graced by Miss Warburton's presence. The speculations of the Antiquary were of a more moderately cast, and were partly indicated by the speculation of *his position*! as he turned away from the prospect. Lovel, raised from his reverie, looked at him as if to inquire the meaning of an exclamation so cautious. The old man shook his head. "Yes, my young friend," said he, "I *feared* greatly—and it wrings my heart to say it—this ancient finally is going fast to the ground!"

"Indeed!" answered Lovel—"you surprise me greatly."

"We harden ourselves in vain," continued the Antiquary, pursuing his own train of thought and feeling—"we harden ourselves in vain to look with the indifference they deserve, the changes of this transitory whirling world. We strive ineffectually to be the self-sufficing invulnerable being, the tower atop of the post;—the stolid exemption which philosophy affects to give us over the pains and variations of human life,

is as imaginary as the state of mystical quietism and perfection aimed at by some crazy enthusiasts."

"And Heaven forbid that it should be otherwise," said Lord, warmly—"Heaven forbid that any process of philosophy were capable so to sour and indurate our feelings, that nothing should agitate them but what arose entirely and immediately out of our own selfish interests! I would as soon wish my head to be as callous as horn, that it might escape an occasional cut or scratch, as I would be ambitious of the stoicism which should render my heart like a piece of the colder millstone."

The Antiquary regarded his youthful companion with a look half of pity, half of sympathy, and shrugged up his shoulders as he replied—"Wait, young man—wait till your bark has been battered by the storm of sixty years of mortal vicissitude: you will learn by that time to reel your sails, that she may clay the helm;—or, in the language of this world, you will find distress enough, anchored and to anchor, to keep your feelings and sympathies in full exercise, without concerning yourself more in the fate of others than you cannot possibly avoid."

"Well, Mr. Oldback, it may be so;—but as yet I resemble you more in your practice than in your theory, for I cannot help being deeply interested in the fate of the family we have just left."

"And well you may," replied Oldback. "Sir Arthur's embarrassments have of late become so many and so pressing, that I am surprised you have not heard of them. And then his absurd and expensive operations carried on by this High-German landowner, Donatroustrol!"—

"I think I have seen that person, when, by some rare chance, I happened to be in the coffee-room at Fairport;—a tall, beetle-browed, awkward-built man, who entered upon scientific subjects, as it appeared to my ignorance at least, with more assurance than knowledge—was very arbitrary in laying down and asserting his opinions, and mixed the terms of science with a strange jargon of mysticism. A simple youth whispered me that he was an *Italien*, and carried on an intercourse with the invisible world."

"O, the same—the same. He has enough of practical knowledge to speak abstrusely and wisely to those of whose in-

telligence he stands in awe; and, to say the truth, this facility, joined to his matchless impudence, imposed upon me for some time when I first knew him. But I have since understood, that when he is among fools and womankind, he exhibits himself as a perfect charlatan—talks of the mysterious—of sympathies and antipathies—of the cabala—of the distinguished—and all the trappings with which the Rosicrucians decorated a darker age, and which, to our eternal disgrace, has in some degree revived in our own. My friend Henrystone knew this fellow ahead, and unintentionally (for he, you must know, is, God bless the mark! a sort of believer) let me into a good deal of his real character. Ah! were I selfish for a day, as Edward Alton Henson wished to be, I would scourge me these jugglers out of the commonwealth with rods of aspen. They debauch the spirit of the ignorant and credulous with mystical trash, as effectually as if they had besotted their brains with gin, and then pick their pockets with the same facility. And now see this strolling blackguard and mountebank put the finishing blow to the ruin of an ancient and honorable family!"

"But how could he impose upon Sir Arthur to any serious extent?"

"Why, I don't know. Sir Arthur is a good honourable gentleman; but, as you may see from his loose ideas concerning the Finnish language, he is by no means very strong in the understanding. His estate is strictly entailed, and he has been always an embarrassed man. This rascally promised him mountains of wealth, and an English company was found to advance large sums of money—I fear on Sir Arthur's guarantee. Some gentlemen—I was one enough to be one—took small shares in the concern, and Sir Arthur himself made great entry; we were treated on by specious appearances and more specious lies; and now, *The John Buryan*, we awake, and behold it is a dream!"

"I am surprised that you, Mr. Oldback, should have encouraged Sir Arthur by your example."

"Why," said Oldback, dropping his large grained spectacles, "I am something surprised and ashamed at it myself; it was not the love of gain—certainly care less for money (to be a prudent man) than I do—but I thought I might risk this small sum. It will be expected (though I am sure I cannot see why) that I should give something to any one who will be kind

enough to rid me of that silly of womanhood, my niece, Mary McIntyre; and perhaps it may be thought I should do something to get that jackanapes, her brother, on in the army. In other cases, to trade my venture would have helped me out. And besides, I had some idea that the Phœnixians had in former times wrought copper in that very spot. That mining association, I understand, found out my blast side, and brought strange tales (I—o him) of appearances of old shafts, and vestiges of mining operations, conducted in a manner quite different from those of modern times; and I—in short, I was a fool, and there is an end. My loss is not much worth speaking about; but Sir Arthur's engagements are, I understand, very deep, and my heart aches for him, and the poor young lady who must share his distress."

Here the conversation paused, until renewed in the next chapter.

CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

If I may trust the dawning eye, of sleep,
My dreamer grows some joyful news at hand;
My bosom's beat with lightly on his dream,
And all this day, no uncontentment spent,
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

THE account of Sir Arthur's unhappy adventure had led Oldbuck somewhat aside from his purpose of establishing Lovel concerning the name of his residence at Fairport. He was now, however, resolved to open the subject. "Miss Warden was formerly known to you, she tells me, Mr. Lovel?"

"He had had the pleasure," Lovel answered, "to see her at Mrs. Wilton's, in Yorkshire."

"Indeed! you never mentioned that to me before, and you did not meet her as an old acquaintance?"

"I—I did not know," said Lovel, a good deal embarrassed, "it was the same lady, till we met; and then it was my duty to wait till she should recognise me."

"I am aware of your delinquency: the knight's a peaceable old fool, but I promise you his daughter is slave to unworldly ceremony and prejudice. And now, since you have found a

new set of friends here, may I ask if you intend to leave Paleport as soon as you proposed?"

"What if I should answer your question by another," replied Lovel, "and ask you what is your opinion of dreams?"

"Of dreams, you foolish lad!—why, what should I think of them but as the deceptions of imagination when reason drops the reins! I know no difference between them and the hallucinations of madness—the ungalled horses run away with the carriage in both cases, only in the one the coachman is drunk, and in the other he dangles. What says our Marcus Tullius—*Si insanamus vicia falsæ acie ut balbutia, cur credamus conscientiam vicia, quæ vicia vicia perturbativa sunt, non turbidisse?*"

"Yes, sir; but Cicero also tells us, that as he who passes the whole day in darning the javelin must sometimes hit the mark, so, said the dard of nightly dreams, some may occur consistent to future events."

"Ay—that is to say, you have hit the mark in your own eyes opinion! Lord! Lord! how this world is given to folly! Well, I will allow for once the Occultoritical science—I will give faith to the exposition of dreams, and say a David hath arisen to interpret them, if you can prove to me that that dream of yours has pointed to a prudent line of conduct."

"Tell me, then," answered Lovel, "why when I was hesitating whether to abandon an enterprise, which I have perhaps rashly undertaken, I should last night dream I saw your ancestor pointing to a motto which encouraged me to perseverance!—why should I have thought of those words which I cannot remember to have heard before, which are in a language unknown to me, and which yet conveyed, when translated, a lesson which I could so plainly apply to my own circumstances?"

The Antiquary burst into a fit of laughing. "Excuse me, my young friend—but it is thus we silly mortals deceive ourselves, and look out of doors for motives which originate in our own wild will. I think I can help out the mass of your vision. You were so abstracted in your contemplations yesterday after dinner, as to pay little attention to the discourse between Sir Arthur and me, until we fell upon the controversy concerning the Pitts, which terminated so abruptly;—but I remember producing to Sir Arthur a book printed by my ancestor, and making him declare the motto; your mind was bent elsewhere, but your ear had mechanically received and retained the sounds,

and your busy fancy, stirred by Grisel's legend I presume, had introduced this scrap of German into your dream. As for the waking wisdom which relied on so frivolous a circumstance as an apology for persevering in some course which it could find no better reason to justify, it is exactly one of those juggling tricks which the adept of us play off now and then, to gratify our inclination at the expense of our understanding."

"I own it," said Lovel, blushing deeply;—"I believe you are right, Mr. Oldback, and I ought to sink in your censure for attaching a moment's consequence to such a frivolity;—but I was tossed by contradictory wishes and resolutions, and you know how slight a line will tow a boat when abetted on the billows, though a cable would hardly move her when pulled up on the beach."

"Right, right," exclaimed the Antiquary. "Fall in my opinion!—not a whit—I love thee the better, man;—why, we have story for story against each other, and I can think with less shame on having exposed myself about that cursed Prietorium—though I am still convinced Agricola's camp must have been somewhere in this neighborhood. And now, Lovel, my goal laid, he shares with me—What makes you from Wittenburg!—why have you left your own country and professional pursuits, for an idle residence in such a place as Fairport? A truant disposition, I fear."

"Even so," replied Lovel, patiently submitting to an interrogatory which he could not well evade. "Yet I am so detached from all the world, have so few in whom I am interested, or who are interested in me, that my very state of destitution gives me independence. He whose good or evil fortune affects himself alone, has the best right to pursue it according to his own fancy."

"Pardon me, young man," said Oldback, laying his hand kindly on his shoulder, and making a full halt—"reflexion—a little patience, if you please. I will suppose that you have no friends to share or rejoice in your success in life—that you cannot look back to those to whom you owe gratitude, or forward to those to whom you ought to afford protection; but it is no less incumbent on you to move steadily in the path of duty—for your active exertions are due not only to society, but in humble gratitude to the Being who made you a member of it, with powers to serve yourself and others."

"But I am unconscious of possessing such powers," said Lovel, somewhat indignantly. "I ask nothing of society but the permission of walking innocently through the path of life, without jostling others, or permitting myself to be jostled. I owe no man anything—I have the means of maintaining myself with complete independence; and so moderate are my wishes in this respect, that even these means, however limited, rather exceed than fall short of them."

"Nay, then," said Oldbuck, removing his hand, and turning again to the road, "if you are so true a philosopher as to think you have money enough, there's no more to be said—I cannot pretend to be entitled to advise you;—you have attained the goal—the summit of perfection. And how came Fairport to be the selected abode of so much self-deceiving philosophy? It is as if a worshipper of the true religion had set up his staff by choice among the multifarious idolaters of the land of Egypt. There is not a man in Fairport who is not a devoted worshipper of the Golden Calf—the manum of un-righteousness. Why, even I, man, am so infected by the bad neighbourhood, that I feel inclined occasionally to become an idolater myself."

"My principal amusements being history," answered Lovel, "and circumstances which I cannot mention having induced me, for a time at least, to relinquish the military service, I have picked on Fairport as a place where I might follow my pursuits without any of those temptations to society which a more elegant circle might have presented to me."

"Alas!" replied Oldbuck, knowingly,—"I begin to understand your application of my ancestor's motto. You are a candidate for public favour, though not in the way I first suspected,—you are ambitious to shine as a History character, and you hope to merit favour by labour and perseverance!"

Lovel, who was rather closely pressed by the inequity of the old gentleman, concluded it would be best to let him remain in the error which he had gratuitously adopted.

"I have been at times foolish enough," he replied, "to cherish some thoughts of the kind."

"Ah, poor fellow! nothing can be more ridiculous; unless, as young men sometimes do, you had fancied yourself in love with some transitory specimen of womanhood, which is indeed,

as Shakespeare truly says, prancing to death, whipping, and hanging all at once."

He then proceeded with inquiries, which he was sometimes kind enough to answer himself. For this good old gentleman had, from his antiquarian researches, acquired a delight in building theories out of premises which were often far from affording sufficient ground for them; and being, as the reader must have remarked, sufficiently opinionative, he did not readily break being corrected, either in matter of fact or judgment, even by those who were principally interested in the subjects on which he speculated. He went on, therefore, chalking out Lovell's literary career for him.

"And with what do you propose to commence your debut as a man of letters?—But I guess—poetry—poetry—the soft seducer of youth. Yes; there is an acknowledging readiness of confusion in your eye and manner. And where lies your volu!—are you inclined to soar to the higher regions of Parnassus, or to flounder around the base of the hill?"

"I have hitherto attempted only a few lyrical pieces," said Lovell.

"Just as I supposed—prancing your wing, and hopping from spray to spray. But I trust you intend a bolder flight. Observe, I would by no means recommend your persevering in this unspectable pursuit—but you say you are quite independent of the public opinion?"

"Entirely so," replied Lovell.

"And that you are determined not to adopt a more active course of life?"

"For the present, such is my resolution," replied the young man.

"Why, then, it only remains for me to give you my best advice and assistance in the object of your pursuit. I have myself published two essays in the *Antiquarian Repository*,—and therefore am an author of experience. There was my *Remarks on Hume's edition of Robert of Gloucester*, signed *Forster*; and the other signed *Subjunct*, upon a passage in *Tuclius*. I might add, what attracted considerable notice at the time, and that is my paper in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, upon the inscription of *Chia Lohs*, which I attributed to *Chia*. So you see I am not an apocrypho in the mysteries of author-craft, and must necessarily understand the taste and temper

of the times. And now, once more, what do you intend to commence with?"

"I have no instant thoughts of publishing."

"Ah! that will never do: you must have the fear of the public before your eyes in all your undertakings. Let us see, now: A collection of fugitive pieces; but no—your fugitive poetry is apt to become stationary with the book-seller. It should be something at once solid and attractive—none of your ruminative or unseasonable novelties—I would have you take high ground at once. Let us see: What think you of a real epic!—the grand old-fashioned historical poem, which turned through twelve or twenty-four books. We'll have it so—I'll supply you with a subject—The battle between the Calabrones and Romans—The Calabroned; or, Invasion Repelled;—let that be the title—it will suit the present taste, and you may throw in a touch of the times."

"But the invasion of Agriola was not repelled."

"No; but you are a poet—free of the corporation, and as little bound down to truth or probability as Virgil himself—You may defeat the Romans in spite of Tacitus."

"And pitch Agriola's camp at the Gates of—what do you call it?" answered Lovell, "in defiance of Bello Gollivero!"

"No more of that, as thou lovest me—And yet, I dare say, you may unwittingly speak most correct truth in both instances, in despite of the tape of the historian and the blue gown of the student."

"Gladly counselled!—Well, I will do my best—your kindness will assist me with local information."

"Will I not, man!—why, I will write the critical and historical notes on each canto, and draw out the plan of the story myself. I pointed to some poetical genius, Mr. Lovell, only I was never able to write verse."

"It is a pity, sir, that you should have failed in a qualification somewhat essential to the art."

"Essential?—not a whit—it is the mere mechanical department. A man may be a poet without measuring spondee and dactyle like the ancients, or clanking the ends of lines into rhyme like the moderns, as one may be an architect though unable to labour like a stone-mason—Do not think Palladio or Vitruvius ever carried a hod!"

"In that case, there should be two authors to each poem—one to think and plan, another to execute."

"Why, it would not be unwise; at any rate, we'll make the experiment;—not that I would wish to give my name to the public—assistance from a learned friend might be acknowledged in the preface after what flourish your nature will—I am a total stranger to authorial vanity."

Lord was much entertained by a declaration not very consistent with the eagerness wherewith his friend seemed to catch at an opportunity of coming before the public, though in a manner which rather resembled stepping up behind a carriage than getting into one. The Antiquary was indeed uncommonly delighted; for, like many other men who spend their lives in obscure literary research, he had a secret ambition to appear in print, which was checked by cold fits of diffidence, fear of criticism, and habits of indolence and procrastination. "But," thought he, "I may, like a normal Teacher, discharge my shafts from behind the shield of my ally; and, admit that he should not prove to be a first-rate poet, I am in no shape answerable for his deficiencies, and the good tastes may very probably help off an indifferent text. But he is—he must be a good poet; he has the real Parnassian abstraction—silence answers a question till it is twice repeated—drinks his tea smiling, and eats without knowing what he is putting into his mouth. This is the real source, the cause of the Welsh bards, the divine affluents that transport the poet beyond the limits of ordinary things. His visions, too, are very symptomatic of poetic fury—I must recollect to send Canon to see he puts out his candle to-night—poets and visionaries are apt to be negligent in that respect." Then, turning to his companion, he expressed himself aloud, in continuation—

"Yes, my dear Lord, you shall have full notes; and, indeed, I think we may introduce the whole of the Essay on Gastronomie into the appendix—it will give great value to the work. Then we will revive the good old forms so disgracefully neglected in modern times. You shall invoke the Muse—and certainly she ought to be propitious to an author who, in an age of materialism, adheres with the faith of Ahab to the ancient form of education.—Then we must have a vision—in which the Genius of Obedience shall appear to Galgacus, and show him a procession of the real British monarchs:—and in the notes I will have a

bit at Eastham—No; I must not touch that topic, now that Sir Arthur is likely to have vacation enough besides—but I'll consult Cooke, Rutherford, and Mac-Gilliv."

"But we must consider the expense of publication," said Lord, willing to try whether this hint would fall like cold water on the blazing soul of his self-elected associate.

"Expense!" said Mr. Oldback, peering and mechanically fumbling in his pocket—"that is true;—I would wish to do something—but you would not like to publish by subscription?"

"By no means," answered Lord.

"No, no!" gladly rejoined the Antiquary—"It is not respectable. I'll tell you what: I believe I know a bookseller who has a value for my opinion, and will risk print and paper, and I will get as many copies sold for you as I can."

"O, I am no necessary author," answered Lord, smiling; "I only wish to be out of risk of loss."

"Fush! fush! we'll take care of that—throw it all on the publishers. I do long to see your labours commenced. You will choose blank verse, doubtless—it is more grand and significant for an historical subject; and, what concerns you, my friend, it is, I have no less, more easily written."

This conversation brought them to Monkborne, where the Antiquary had to undergo a driving from his sister, who, though no philosopher, was waiting to deliver a lecture to him in the parson. "Guids us, Monkborne! are things so clear enough already, but ye mean, by raising the very fish on us, by giving that ready, Lucie Mackintosh, just what she likes to ask?"

"Why, Grief," said the sage, somewhat shocked at this unexpected attack, "I thought I made a very fair bargain."

"A fair bargain! when ye gied the limous a full half o' what she seekt!—An ye will be a wife-cake, and buy fish at your ain hands, ye will never bid ussle make thee a quarter. And the impudent quair had the assurance to come up and seek a dram!—But I woe, Jenny and I sorted her?"

"Truly," said Oldback (with a shy look to his companion), "I think our estate was gracious that kept us out of hearing of that controversy.—Well, well, Grief, I was wrang for once in my life—she's right—I bidey admit. But hang expenses!—we're killed a cat—we'll eat the fish, eat what it will.—And then, Lord, you must know I pressed you to stay here to-day, the rather because our cheer will be better than usual, yesterday

having been a quiet day—I have the sensation of a feast better than the feast itself. I delight in the solitude, the calmness, as I may call them, of the preceding day's dinner, which appear on such occasions—And now, there is Jenny going to ring the dinner-bell."

CHAPTER FIFTEENTH.

IN THIS LETTER DELIVERED WITH *huck-huck-puck-huck!*
Hiss, hiss, hiss,—for thy life—for thy life—for thy life.
A SILENT IMPROVEMENT ON LETTERS OF LAST WEEK.

LEAVING Mr. Oldback and his friend to enjoy their hard bargain of fish, we beg leave to transport the reader to the back-parlour of the postmaster's house at Fillyport, where his wife, on himself being absent, was employed in assorting for delivery the letters which had come by the Edinburgh post. This is very often in country towns the period of the day when gossip find it particularly agreeable to call on the men or women of letters, in order, from the outside of the epistles, and, if they are not belied, occasionally from the inside also, to amuse themselves with gleaming information, or forming conjectures about the correspondence and affairs of their neighbours. Two females of this description were, at the time we mention, assisting, or hovering, Mrs. Mallowster in her official duty.

"Hh, preserve us, sir!" said the butcher's wife, "there's ten—dozen—twail letters to Tennant and Co.—these tell us our business than a' the rest o' the bairn."

"Ay; but see, lass," answered the baker's lady, "there's ten o' them fashed ones apace, and sealed at the toe side—I doubt there will be pretented bills in them."

"Is there any letters come yet for Jenny Cairns?" inquired the woman of joints and giblets; "the Postmaster's been awn three weeks."

"Just awn on Tuesday was a week," answered the dame of letters.

"Was't a dip-letter?" asked the Foreman.

"In troth was't."

"It wad be fine the Postmaster then," replied the mistress of

the sofa, somewhat disappointed—"I never thought he wad hae look'd over his shoulder after her."

"Oo, here's another," quoth Mrs. Malletter. "A duplicate—post-mark, Banderinzel." All rushed to seize it.—"Na, na, holdin'," said Mrs. Malletter, interfering; "I hae had enough o' that work—Ken ye that Mr. Malletter got an nice remark frae the secretary at Edinburgh, for a complaint that was made about the letter of Aily Bess's that ye opened, Mrs. Shortcake?"

"He opened!" answered the spouse of the chief baker of Falkport; "ye ken yourself, ma'am, it just cam open o' free will in my hand—what could I help it!—folk wad need w' better wae."

"Wad I not that's true, too," said Mrs. Malletter, who kept a shop of small wares, "and we hae got some that I can honestly recommend, if ye ken anybody wanting it. But the short and the lang o't is, that we'll lose the place gin there's any mair complaints o' the kind."

"Short, hoo—the prevent will take care o' that."

"Na, na, I'll neither trust to prevent nor holie," said the postmistress,—"but I wad are be obliging and neighbourly, and I'm no again your looking at the outside of a letter neither—See, the seal has an snake on't—he's don't w' any o' his buttons, I'm thinking."

"Show me! show me!" quoth the wives of the chief butcher and chief baker; and threw themselves on the supposed love-letter, like the wild sisters in Macbeth upon the plot's thread, with curiosity as eager and scarcely less malignant. Mrs. Hunkins was a tall woman—she held the previous epistle up between her eyes and the window. Mrs. Shortcake, a little stout personage, strained and stood on tiptoe to have her share of the investigation.

"Ay, it's fine him, sure enough," said the butcher's lady;—"I can read Richard Telford on the corner, and it's written, like John Thomson's wallet, fine and to reel."

"Hand it lower down, wadna," exclaimed Mrs. Shortcake, in a tone above the prudential whisper which their occupation required—"hand it lower down—Dye ye think nobody can read hand o' wae but yourself?"

"What, what, sir, for God's sake!" said Mrs. Malletter, "there's somebody in the shop,—then stand—" Look to the

customers, Baby!"—Baby answered from without in a shrill tone—"It's nobody but Jimmy Chase, unless, to see if there's any letters to him."

"Tell her," said the faithful postmistress, walking to her compass, "to come back the more at ten o'clock, and I'll let her him—we haven't had time to sort the mail letters yet—she's apt to sit a hurry, as if her letters were o' your consequence than the best merchant's o' the town."

Poor Jimmy, a girl of common sense, honesty and modesty, could only draw her cloak about her to hide the sigh of disappointment, and return weekly home to endure for another night the sickness of the heart seasoned by hope delayed.

"There's something about a needle and a pole," said Mrs. Shortcake, to whom her taller rival in gossiping had at length yielded a peep at the subject of their curiosity.

"Now, that's downright nonsense!" said Mrs. Hucklebush, "to more the poor silly girl of a house after he's kept company wif her one long, and had his will o' her, as I make not doubt he has."

"It's but over needle to be doubted," echoed Mrs. Shortcake;—"to cast up to her that her father's a hatter and has a pole at his door, and that she's but a waxy-maker herself! Hant! by her shame!"

"Hant tust, ladies," cried Mrs. Malsetter, "y're done wrong—it's a line out o' one o' his sisters' scraps that I have heard him sing, about being true like the needle to the pole."

"Well, well, I wish it may be so," said the charitable Dame Hucklebush,—"but it does look wool for a house like her to keep up a correspondence wif one o' the king's officers."

"I'm no denying that," said Mrs. Malsetter; "but it's a great advantage to the revenue of the post-office these love-letters. See, here's five or six letters to Sir Arthur Wadsworth—most o' them sealed wif waxes, and so wif was. There will be a downcome there, believe me."

"Ay; they will be business letters, and no five any o' his grand friends, that weds wif their coats of arms, as they call them," said Mrs. Hucklebush;—"pity will has a fit—to have settled his account wif my gals, the deacon, for this term-month—he's but sick, I doubt."

"Nor wif her for six months," echoed Mrs. Shortcake—"He's but a brant crust."

"There's a letter," interrupted the trusty postmistress, "from his son, the captain, I'm thinking—the soul has the same things wif the Knockinsock savings. He'll be sending horses to me what he can save out o' the fire."

The honest ones chuckled, they took up the enquiry—"I've letters for Monkthorne—they're true some o' his learned friends now; we are close as they're written, down to the very end—and o' to save sending a double letter—that's just like Monkthorne himself. When he gets a frank he fills it up exact to the weight of an ounce, that a carry-over would sink the scale—but he's safer a grain above it. Well I wot I wad be broken if I were to gie the weight to the folk that come to buy our pepper and brimstone, and suchlike necessities."

"He's a shabby body the hild o' Monkthorne," said Mrs. Hurdstone; "he'll make us trouble about buying a forequarter o' hunk in August or about a back say o' beef. Let's taste another drop o' the claret" (perhaps she meant claretwine) "waters, Mrs. Maffetter, my dear. Ah, hoo! as ye had heard his brother as I did—mong a time he wad slip in to see me wif a brace o' wild ducks in his pouch, when my first gale-man was awa at the Falkirk tryal—well, well—were no speak o' that dinner."

"I wina say any ill o' this Monkthorne," said Mrs. Shortcake; "his brother ne'er brought me any wild-ducks, and this is a decent honest man; we serve the family wif bread, and he settles wif his like well—only he was in an awae kippage when we sent him a book instead o' the stib-stib," while, he said, were the true ancient way o' counting between tradesmen and customers; and me they are, no doubt."

"But look here, hooes," interrupted Mrs. Maffetter, "here's a sight for sale o'm! What wad ye gie to ken what's in the inside o' this letter! This is new com—I hooes seen the like o' this—For William Lord, Esquire, at Mrs. Shadoway's, High Street, Fairport, by Edinburgh, E.R. This is just the second letter he has had since he was here."

"Lord's sake, let's see, hoo!—Lord's sake, let's see!—that's him that the hale town looks nothing about—and a well-kilted lad he is; let's see, let's see!" Thus speculated the two worthy representatives of mother Eve.

"Na, na, aye," exclaimed Mrs. Maffetter; "baird awa—

"Says E. Hurdstone.

hide off, I tell you; this is none o' your freemoney cuts that we might make up the value to the post-office among ourselves if my misfortune befell it;—the postage is five-and-twenty shillings—and here's an order from the Secretary to forward it to the young gentleman by express, if he's not at home. No, no, wye, hide off;—this memento be roughly packed."

"But just let's look at the outside o't, woman."

Nothing could be gathered from the outside, except remarks on the various properties which philosophers ascribe to matter,—length, breadth, depth, and weight. The packet was composed of strong thick paper, impervious by the anxious eyes of the gossips, though they stared as if they would burst from their sockets. The seal was a deep and well-cut impression of wax, which defied all tampering.

"Oo, hoo," said Mrs. Shortcake, weighing it in her hand, and wishing, doubtless, that the too, too solid war would melt and dissolve itself; "I wad like to hae whate's in the inside o' this, for that Lavel' dings a' that ever set foot on the plainstane o' Fairport—nobody here what to make o' him."

"Wad, wad, kithkin," said the postmistress, "we'll sit down and crack about it.—Boby, bring ben the tea-water.—Muckle obliged to ye for your cookies, Mrs. Shortcake—and we'll crack the sleep, and cry ben Boby, and take a hand at the cards till the gentleman comes hame—and then we'll try your hame vial sweetbread that ye were so kind as send me, Mrs. Hookstone."

"But wime ye first read awa Mrs. Lavel's letter!" said Mrs. Hookstone.

"Tush I kenna wio to send wi't till the gentleman comes hame, for auld Chace told me that Mr. Lavel wags a' the day at Monkham—he's in a high fever w' pining the laird and Sir Arthur out o' the sea."

"Bibly said dotted covies!" said Mrs. Shortcake; "what ga'd them gang to the dooking in a night like postmen!"

"I was g'ive to understand it was auld Ede that arood them," said Mrs. Hookstone—"Edie Gokilston, the Hae-Gow, ye see; and that he po'd the hole three out of the auld fish-guard, for Monkham had throopt on there to gang in till't to see the work o' the wauks lang syne."

"Hoot, hoo, nonsense!" answered the postmistress; "I'll tell ye a' about it, as Chace told it to me. Ye see, Sir Arthur and Miss Warbur, and Mr. Lavel, auld hae died at Monkham."

"But, Mrs. Malleson," again interrupted Mrs. Hockham, "will ye no be for sending awa this letter by express?—there's our penny and our colliat has gone express for the office or now, and the penny hasn't gone above thirty mile the day;—Jock was setting him up as I came over by."

"Wig, Mrs. Hockham," said the woman of letters, pouting up her mouth, "ye has my gentleman like to ride the express himself—ye mair gie our ain delegate to our ain man—it's a red half-pence to him every time he mounts his steer; and I dare say he'll be in want—or I dare to say, it's the same thing whether the gentleman gets the express this night or early next morning."

"Only that Mr. Lord will be in town before the express gets aw," said Mrs. Hockham; "and where are ye then, lass! But ye kin your ain ways best."

"Weel, weel, Mrs. Hockham," answered Mrs. Malleson, a little out of humour, and even out of countenance, "I am sure I am never against being neighbour-like, and living and letting live, as they say; and since I has been sic a while as to show you the post-office order—no, no doubt, it mair be obeyed. But I'll no need your colliat, many thanks to ye—I'll send little Daria on your penny, and that will be just five-and-threepence to the use o' us, ye kin."

"Daria! the Lord help ye, the bairn's no ten year old; and, to be plain wi' ye, our penny wants a bit, and it's daurna send to the road, and nobody can manage him but our Jack."

"I'm sorry for that," answered the postmistress, gravely; "it's like we mair wait then till the gentleman comes hame, after it—for I wadna like to be responsible in trusting the letter to sic a colliat as Jock—our Daria belongs in a manner to the office."

"Awed, awed, Mrs. Malleson, I see what ye wad be at—but as ye like to risk the bairn, I'll risk the horse."

Orders were accordingly given. The unwilling pony was brought out of his bed of straw, and again equipped for service.—Daria (a handsome post-hog straggled across his shoulders) was perched upon the saddle, with a tear in his eye, and a switch in his hand. Jack good-naturedly led the animal out of town, and, by the crack of his whip, and the whoop and halloo of his too well-known voice, compelled it to take the road towards Hockham.

Meanwhile the gossip, like the alkali after consulting their barres, arranged and combined the information of the evening, which flew next morning through a hundred channels, and in a hundred varieties, through the world of Fairport. Many, strange, and inconsistent, were the rumours to which their communications and conjectures gave rise. Some said Tennant and Co. were broken, and that all their bills had come back protested—others that they had got a great contract from Government, and letters from the principal merchants at Glasgow, desiring to have shares upon a premium. One report stated, that Lieutenant Taitt had acknowledged a private marriage with Jenny Cramer—another, that he had sent her a letter upbraiding her with the leviness of her birth and education, and bidding her an eternal adieu. It was generally rumored that Sir Arthur Winton's affairs had fallen into irretrievable confusion, and this report was only dashed by the wind, because it was traced to Mrs. Mallett's shop,—a source never famous for the circulation of news true for their accuracy. But all agreed that a packet from the Secretary of State's office had arrived, directed for Mr. Lovel, and that it had been forwarded by an elderly dragoon, despatched from the headquarters at Edinburgh, who had galloped through Fairport without stopping, except just to inquire the way to Monkton. The reason of such an extraordinary mission to a very powerful and retired individual, was variously explained. Some said Lovel was an emigrant noble, summoned to lead an insurrection that had broken out in La Vendée—others that he was a spy—others that he was a general officer, who was visiting the coast privately—others that he was a prince of the blood, who was travelling incognito.

Meanwhile the progress of the packet which occasioned so much speculation, towards its destined owner at Monkton, had been perilous and interrupted. The bearer, David Mallett, after, as little resembling a bold dragoon as could well be imagined, was carried onwards towards Monkton by the post, so long as the animal had in his recollection the crack of his usual instrument of chastisement, and the shout of the butcher's boy. But feeling how David, whose short legs were unequal to maintain his balance, swung to and fro upon his back, the pony began to decline further compliance with the intimation he had received. First, then, he slackened his pace to a walk.

This was no point of quarrel between him and his rider, who had been considerably discomposcd by the rapidity of his former motion, and who now took the opportunity of his slated pace to gaze a piece of gingerbread, which had been thrust into his hand by his mother in order to reconcile this painful odyssey of the post-office to the discharge of his duty. By and by, the crafty pony availed himself of this surcease of discipline to twist the rein out of David's hands, and applied himself to bow on the grass by the side of the lane. Horribly astounded by these symptoms of self-willed rebellion, and afraid still to sit or to fall, poor David lifted up his voice and wept aloud. The pony, hearing this padder over his head, began apparently to think it would be best both for himself and David to return from whence they came, and accordingly commenced a retrograde movement towards Fairport. But, as all roads are apt to end in either rout, or the street, alarmed by the boy's voice, and by the flapping of the reins, which dangled about his forefeet—finding also his nose turned homeward, began to set off at a rate which, if David kept the middle (a matter extremely dubious), would soon have presented him at Monkbeach stable-door,—when, at a turn of the road, an intervening auxiliary, in the shape of old Edie Cockburn, caught hold of the rein, and stopped his further proceeding. "Wha's aicht ye, rillan! wha's a gait's that ye ride?"

"I want help it!" blubbered the express; "they ar' me little David."

"And where are ye gae?"

"I'm gae to Monkbeach w' a letter."

"Ehwa, this is no the road to Monkbeach."

But David could only answer the expostulation with sighs and tears.

Old Edie was easily moved to compassion when childhood was in the case.—"I want gae that gae," he thought, "but it's the best o' my way o' life that I want to wad out o' my road. They'll gie me quarters at Monkbeach really enough, and I'll din blyde awa there w' the woad, for it will knock its larn out, pae thing, if there's no somebody to guide the pony.—See ye hae a letter, binner? will ye let me see't?"

"I'm no gae to let nobody see the letter," sobbed the boy, "till I gae to Mr. Lovel, for I am a faithful servant o' the office—if it werra for the penny."

"Very right, my little man," said Oldbuck, turning the reluctant page's head towards MacKisno; "but we'll guide him across us, if he's no a' the sworer."

Upon the very height of Knapness, to which MacKisno had invited Lord after their dinner, the Antiquary, again remounted to the once disputed spot, was expatiating upon the topics the scenery afforded for a description of Agricola's camp at the dawn of morning, when his eye was caught by the appearance of the merchant and his protégé. "What the devil!—have come Old Eddie, bag and baggage, I think."

The beggar explained his errand, and Davis, who insisted upon a literal execution of his commission by going on to MacKisno, was with difficulty prevailed upon to surrender the packet to its proper owner, although he met him a mile nearer than the place he had been directed to. "But my mairie said, I must be sure to get twenty shillings and five shillings for the postage, and ten shillings and sixpence for the express—there's the paper."

"Let me see—let me see," said Oldbuck, putting on his spectacles, and examining the crumpled copy of regulations to which Davis appealed. "Express, per man and horse, one day, not to exceed ten shillings and sixpence. One day! why, it's not an hour—Man and horse! why, 'tis a monkey on a starved cat!"

"Father wad hae come himself," said Davis, "on the noble red mare, as ye wad hae bidden till the morn's night."

"Four-and-twenty hours after the regular date of delivery! You little cockatrice egg, do you understand the art of impatience so early!"

"Hout, MacKisno! duna set your wits against a halie," said the beggar; "mind the butcher clinked his breast, and the wife her wies, and I am sure ten and sixpence less over meikle. Ye didna gang awa near wif Johnnie Harris, what?"

Lord, who, sitting on the supposed *Pontoon*, had glanced over the contents of the packet, now put an end to the altercation by paying Davis's demand; and then turning to Mr. Oldbuck, with a look of much agitation, he crossed himself from returning with him to MacKisno that evening—"I must instantly go to Fairport, and perhaps have it on a moment's notice;—poor kindness, Mr. Oldbuck, I am never forget."

"No bad news, I hope?" said the Antiquary.

"Of a very dangerous complexion," answered his friend. "Forewell—in good or bad fortune I will not forget your regard."

"Nay, nay—stop a moment. If—if—" (making an effort)—"if there be any pecuniary inconvenience—I have fifty—or a hundred guineas at your service—till—till Whitsunday—or indeed as long as you please."

"I am much obliged, Mr. Oldbuck, but I am simply provided," said his mysterious young friend. "Excuse me—I really cannot sustain further conversation at present. I will write or see you, before I leave Fairport—that is, if I find myself obliged to go."

So saying, he shook the Antiquary's hand warmly, turned from him, and walked rapidly towards the town, "staying no longer question."

"Very extraordinary indeed!" said Oldbuck;—"but there's something about this lad I can never fathom; and yet I cannot for my heart think ill of him neither. I must go home and take off the fire in the Green Room, for some of my workmen will venture into it after twilight."

"And how am I to win home?" blubbered the disconsolate express.

"It's a fine night," said the Blue-Groves, looking up to the stars; "I had as good gang back to the town, and take care of the men."

"Do so, do so, Edie," and rummaging for some time in his huge waistcoat pocket till he found the object of his search, the Antiquary added, "there's sixpence to ye to buy mackin."

CHAPTER SIXTEENTH.

"I am bewildered with the night's company. If the wind has not given me machine to make out how him, I'll be hanged; I could not be else. I have drunk machine."

SECOND PART OF HENRY IV.

RECTORIAN for a fortnight were the inquiries of the Antiquary of the veteran Canon, whether he had heard what Mr. Lovel was about; and as regular were Canon's answers, "that the town

could learn nothing about him whatever, except that he had received neither muckle letter or twa frae the south, and that he was never seen on the plainstanes at a'."

"How does he live, Chace?"

"Oo, Mrs. Hawkey just dresses him a hoodoon or a nation-chop, or makes him some Friar's chicken, or just what she likes herself, and he eats it in the little red parlor off his bedroom. She comes get him to say that he likes as thing better than neither; and she makes him tea in a morning, and he settles honorably w' her every week."

"But does he never stir abroad?"

"He has done gien up walking, and he sits a' day in his room reading or writing; a heath letter he has written, but he wadna put them into our post-house, though Mrs. Hawkey offered to carry them herself, but sent them a' under an cover to the sheriff; and it's Mrs. Malbester's belief, that the sheriff sent his groom to put them into the post-office at Tinsborough; it's my pair thought, that he jaloused their looking into his letters at Fairport; and wad had he need, for my pair daughter Jessy"—

"That don't please me with your womanhood, Chace. About this poor young lad.—Does he write nothing but letters?"

"Oo, ay—bale aboot a' other things, Mrs. Hawkey says. She thinks muckle he could be gotten to take a walk; she thinks he's but looking very poorly, and his appetite's clea gone; but he'll no hear a' gauging over the door-stane—him that used to walk an muckle too."

"That's wrong—I have a guess what he's busy aboot; but he must not work too hard neither. Fiege and see him this very day—he's deep, doctored, in the Calender."

Having formed this painful resolution, Mr. Gilbank equipped himself for the expedition with his thick walking-shoes and gill-headed cane, muttering the while the words of Falstaff which we have chosen for the motto of this chapter; for the Antiquary was himself rather surprised at the degree of attachment which he could not but acknowledge he entertained for this stranger. The riddle was nevertheless easily solved. Lord had many attractive qualities, but he won our Antiquary's heart by being on most occasions an excellent listener.

A walk to Fairport had become somewhat of an adventure with Mr. Gilbank, and one which he did not often care to under-

take. He hated greetings in the market-place; and there were generally loiterers in the streets to persecute him, either about the news of the day, or about some petty piece of business. So, on this occasion, he had no sooner entered the streets of Fairport, than it was "Good-morrow, Mr. Oldbuck—a sight o' your gait for aile een; what d'ye think of the news in the Sun this day?—they say the great attempt will be made in a fortnight."

"I wish to the Lord it were made and over, that I might hear no more about it."

"Munkburns, your honour," said the tannery and cordwainer, "I hope the phant's gied satisfaction!—and if ye wanted any flower-roots from fine Holland, or" (this in a lower key) "an unker or twa o' Cologne gin, we o' our brigs run to yinstren."

"Thank ye, thank ye,—no occasion at present, Mr. Quincey," said the Antiquary, pushing resolutely onward.

"Mr. Oldbuck," said the town-clerk (a more important person, who came in front and ventured to stop the old gentleman), "the provost, understanding you were in town, begs on no account that you'll quit it without seeing him; he wants to speak to ye about bringing the water from the Fairwell-spring through a part o' your lands."

"What the deuce!—here they nobody's land but mine to cut and serve us!—I won't consent, tell them."

"And the provost," said the clerk, going on, without heeding the rebuff, "and the council, wad be agreeable that you should has the said stanes at Douglid's chapel, that ye was wanting to ha."

"Eh!—what!—Oho! that's another story—Well, well, I'll call upon the provost, and we'll talk about it."

"But ye must speak your mind on't forthwith, Munkburns, if ye want the stanes; for Deacon Harkewalk thinks the carved through-stanes might be put with advantage on the front of the new council-house—that is, the two cross-legged figures that the masons used to ca' Bokin and Bokin, one on ille door-check; and the other stane, that they ca'd Ailie Dulle, above the door. It will be very tastef', the Deacon says, and just in the style of modern Gothic."

"Lord deliver us from this Gothic generation!" exclaimed the Antiquary,— "A monument of a knight-temple on each side of a Gothic porch, and a Madonna on the top of it!—O crimes! —Well, tell the provost I wish to have the stanes, and we'll not

differ about the water-course. It's lucky I happened to come this way to-day."

They parted mutually satisfied; but the wily clerk had most reason to smile in the superiority he had displayed, since the whole proposal of an exchange between the monuments (which the council had determined to remove as a nuisance, because they encroached thereon upon the public road), and the privilege of conveying the water to the lough through the estate of Monkburn, was an idea which had originated with himself upon the presence of the moment.

Through these various entanglements, Monkburn (to use the phrase by which he was distinguished in the country) made his way at length to Mrs. Halway's. This good woman was the widow of a late clergyman at Falmouth, who had been reduced by her husband's untimely death, to that state of straitened and embarrassed circumstances in which the widows of the Scotch clergy are too often found. The treatment which she occupied, and the furniture of which she was possessed, gave her the means of letting a part of her house; and as Lord had been a quiet, regular, and profitable lodger, and had qualified the necessary intercourse which they had together with a great deal of gentleness and courtesy, Mrs. Halway, not, perhaps, much used to such kindly treatment, had become greatly attached to her lodger, and was peculiar in every sort of personal attention which circumstances permitted her to render him. To cook a dish somewhat better than ordinary for "the poor young gentleman's dinner," to exert her interest with those who remembered her husband, or loved her for her own sake and his, in order to procure some vegetables, or something which her simplicity supposed might tempt her lodger's appetite, was a labour in which she delighted, although she unsciously concealed it from the person who was its object. She did not adopt this economy of benevolence to avoid the laugh of those who might suppose that an oval face and dark eyes, with a clear brown complexion, though belonging to a woman of freand-free, and unclouded within a widow's close-drawn plumes, might possibly still aim at making conquests; for, to say truth, such a ridiculous suspicion having never entered into her own head, she could not anticipate its having birth in that of any one else. But she concealed her attentions solely out of delicacy to her guest, whose power of repaying them she doubted as much as she believed in his inclination to do so, and in his

being Ebbly to feel extreme pain at having any of her duties unrequited. She now opened the door to Mr. Oldback, and her surprise at seeing him brought tears into her eyes, which she could hardly restrain.

"I am glad to see you, sir—I am very glad to see you. My poor gentleman is, I am afraid, very unwell; and oh, Mr. Oldback, he'll see neither doctor, nor minister, nor writer! And think what it would be, if, as my poor Mr. Halseway used to say, a man was to die without advice of the three learned faculties!"

"Greatly better than with them," grumbled the cynical Antiquary. "I tell you, Mrs. Halseway, the clergy live by our sins, the medical faculty by our diseases, and the law gentry by our misdeeds."

"O Sir, Manthorpe!—to hear the like o' that free you!—But yell walk up and see the poor young lad!—Heh sir! see young and well-favoured—and day by day he has got less and less, and now he hardly touches anything, only just pite a bit on the plate to make fashion,—and his poor clerk has turned every day thinner and paler, so that he now really looks as well as me, that might be his mother—so that I might be just that soldier, but something very near it."

"Why does he not take some exercise?" said Oldback.

"I think we have persuaded him to do that, for he has bought a horse from Glibbs Goughtry, the galloping grocer. A good judge o' horse-flesh Oldkin told our lass that he was—for he offered him a hairet he thought well answer him well enough, as he was a lookish man, but Mr. Lovel waken look at it, and thought one might serve the Master o' Norphis—they keep it at the Grange's Arms, over the street;—and he rode out yesterday morning and this morning before breakfast—But wina ye walk up to his room?"

"Presently, presently. But has he no visitors?"

"O dear, Mr. Oldback, not one; if he waken receive them when he was well and sprightly, what chance is there of anybody in Falgout looking in upon him now?"

"Ay, ay, very true—I should have been surprised had it been otherwise—Come, show me up stairs, Mrs. Halseway, but I make a blunder, and go where I should not."

The good landlady showed Mr. Oldback up her narrow staircase, warning him of every turn, and lamenting all the

while that he was laid under the necessity of mounting up as high. At length she gently tapped at the door of her grandfather's parour. "Come in," said Lovel; and Mrs. Halway entered in the Lady of Mordiana.

The little apartment was neat and clean, and decently furnished—ornamented, too, by such relics of her youthful arts of sempstresship as Mrs. Halway had retained; but it was close, overheated, and, as it appeared to Gildick, an unwholesome situation for a young person in delicate health,—an observation which ripened his resolution, touching a project that had already occurred to him in Lonsa's behalf. With a writing-table before him, on which lay a quantity of books and papers, Lovel was seated on a couch, in his night-gown and slippers. Gildick was shocked at the change which had taken place in his personal appearance. His cheek and brow had assumed a ghastly white, except where a round bright spot of hectic red formed a strong and painful contrast, totally different from the general cast of hale and hearty complexion which had formerly accompanied and somewhat enhanced his countenance. Gildick observed, that the dress he wore belonged to a deep mourning suit, and a coat of the same colour hung on a chair near to him. As the Antiquary entered, Lovel arose and came forward to welcome him.

"This is very kind," he said, clapping him by the hand, and thanking him warmly for his visit—"this is very kind, and has anticipated a visit with which I intended to trouble you. You must know I have become a houseman lately."

"I understand as much from Mrs. Halway—I only hope, my good young friend, you have been fortunate in a quiet home. I myself instantaneously bought one from the said Gildie Gildick, which lasts me two miles on and with me after a pack of hounds, with which I had so much to do than the last year's snow; and after affording infinite amusement, I suppose, to the whole hunting fold, he was so good as to deposit me in a dry ditch—I hope yours is a more peaceful haunt!"

"I hope, at least, we shall make our excursions on a better plan of mutual understanding."

"That is to say, you think yourself a good houseman?"

"I would not willingly," answered Lovel, "confess myself a very bad one."

"No—all you young fellows think that would be equal to

calling themselves talons at once—"But have you had experience? No, each expert, a horse in a passion is no joker."

"Why, I should be sorry to trust myself to a great horse-man; but when I acted as side-de-camp to Sir ——— in the cavalry action at ———, last year, I saw many better cavaliers than myself dismounted."

"Ah! you have looked in the face of the grisly god of arms than!—you are acquainted with the frowns of Mars arm-potent! That experience fills up the measure of your qualifications for the apnea! The Britons, however, you will remember, fought in chariots—*vehiculi* is the phrase of Tacitus;—you recollect the fine description of their clanking among the Roman infantry, although the historian tells us how ill the rugged face of the ground was calculated for equestrian combat; and truly, upon the whole, what sort of chariots could be driven in Scotland anywhere but on wavylike roads, has been to me always matter of amusement. And well now—has the Mass visited you?—have you got anything to show me?"

"My time," said Lovell, with a glance at his black dress, "has been less pleasantly employed."

"The death of a friend!" said the Antiquary.

"Yes, Mr. Oldbuck—of almost the only friend I could ever boast of possessing."

"Indeed! Well, young man," replied his visitor, in a tone of seriousness very different from his affected gravity, "be comforted. To have lost a friend by death while your mutual regard was warm and unshaken, while the tear can drop unwithheld by any painful recollection of coldness or distrust or treachery, is perhaps an escape from a more heavy disappointment. Look round you—how few do you see grow old in the affections of those with whom their early friendships were formed! Our sources of common pleasure gradually dry up as we journey on through the vale of Dacha, and we have not in ourselves other resources, from which the first companions of our pilgrimage are excluded;—jealousies, rivalries, envy, intercourse to separate others from our side, until none remain but those who are connected with us rather by habit than predilection, or who, allied more in blood than in disposition, only keep the old man company in his life, that they may not be forgotten at his death—

Non enim parva est civitas.

Ah, Mr. Lovell! if it be your lot to reach the skill, steady, and unshaken evening of life, you will remember the sunsets of your youth as the light shadowy clouds that intercepted for a moment the beams of the sun when it was rising. But I cast these words into your ears against the stomach of your scene."

"I am sensible of your kindness," answered the youth; "but the wound that is of recent infliction must always smart severely, and I should be little comforted under my present calamity—forgive me for saying so—by the conviction that life had nothing in reserve for me but a train of successive sorrows. And permit me to add, you, Mr. Oldbuck, have long reason of many men to take so gloomy a view of life. You have a competent and easy fortune—are generally respected—enjoy, in your own person, many wants, indulge yourself in the pleasures to which your taste addicts you; you may form your own society without dissent—and within you have the affectionate and selfless attention of the nearest relatives."

"Why, you—the wretched, for wretched, are, thanks to my training, very civil and tractable—do not disturb me in my morning studies—creep across the floor with the stealthy pace of a cat, when it bids me to take a nap in my easy-chair after dinner or tea. All this is very well; but I want something to exchange ideas with—something to talk to."

"Then why do you not invite your nephew, Captain McIntyre, who is mentioned by every one as a fine spirited young fellow, to become a member of your family?"

"Who?" exclaimed Monkhouse, "my nephew Hector!—the Hotspur of the North! Why, Heaven love you, I would as soon invite a Highland into my study. He's an Abenaki, a Chamois—has a Highland pedigree as long as his claymore, and a claymore as long as the High Street of Fairport, which he unsheathed upon the surgeon the last time he was at Fairport. I expect him here one of these days; but I will keep him at staff's end, I promise you. Be so intimate of my house! to make my very chains and talles tremble at his touch. No, no—I'll none of Hector McIntyre. But hark ye, Lovell;—you are a quiet, gentle-tempered lad; had not you better set up your staff at Monkhouse for a month or two, since I conclude you do not immediately intend to leave this country?—I will have a door opened out to the garden—it will cost but a trifle—there is the space for an old one which

was condensed long ago—by which said dose you may pass and repeat into the Green Chamber at pleasure, as you will not interfere with the old man, nor he with you. As for your fare, Mrs. Hadaway tells me you are, as she terms it, very moderate of your mouth, as you will not quarrel with my humble table. Your waiting!—

"Hold, my dear Mr. Oldbuck," interposed Lovel, unable to repress a smile; "and before your hospitality settles all my accommodations, let me thank you most sincerely for as kind an offer—it is not at present in my power to accept of it; but very likely, before I bid adieu to Scotland, I shall find an opportunity to pay you a visit of some length."

Mr. Oldbuck's countenance fell. "Why, I thought I had hit on the very arrangement that would suit us both,—and who knows what might happen in the long run, and whether we might ever part! Why, I am master of my own room, man—there is the advantage of being demanded from a man of more sense than pride—they cannot oblige me to transmute my good chaises, and harringtons, any way but as I please. No string of subordinate laids of velvet, no empty and unsubstantial as the morsels of paper string to the tail of a boy's kite, to cumber my flights of inclination, and my haunts of meditation. Well,—I see you won't be tempted at present—but Caladenia goes as I hope!"

"O certainly," said Lovel; "I cannot think of relinquishing a plan so hopeful."

"It is indeed," said the Antiquary, looking gravely upward, —he, though shrewd and acute enough in estimating the variety of plans formed by others, he had a very natural, though rather disproportioned, good opinion of the importance of those which originated with himself—"It is indeed one of those undertakings which, if achieved with spirit equal to that which dictates its conception, may redeem from the charge of frivolity the literature of the present generation."

Here he was interrupted by a knock at the room door, which introduced a letter for Mr. Lovel. The servant waited, Mrs. Hadaway said, for an answer. "You are concerned in this matter, Mr. Oldbuck," said Lovel, after glancing over the billet, and handing it to the Antiquary as he spoke.

It was a letter from Sir Arthur Winkles, couched in extremely civil language, regretting that a fit of the gout had prevented

his hitherto showing Mr. Level the attention to which his conduct during a late peripatetic sojourn had so well entitled him—apologizing for not paying his respects in person, but hoping Mr. Level would dispense with that ceremony, and be a member of a small party which proposed to visit the ruins of Saint Radin's priory on the following day, and afterwards to dine and spend the evening at Knockwinnoch Castle. Sir Arthur concluded with saying, that he had sent to request the Monk-hams family to join the party of pleasure which he then proposed. The place of rendezvous was fixed at a turnpike-gate, which was about an equal distance from all the points from which the company were to assemble.

"What shall we do?" said Level, looking at the Antiquary, but pretty certain of the part he would take.

"Go, man—we'll go, by all means. Let me see—it will cost a post-chaise though, which will hold you and me, and Mary McIntyre, very well—and the other woman-kind may go to the games—and you can come out in the chaise to Monkham, as I will take it for the day."

"Why, I rather think I had better ride."

"True, true, I forgot your Escaphaton. You are a foolish lad, by the by, for purchasing the brute outright; you should stick to eightpence a ride, if you will trust my coachman's legs in preference to your own."

"Why, as the horses have the advantage of meeting considerably faster, and are, besides, two pair to one, I own I decline"—

"Enough said—enough said—do as you please. Well then, I'll bring either Grisel or the mistress, for I love to have my dull pennyworth out of post-houses—and we meet at Tirlingen turnpike on Friday, at twelve o'clock precisely."—And with this agreement the friends separated.

CHAPTER SEVENTEENTH.

Of seats they tell, where guests, 'till liquor dies,
 Smother the warm prayer, or time the midnight hours ;
 To scenes like these the binding soul retired ;
 Beverage and danger in their cells expired :
 By fifty method, Rumour had told her fears,
 And refused Pride dropped pedestrian tears.

CHASER'S ROMANCE.

THE morning of Friday was as serene and beautiful as if no pleasure party had been intended ; and that is a rare event, whether in novel-writing or real life. Lovell, who felt the genial influence of the weather, and rejoiced at the prospect of once more meeting with Miss Wardour, trotted forward to the place of rendezvous with better spirits than he had for some time enjoyed. His prospects seemed in many respects to open and brighten before him—and hope, although breaking like the morning sun through clouds and showers, appeared now about to illuminate the path before him. He was, as might have been expected from this state of spirits, first at the place of meeting,—and, as might also have been anticipated, his looks were so intently directed towards the road from Knockwinnock Castle, that he was only apprised of the arrival of the Monkham division by the jostling of the postilion, as the post-chaise lumbered up behind him. In this vehicle were piled up, first, the stately figure of Mr. Gilback himself ; secondly, the more less partly person of the Reverend Mr. Hattergood, minister of Trillemay, the parish in which Monkham and Knockwinnock were both situated. The reverend gentleman was equipped in a bass wig, upon the top of which was an episcopal cocked hat. This was the paragon of the three yet remaining wigs of the parish, which differed, as Monkham used to remark, like the three degrees of comparison—Sir Arthur's making being the positive, his own following the comparative, and the overbalancing grizzle of the worthy deaconess figuring as the superlative. The superintendent of these antique gentlemen, deeming, or affecting to deem, that he could not well be absent on an occasion which assembled all three together, had seated himself on the board behind the carriage, “just to be in the way in case they wanted a touch before the

performance sat down to dinner." Between the two massive figures of Monkham and the clergyman was stuck, by way of bolton, the slim form of Mary McIntyre, her aunt having proffered a visit to the manor, and a social chat with Miss Deirdre Bantersgowl, to investigating the ruins of the priory of Saint Ruth.

As greetings passed between the members of the Monkham party and Mr. Level, the Baron's carriage, an open barouche, swept onward to the place of appointment, making, with its smoking haze, smart drivers, seats, blazoned panels, and a brace of outboards, a strong contrast with the hattered vehicle and broken-winded hack which had brought thither the Antiquary and his followers. The principal seat of the carriage was occupied by Sir Arthur and his daughter. At the first glance which passed between Miss Worsbur and Level, her colour rose considerably;—but she had apparently made up her mind to receive him as a friend, and only as such, and there was equal composure and courtesy in the tone of her reply to his flattered salutation. Sir Arthur bowed the barouche to shake his preserver kindly by the hand, and intimate the pleasure he had on this opportunity of returning him his personal thanks; then, mentioned to him, in a tone of slight introduction, "Mr. Deontowitsh, Mr. Level."

Level took the necessary notice of the German adept, who occupied the front seat of the carriage, which is usually conferred upon dependants or inferiors. The ready grin and supple inclination with which his salutation, though slight, was answered by the foreigner, increased the internal dislike which Level had already conceived towards him; and it was plain, from the look of the Antiquary's sluggish eyebrows, that he too looked with displeasure on this addition to the company. Little more than distant greeting passed among the members of the party, until, having rolled on for about three miles beyond the place at which they met, the carriages at length stopped at the sign of the Four Horse-shoes, a small hedge-lan, where Canon kindly opened the door, and let down the step of the hack-drawn, while the inmates of the barouche were, by their more courtly attendants, assisted to leave their equipage.

Here renewed greetings passed: the young ladies shook hands; and Oldback, completely in his element, placed himself as guide and doorman at the head of the party, who were now to advance on foot towards the object of their curiosity. He

took care to detain Lord Glen beside him as the last listener of the party, and occasionally glanced a word of explanation and instruction to Miss Waverley and Mary McIntyre, who followed next in order. The Baronet and the clergyman he rather avoided, as he was aware both of them conceived their understood work matters as well, or better than he did; and Trenchardwell, besides that he looked on him as a clericus, was so nearly connected with his apprehended loss in the stock of the mining company, that he could not abide the sight of him. These two latter satellites, therefore, attended upon the orb of Sir Arthur, to whom, moreover, as the most important person of the society, they were naturally inclined to attach themselves.

It frequently happens that the most beautiful points of Scottish scenery lie hidden in some sequestered dell, and that you may travel through the country in every direction without being aware of your vicinity to what is well worth seeing, unless intention or accident carry you to the very spot. This is particularly the case in the country around Fairport, which is, generally speaking, open, unenclosed, and bare. But here and there the progress of hills, or small rivers, has formed dells, glens, or, as they are provincially termed, daes, on whose high and rocky bosoms trees and shrubs of all kinds find a shelter, and grow with a luxuriant profusion, which is the more gratifying, as it forms an unexpected contrast with the general face of the country. This was eminently the case with the approach to the ruins of Saint Ruth, which was for some time merely a sheep-track, along the side of a steep and bare hill. By degrees, however, as this path descended, and whirled round the hill-side, trees began to appear, at first singly, scattered, and hithered, with beds of wool upon their trunks, and their roots hollowed out into recesses, in which the sheep love to repose themselves—a sight much more gratifying to the eye of an admirer of the picturesque than to that of a planter or forester. By and by the trees formed groups, fringed on the edges, and piled up in the middle, by thorns and hard bushes; and at length these groups closed so much together, that although a broad glade opened here and there under their boughs, or a small patch of bog or heath occurred which had refused encroachment to the wood which they sprinkled round, and consequently remained open and waste, the same night on the whole he termed

decidedly woodland. The sides of the valley began to approach each other more closely; the rush of a brook was heard below, and between the intervals afforded by openings in the natural wood, its waters were seen, hurrying clear and rapid under their alpine canopy.

Oldbuck now took upon himself the full authority of chieftain, and anxiously directed the company not to go a foot-length off the track which he pointed out to them, if they wished to enjoy to full perfection what they came to see. "You are happy in me for a guide, Miss Warburton," exclaimed the veteran, waving his hand and head in confusion as he repeated with emphasis,

"I have each lost, and every alloy given,
Dingle, or lucky dell, of this wondrous wood,
And every lucky haven from side to side."

Ah! since take it!—that spray of a beaville has demolished all Ouse's labours, and nearly matted my wig into the stream—no mark for navigation, here do you see.

"Never mind, my dear sir," said Miss Warburton; "you have your faithful attendant ready to repair such a disaster when it happens, and when you appear with it as related to its original splendor, I will carry on the quotation:

He sinks the dagger in the same belt,
And yet soon repairs his dripping head,
And takes his bow, and with unspangled ore
Flashes on the forest "——"

"O! enough, enough!" answered Oldbuck; "I ought to have known what it was to give you advantage over me—For here is what will stop your career of satire, for you are an admirer of nature, I know." In fact, when they had delivered him through a breach in a low, ancient, and ruinous wall, they came suddenly upon a scene equally unexpected and interesting.

They stood pretty high upon the side of the glen, which had suddenly opened into a sort of amphitheatre to give room for a pure and profound lake of a few acres extent, and a space of level ground around it. The banks then rose everywhere steeply, and in some places were varied by rocks—in others covered with the sedge, which ran up, feathering their sides lightly and irregularly, and breaking the uniformity of the

* (Ogilby's *Comey*.)

† (*Epithet*.)

green (rather green).—Beside, the lake discharged itself into the bubbling and tumultuous brook, which had been their companion since they had entered the glen. At the point at which it issued from "its parent lake," stood the ruins which they had come to visit. They were not of great extent; but the singular beauty, as well as the wild and sequestered character of the spot in which they were situated, gave them an interest and importance superior to that which attaches itself to architectural remains of greater consequence, but placed near to ordinary houses, and possessing less romantic accompaniments. The eastern window of the church remained entire, with all its ornaments and tracery work; and the sides, upheld by flying buttresses, whose airy support, detached from the wall against which they were placed, and ornamented with pinnacles and carved work, gave a variety and lightness to the building. The roof and western end of the church were completely ruinous; but the latter appeared to have made one side of a square, of which the ruins of the conventual buildings formed other two, and the garden a fourth. The side of these buildings which overhung the brook, was partly founded on a steep and precipitous rock; for the place had been occasionally turned to military purposes, and had been taken with great slaughter during Montrose's wars. The ground formerly occupied by the garden was still marked by a few uncared trees. At a greater distance from the buildings were detached oaks and elms and chestnuts, growing singly, which had attained great size. The rest of the space between the ruins and the hill was a close-cropped arid, which the daily pasture of the sheep kept in much finer order than if it had been subjected to the scythe and beam. The whole scene had a repose, which was still and affecting without being monotonous. The dark, deep banks, in which the clear blue lake reposed, reflecting the water like which grew on its surface, and the trees which here and there threw their arms from the banks, were finely contrasted with the haste and tumult of the brook which broke away from the outlet, as if escaping from confinement and hurried down the glen, whirling around the base of the rock on which the ruins were situated, and bounding in foam and fury with every shingle and stone which obstructed its passage. A similar contrast was seen between the level green meadow, in which the ruins were situated, and the large timber-trees which were

scattered over it, compared with the precipitous banks which arise at a short distance around, partly fringed with light and leafy underwood, partly rising in steep slopes clothed with purple heath, and partly more abruptly elevated into founts of grey rock, disfigured with lichen, and with those hardy plants which find root even in the most arid crevices of the crags.

"There was the retreat of learning in the days of darkness, Mr. Lovel!" said Oldbuck,—around whom the company had now grouped themselves while they admired the unexpected opening of a prospect so romantic;—there reposed the sage who was weary of the world, and devoted either to that which was to come, or to the service of the generations who should follow them in this. I will show you presently the library;—see that stretch of wall with square-shafted windows—there it stood, stored, as an old manuscript in my possession assures me, with five thousand volumes. And here I might well take up the lamentation of the learned Loland, who, regretting the downfall of the corrupted library, exclaims, like Rachel weeping for her children, that if the Papal laws, decrees, decretals, constitutions, and other such drags of the devil,—yes, if Haydock's sophisms, Porphyry's universals, Aristotle's logic, and Democ's dexterity, with such other loose imperfections (forgive your pardon, Miss Warkton) and faults of the bottomless pit,—had been cast out of our libraries, for the accommodation of groves, meadows, raptures, and other worldly occupiers, we might have been therewith contented. But to put our ancient chronicles, our noble histories, our learned commentaries, and national monuments, to such offices of contempt and subjection, has greatly degraded our nation, and shamed ourselves dishonoured in the eyes of posterity to the utmost stretch of time.—O negligence most nationally to our head!"

"And, O John Knox," said the Barrow, "through whose influence, and under whose auspices, the patriotic task was accomplished!"

The Antiquary, somewhat in the situation of a workman caught in his own springs, turned short round and coughed, to express a slight blush as he restored his memory—"as to the Agents of the Scottish Reformation!"—

But Miss Warkton broke in to interrupt a conversation so disagreeable. "Pray, who was the author you quoted, Mr. Oldbuck?"

"The learned Leland, Miss Warbur, who lost his senses on witnessing the destruction of the conventual libraries in England."

"Now, I think," replied the young lady, "his misfortune may have saved the rationality of some modern antiquaries, which would certainly have been drowned if so vast a lake of learning had not been diminished by draining."

"Well, thank Heaven, there is no danger now—they have hardly left us a spoonful in which to perform the dire feat."

So saying, Mr. Oldback led the way down the bank, by a steep but secure path, which once placed them on the highest mound where the ruins stood. "There they lived," continued the Antiquary, "with naught to do but to spend their time in investigating points of remote antiquity, transcribing manuscripts, and composing new works for the information of posterity."

"And," added the Baronet, "in exercising the rites of devotion with a pomp and ceremonial variety of the office of the priesthood."

"And if Sir Arthur's excellence will permit," said the German, with a low bow, "the monks might also make do very curious experiment in their libraries, both in chemistry and magic naturalis."

"I think," said the doctorman, "they would have enough to do in collecting the totals of the parsonage and vicarage of three good parishes."

"And all," added Miss Warbur, smiling to the Antiquary, "without interruption from womankind."

"True, my fair son," said Oldback; "this was a paradise where no Eve was admitted, and we may wonder the rather by what chance the good fellows came to lose it."

With such criticisms on the occupations of those by whom the ruins had been formerly possessed, they wandered for some time from one moss-grown shrine to another, under the guidance of Oldback, who explained, with much placidity, the ground-plan of the edifice, and read and expounded to the company the various mouldering inscriptions which yet were to be traced upon the tombs of the dead, or under the vacant niches of the sainted images.

"What is the reason," at length Miss Warbur asked the Antiquary, "why tradition has preserved to us such meagre

amounts of the inmates of those stately edifices, reared with such expense of labour and taste, and whose owners were in their times possessors of such awful power and importance! The peasant tower of a freebooting baron or squire who lived, by his lance and broadsword, is consecrated by its appropriate legend, and the shepherd will tell you with accuracy the names and feats of its inhabitants;—but ask a countryman concerning those beautiful and extensive remains—those towers, those arches, and battlements, and shaded windows, reared at such cost,—three words fill up his answer,—they were made up by the monks long ago."

The question was somewhat pending. Sir Arthur looked spread, as if hoping to be inspired with an answer—Oldbuck shook his wig—the clergyman was of opinion that his parishioners were too deeply impressed with the true protestant doctrine to preserve any records concerning the papistical customs of the land, abstracts as they were of the great overshadowing tree of iniquity, whose roots are in the bowels of the seven hills of abomination—Lafal thought the question was best resolved by considering what are the events which leave the deepest impression on the minds of the common people—"There," he contended, "were not such as resemble the gradual progress of a fertilizing river, but the headlong and precipitous fury of some portentous flood. The era by which the vulgar compute time, have always reference to some period of law and tribulation, and they date by a tempest, an earthquake, or burst of civil convulsion. When such are the facts most alive in the memory of the common people, we cannot wonder," he concluded, "that the fearless warrior is remembered, and the pious abbots are abandoned to forgetfulness and oblivion."

"If you please, gentlemen and ladies, and asking pardon of Sir Arthur and Miss Warburton, and this worthy clergyman, and my good friend Mr. Oldbuck, who is my countryman, and of good young Mr. Lafal also, I think it is all owing to do hand of glory."

"The hand of what?" exclaimed Oldbuck.

"The hand of glory, my good Master Oldbuck, which is a very great and terrible secret,—which its masters used to conceal their treasures when they were driven from their churches by what you call the Reform."

"*Ay, indeed! tell us about that,*" said Oldback, "for there are scarce worth knowing."

"*Why, my good Master Oldback, you will only laugh at me—But do heed of glory is very well known in de countries where your worthy progenitors did live—and it is hand cut-off from a dead man, as has been hanged for murder, and dried very nice in de smoke of juniper wood; and if you put a little of what you call yow widd your juniper, it will not be any better—that is, it will not be no worse—then you do take something of de hatch of de beer, and of de bulger, and of de great cher, as you call de grand beer, and of de little sucking child as has not been christened (for dat is very essential), and you do make a candle, and put it into de hand of glory at de proper hour and minute, with de proper recumbents, and he who seeks for immorsh shall never find none at all."*

"*I dare take my corporal oath of that conclusion,*" said the Antiquary. "*And was it the custom, Mr. Donsterevival, in Westphalia, to make use of this elegant candlestick?*"

"*Always, Mr. Oldback, when you did not want nobody to talk of nothing you wack doing about—And the monks always did this when they did hide their church-plates, and their great chalices, and de rings, widd very precious stones and jewels."*

"*But, notwithstanding, you knights of the Holy Cross have means, no doubt, of breaking the spell, and discovering what the poor monks have put themselves to so much trouble to conceal?*"

"*Ah! good Mr. Oldback,*" replied the adept, shaking his head mysteriously, "*you was very hard to believe; but if you had seen de great huge pieces of de plate so massive, Sir Arthur,—so fine fashion, Miss Wadlow,—and de silver cross dat we did find (dat was Schreyer and my ownself) for de Herr Freygraf, as you call de Baron Von Blankenstein, I do believe you would have believed then."*

"*Seeing is believing indeed. But what was your art—what was your mystery, Mr. Donsterevival?*"

"*Aha, Mr. Oldback! dat is my little secret, mine good sir—you will forgive me dat I not tell dat. But I will tell you dere are various ways—you, indeed, does in de dream dat you dream true things—dat is a very good way."*

"*I am glad of that,*" said Oldback; "*I have a friend"* (with

a side-glance to Lovel) "who is peculiarly favoured by the visits of Queen Mab."

"Den dere is de sympathies, and de antipathies, and de strange properties and virtues natural of divers herb, and of de little divining-rod."

"I would gladly rather see some of these wonders than hear of them," said Miss Warden.

"Ah, but, my much-honoured young lady, this is not de time or de way to do de great wonder of finding all de church's plate and treasure; but to oblige you, and Sir Arthur my patron, and de reverend clergymen, and good Mr. Oldenback, and young Mr. Lofel, who is a very good young gentleman also, I will show you dat it is possible, a very possible, to discover de spring of water, and de little fountain hidden in de ground, without any mattock, or spade, or dig at all."

"Ugh!" quoth the Antiquary, "I have heard of that conjuration. That will be no very productive art in our country;—you should carry that property to Spain or Portugal, and turn it to good account."

"Ah! my good Master Oldenback, dere is de Inquisition and de Auto-da-fé—they would burn me, who am but a simple philosopher, for me great conjure."

"They would not away their souls then," said Oldenback; "but," continued he, in a whisper to Lovel, "were they to pilfer him for one of the most important secrets that ever wagged a tongue, they would assure the punishment more accurately with his deserts. But let us see: I think he is about to show us some of his legions."

In truth, the German was now got to a little cape-thicket at some distance from the ruins, where he affected loudly to search for such a wand as would suit the purpose of his mystery: and after cutting, and examining, and rejecting several, he at length provided himself with a small twig of hazel terminating in a forked end, which he pronounced to possess the virtue proper for the experiment that he was about to exhibit. Holding the forked ends of the wand, each between a finger and thumb, and thus keeping the rod upright, he proceeded to pace the ruined sides and doisters, followed by the rest of the company in admiring procession. "I believe dere was no waters here," said the adept, when he had made the round of several of the buildings, without perceiving any of those indications which he

pretended to expect—"I believe these Scotch menials did find de water too cool for de climate, and always drunk de good comfortable Rhine wine. But, ah!—see there!" Accordingly, the assistants observed the rod to turn in his fingers, although he pretended to hold it very tight—"Dree is water here about, sure enough,"—and, turning this way and that way, as the agitation of the diving-rod seemed to increase or diminish, he at length advanced into the midst of a vacant and useless enclosure which had been the kitchen of the priory, when the rod twisted back so as to point almost straight downwards. "Here is de place," said the adept, "and if you do not find de water here, I will give you all leave to call me an impudent knave."

"I shall take that license," whispered the Antiquary to Lovel, "whether the water is discovered or no."

A servant, who had come up with a basket of cold refreshments, was now despatched to a neighbouring fire-side's hut for a maddock and pick-axe. The loose stones and rubbish being removed from the spot indicated by the German, they soon came to the sides of a regularly-built well; and when a few feet of rubbish were cleared out by the assistance of the forester and his men, the water began to rise rapidly, to the delight of the philosopher, the astonishment of the ladies, Mrs. Blountgorel, and Sir Arthur, the surprise of Lovel, and the confusion of the hasty Antiquary. He did not fail, however, to enter his protest in Lovel's ear against the miracle. "This has more trick," he said; "the rascal had made himself sure of the existence of this old well, by some means or other, before he played off this mystical piece of jugglery. Mark what he talks of next. I am much mistaken if this is not intended as a prelude to some more serious fraud. See how the rascal assumes consequence, and places himself upon the credit of his success, and how poor Sir Arthur takes in the tide of nonsense which he is delivering to him as principles of sound science!"

"You do see, my good sisters, you do see, my good ladies, you do see, worthy Dr. Blackshewl, and even Mr. Lofel and Mr. Oldback may see, if they do will to see, how art has no enemy at all but ignorance. Look at this little slip of head water—it is fit for nothing at all but to whip de little child"—("I would choose a cat and nine tails for your correction," whispered Oldback apart)—"and you put it in the hands of a

philosopher—po! it makes no grand discovery. But this is nothing, Sir Arthur,—nothing at all, worthy Dr. Besenstewi—nothing at all, indeed—nothing at all, young Mr. Lohi and good Mr. Oldenbuck, to what art can do. Ah! if there was any man that had de spirit and de courage, I would show him better things than de well of water—I would show him”——

“And a little money would be necessary also, would it not?” said the Antiquary.

“Tah! one talk, not worth talking about, might be necessary,” answered the adept.

“I thought as much,” rejoined the Antiquary, dryly; “and I, in the meanwhile, without any divining-rod, will show you an excellent reunion party, and a bottle of London particular Bismarck, and I think that will match all that Mr. Doustewivel’s art is like to exhibit.”

The feast was spread *frank* upon earth, as Oldenbuck expressed himself, under a huge old tree called the Peir’s Oak, and the company, sitting down around it, did ample honour to the contents of the basket.

CHAPTER EIGHTEENTH.

As when a Gryphon through the wilderness,
With winged course, o’er hill and many dale,
Pursues the Arctophila, who by stealth
Hail from his velvet canopy perched
The guarded gold: So rapidly the Faint—

PARADISE LOST.

When their collation was ended, Sir Arthur resumed the account of the mysteries of the divining-rod, as a subject on which he had formerly contended with Doustewivel. “My friend Mr. Oldenbuck will now be prepared, Mr. Doustewivel, to listen with more respect to the stories you have told us of the late discoveries in Germany by the brethren of your association.”

“Ah, Sir Arthur, that was not a thing to speak to those gentlemen, because it is want of civility—what you call faith—that spoils the great enterprise.”

"At least, however, let my daughter read the narrative she has taken down of the story of Martin Waldeck."

"Ah! that was very true story—but Miss Wadlow, she is so shy and so witty, that she has made it just like our romance—as well as Goethe or Wieland could have done it, by the honest word."

"To say the truth, Mr. Donatourist," answered Miss Wadlow, "the romantic predominated in the legend so much above the probable, that it was impossible for a lover of fairy-land like me to avoid lending a few touches to make it perfect in its kind. But love it is, and if you do not incline to leave this story till the heat of the day has somewhat declined, and will have sympathy with my last composition, perhaps Sir Arthur or Mr. Oldback will read it to us."

"Not I," said Sir Arthur; "I was never fond of reading aloud."

"Nor I," said Oldback, "for I have forgot my spectacles. But here is Lovel, with sharp eyes and a good voice; for Mr. Dostrogov, I know, never reads anything, but he should be suspected of reading his enemies."

The task was therefore imposed upon Lovel, who received, with some trepidation, as Miss Wadlow delivered, with a little embarrassment, a paper containing the lines traced by that fair hand, the possession of which he coveted as the highest blessing the earth could offer to him. But there was a necessity of suppressing his emotions; and after glancing over the manuscript, as if to become acquainted with the character, he collected himself, and read the company the following tale:—

The Features of Martin Waldeck.

The solitudes of the Harz forest in Germany,* but especially the mountains called Brockenberg, or rather Brockenberg, are the chosen scenes for tales of witches, demons, and apparitions. The occupation of the inhabitants, who are either miners or foresters, is of a kind that renders them peculiarly prone to superstition, and the natural phenomena which they witness in pursuit of their solitary or unbusinesslike profession, are often

* The outline of this story is taken from the German, though the Author is at present unable to say in which of the various collections of the popular legends in that language the original is to be found.

set down by them to the interference of goblins or the power of magic. Among the various legends current in that wild country, there is a favourite one, which supposes the Hare to be haunted by a sort of infernal demon, in the shape of a wild man, of huge stature, his head wreathed with oak leaves, and his middle clattered with the same, bearing in his hand a pine torn up by the roots. It is certain that many persons profess to have seen such a form towering, with huge strides, in a line parallel to their own course, the opposite ridge of a mountain, when divided from it by a narrow glee; and indeed the fact of the apparition is so generally admitted, that modern scepticism has only found refuge by ascribing it to optical deception.*

In older times, the intercourse of the demon with the inhabitants was more familiar, and, according to the traditions of the Hare, he was wont, with the equies usually ascribed to these earth-born powers, to interfere with the affairs of mortals, sometimes for their good, sometimes for their we. But it was observed that even his gifts often turned out, in the long run, fatal to those on whom they were bestowed, and it was no uncommon thing for the pastors, in their care of their flocks, to compose long sermons, the burden whereof was a warning against having any intercourse, direct or indirect, with the Hare demon. The fortunes of Martin Wallock have been often quoted by the aged to their glibly children, when they were heard to swell at a danger which appeared visionary.

A travelling capuchin had possessed himself of the pulpit of the thatched church at a little hamlet called *Alpenbach*, lying in the Hare district, from which he declaimed against the wickedness of the inhabitants, their communication with fiends, witches, and spirits, and, in particular, with the woodland goblins of the Hare. The doctrines of Luther had already begun to spread among the peasantry (for the incident is placed under the reign of Charles V.), and they laughed to scorn the zeal with which the venerable man labored upon his topic. At length, as his vehemence increased with opposition, so their opposition rose in proportion to his vehemence. The inhabitants did not like to lose an accustomed quiet dream, who had inhabited the

* The shadow of the person who sees the phantom, being reflected upon a sheet of mist, like the image of the rough features upon a white sheet, is supposed to have formed the apparition.

Broderberg for so many ages, summarily confounded with Basil-poor, Askurath, and Basilobah himself, and condemned without reserve to the bottomless Tophet. The apprehensions that the spirit might avenge himself on them for intending to such an illiberal sentence, added to their national interest in his behalf. A travelling friar, they said, that is here to-day and away to-morrow, may say what he pleases: but it is we, the ancient and constant inhabitants of the country, that are left at the mercy of the invited demons, and must, of course, pay for all. Under the irritation occasioned by these reflections, the peasants from injurious language betook themselves to stones, and having pelted the priest pretty handsomely, they drove him out of the parish to preach against demons elsewhere.

Three young men, who had been present and assisting on this occasion, were upon their return to the hut where they carried on the laborious and mean occupation of preparing charcoal for the smelting furnaces. On the way, their conversation naturally turned upon the demon of the Hara and the doctrine of the *capetins*. Max and George Waldeck, the two elder brothers, although they allowed the language of the *capetins* to have been indiscreet and worthy of censure, as presuming to denigrate upon the proper character and abode of the spirit, yet contended it was dangerous, in the highest degree, to accept of his gifts, or hold any communication with him. He was powerful, they allowed, but envious and capricious, and those who had intercourse with him seldom came to a good end. Did he not give the brave knight, Robert of Rheurval, that famous black steed, by means of which he vanquished all the champions at the great tournament at Bruges? and did not the same steed afterwards precipitate itself with its rider into an abyss so deep and fearful, that neither horse nor man were ever seen more? Had he not given to Dame Gortrade Trullen a curious spell for making better soup? and was she not burnt for a witch by the great criminal judge of the Hecortia, because she wailed herself of his girl? But these, and many other instances which they quoted, of mischance and ill-luck ultimately attending on the apparent benefits conferred by the Hara spirit, failed to make any impression upon Martin Waldeck, the youngest of the brothers.

Martin was postible, rash, and impetuous; exulting in all the exercises which distinguish a mountaineer, and brave and

undisturbed from his familiar intercourse with the dangers that attend them. He laughed at the timidity of his brothers. "Tell me not of such folly," he said; "the demon is a good demon—he lives among us as if he were a peasant like ourselves—harvests the husky crops and rears the mountains like a huntsman or goatherd—and he also loves the Harz Forest and its wild scenes cannot be indifferent to the fate of the husky children of the soil. But, if the demon were an malicious as you would make him, how should he derive power over mortals, who hardly avail themselves of his gifts, without binding themselves to submit to his pleasure? When you carry your charcoal to the furnace, is not the money as good that is paid you by blaspheming Babel, the old rhapsodic weaver, as if you got it from the pastor himself? It is not the golden gifts which can enslave you, then, but it is the use you shall make of them that you must account for. And were the demon to appear to me at this moment, and indicate to me a gold or silver mine, I would begin to dig away even before his back were turned,—and I would consider myself as under protection of a much Greater than he, while I made a good use of the wealth he pointed out to me."

To this the elder brother replied, that wealth ill won was seldom well spent; while Martin (promptly and proudly) declared, that the possession of all the treasures of the Harz would not make the slightest alteration on his habits, needs, or character.

His brother entreated Martin to talk less wildly upon the subject, and with some difficulty contrived to withdraw his attention, by calling it to the consideration of the approaching bear-dance. This talk brought them to their hut, a wretched wigwag, situated upon one side of a wild, narrow, and romantic dell, in the recesses of the Brockenberg. They released their sister from attending upon the operation of shaving the wood, which requires constant attention, and divided among themselves the duty of watching it by night, according to their custom, one always waking, while his brothers slept.

Max Waldeck, the eldest, watched during the first two hours of the night, and was considerably alarmed by observing, upon the opposite bank of the glen, or valley, a huge fire surrounded by some figures that appeared to wheel around it with antic gestures. Max at first betought him of calling up his brothers; but reflecting the daring character of the youngest, and finding

it impossible to wake the elder without also disturbing Martin—conceiving also what he saw to be an illusion of the demon, and perhaps in consequence of the venturesome expressions used by Martin on the preceding evening, he thought it best to betake himself to the safeguard of such prayers as he could remember over, and to watch in great terror and amazement this strange and alarming apparition. After blazing for some time, the fire faded gradually away into darkness, and the rest of Max's watch was only disturbed by the remembrance of its terrors.

George now occupied the place of Max, who had retired to rest. The phenomenon of a huge blazing fire, upon the opposite bank of the glen, again presented itself to the eye of the watchman. It was surrounded as before by figures, which, distinguished by their opaque forms, being between the spectator and the red glaring light, moved and fluctuated around it as if engaged in some mystical ceremony. George, though equally cautious, was of a bolder character than his elder brother. He resolved to examine more nearly the object of his wonder; and, accordingly, after crossing the rivulet which divided the glen, he climbed up the opposite bank, and approached within an arrow's flight of the fire, which blazed apparently with the same fury as when he first witnessed it.

The appearance of the assistants who surrounded it reminded these phantoms which are seen in a troubled dream, and at once confirmed the idea he had entertained from the first, that they did not belong to the human world. Amongst these strange unearthly forms, George Walden distinguished that of a giant overgrown with hair, holding an uprooted tree in his hand, with which, from time to time, he seemed to stir the blazing fire, and having no other clothing than a wreath of oak leaves around his forehead and loins. George's heart sank within him at recognising the well-known apparition of the Hurr demon, as he had been often described to him by the ancient shepherds and hunters who had seen his form traversing the mountains. He turned, and was about to fly; but upon second thoughts, blaming his own cowardice, he rallied mentally the verse of the Psalmist, "All good angels, praise the Lord!" which is in that country supposed powerful as an exorcism, and turned himself once more towards the place where he had seen the fire. But it was no longer visible.

The pale moon alone enlightened the side of the valley; and when George, with trembling steps, a moist brow, and hair bristling upright under his mother's cap, came to the spot on which the fire had been so lately visible, marked as it was by a smouldering ash-tree, there appeared not on the hearth the slightest vestige of what he had seen. The moss and wild flowers were unscorched, and the branches of the ash-tree, which had so lately appeared enveloped in wreaths of flame and smoke, were moist with the dew of midnight.

George returned to his bed with trembling steps, and, arguing like his elder brother, resolved to say nothing of what he had seen, lest he should awake in Martin that daring curiosity which he almost deemed to be allied with impiety.

It was now Martin's turn to watch. The household cook had given his first summons, and the night was well-nigh spent. Upon consulting the state of the furnace in which the wood was deposited in order to its being sold or charred, he was surprised to find that the fire had not been sufficiently maintained; for in his excursion and its consequences, George had forgot the principal object of his watch. Martin's first thought was to call up the slunksters; but observing that both his brothers slept uneventfully deep and heavily, he respected their repose, and set himself to supply the furnace with fuel without requiring their aid. What he heaped upon it was apparently damp and unfit for the purpose, for the fire seemed rather to decay than revive. Martin next went to collect some logs from a stack which had been carefully cut and dried for this purpose; but, when he returned, he found the fire totally extinguished. This was a serious evil, and threatened them with loss of their trade for more than one day. The wroth and mortified watchman set about to strike a light in order to rekindle the fire; but the tinder was moist, and his labour proved in this respect also ineffectual. He was now about to call up his brothers, for circumstances seemed to be pressing, when flashes of light glimmered not only through the window, but through every crevice of the rotely built hut, and summoned him to behold the same apparition which had before alarmed the successive watches of his brothers. His first idea was, that the Makkib-hussars, their rivals in trade, and with whom they had had many quarrels, might have encroached upon their bounds for the purpose of planting their wood; and he resolved to awake

his brothers, and he struggled on them for their safety. But a short reflection and observation on the position and manner of those who seemed to "work in the fire," induced him to dismiss this belief, and although rather sceptical in such matters, to conclude that what he saw was a supernatural phenomenon. "But be they men or devils," said the unshaken forester, "that busy themselves yonder with such fantastical rites and gestures, I will go and demand a light to enlighten our firmest." He relinquished at the same time the idea of assisting his brothers. There was a belief that such adventures as he was about to undertake were accessible only to one person at a time; he feared also that his brothers, in their scrupulous timidity, might interfere to prevent his pursuing the investigation he had resolved to commence; and, therefore, casting his farewell from the wall, the unshaken Martin Waldeck set forth on the adventure alone.

With the same success as his brother George, but with courage far superior, Martin crossed the bank, ascended the hill, and approached as near the ghastly assembly, that he could recognize, in the prevailing figure, the attributes of the Hare demon. A cold shuddering assailed him for the first time in his life; but the recollection that he had at a distance dared and even courted the intercourse which was now about to take place, confirmed his staggering courage; and pride supplying what he wanted in resolution, he advanced with tolerable firmness towards the fire, the figure which surrounded it appearing still more wild, fantastical, and supernatural, the more near he approached to the assembly. He was received with a loud shout of discordant and unmastered laughter, which, to his stunned ears, seemed more alarming than a combination of the most diabolical and melancholy sounds that could be imagined. "Who art thou?" said the giant, compressing his savage and exaggerated features into a sort of forced gravity, while they were occasionally agitated by the convulsions of the laughter which he seemed to suppress.

"Martin Waldeck, the forester," answered the hairy youth;—"and who are you?"

"The King of the Waste and of the Mine," answered the spectre;—"and why hast thou dared to encroach on my mysteries?"

"I came in search of light to enlighten my fire," answered

Martin, hardly, and then resolutely asked in his turn, "What mysteries are these that you celebrate here?"

"We celebrate," answered the complainant down, "the wedding of Herman with the Black Dragon.—But take thy fire that thou comest to seek, and begone! no mortal may look upon us and live."

The peasant struck his spear-point into a large piece of blaking wood, which he heaved up with some difficulty, and then turned round to regain his hut, the shouts of laughter being renewed behind him with terrible violence, and clapping his down the narrow valley. When Martin returned to the hut, his first care, however much astonished with what he had seen, was to dispose the kindled coal among the fuel as it might best light the fire of his furnace; but after many efforts, and all exertions of bellows and fire-grass, the coal he had brought from the demon's fire became totally extinct, without kindling any of the others. He turned about, and observed the fire still blazing on the hill, although those who had been loaded around it had disappeared. As he conceived the spectre had been jesting with him, he gave way to the natural hardness of his temper, and, determining to see the adventure to an end, resumed the road to the fire, from which, unopposed by the demon, he brought off in the same manner a blazing piece of charcoal, but still without being able to succeed in lighting his fire. Impunity having increased his rashness, he resolved upon a third experiment, and was as successful as before in reaching the fire; but when he had again appropriated a piece of burning coal, and had turned to depart, he heard the harsh and supernatural voice which had before accosted him, pronounce these words, "Dare not return hither a fourth time!"

The attempt to kindle the fire with this last coal having proved as ineffectual as on the former occasions, Martin relinquished the hopeless attempt, and flung himself on his bed of leaves, resolving to delay till the next morning the communication of his supernatural adventure to his brothers. He was awakened from a heavy sleep into which he had sunk, from fatigue of body and agitation of mind, by loud exclamations of surprise and joy. His brothers, astonished at finding the fire extinguished when they awoke, had proceeded to arrange the fuel in order to renew it, when they found in the midst three huge metallic masses, which their skill (the most of the peasants in

the Huns are practical mineralogists) immediately ascertained to be pure gold.

It was some days upon their joyful congratulations when they learned from Martin the mode in which he had obtained this treasure, to which their own experience of the western world induced them to give full credit. But they were unable to resist the temptation of sharing in their brother's wealth. Taking now upon him as head of the house, Martin Waldock bought lands and houses, built a castle, obtained a patent of nobility, and, greatly to the indignation of the ancient aristocracy of the neighbourhood, was invested with all the privileges of a man of family. His courage in public war, as well as in private feuds, together with the number of retainers whom he kept in pay, sustained him for some time against the odium which was excited by his sudden elevation, and the arrogance of his pretensions.

And now it was seen in the instance of Martin Waldock, as it has been in that of many others, how little mortals can foresee the effect of sudden prosperity on their own disposition. The evil propensities in his nature, which poverty had checked and repressed, ripened and bore their unaltered fruit under the influence of temptation and the means of indulgence. As Deep calls unto Deep, one bad passion awakened another;—the fond of avarice involved that of pride, and pride was to be supported by vanity and aggression. Waldock's character, always bold and daring, but rendered harsh and assuming by prosperity, soon made him odious, not to the nobles only, but likewise to the lower ranks, who saw, with double dislike, the oppressive rights of the feudal nobility of the empire so remorselessly exercised by one who had risen from the very dregs of the people. His adventure, although carefully concealed, began likewise to be whispered abroad, and the clergy slowly signified as a wicked and accomplice of deeds, the wretch, who, having acquired so huge a treasure in so strange a manner, had not sought to sanctify it by dedicating a considerable portion to the use of the church. Surrounded by enemies, public and private, tormented by a thousand feuds, and threatened by the church with excommunication, Martin Waldock, or, as we must now call him, the Baron von Waldock, often regretted bitterly the labours and sports of his unworldly poverty. But his courage failed him not under all these difficulties, and seemed

rather to augment in proportion to the danger which darkened around him, until an accident precipitated his fall.

A proclamation by the reigning Duke of Brunswick had invited to a solemn tournament all German nobles of free and honourable descent; and Martin Waldeck, splendidly armed, accompanied by his two brothers, and a gallantly-equipped retinue, had the arrogance to appear among the chivalry of the province, and demand permission to enter the lists. This was considered as fling up the measure of his presumption. A thousand voices exclaimed, "We will have no older-sister struggle in our games of chivalry." Irritated to frenzy, Martin drew his sword and hewed down the herald, who, in compliance with the general outcry, opposed his entry into the lists. An hundred avengers were unhesitating to avenge what was in those days regarded as a crime only inferior to sacrilege or regicide. Waldeck, after defending himself like a lion, was seized, tried on the spot by the judges of the lists, and condemned, as the appropriate punishment for breaking the peace of his sovereignty, and violating the sacred person of a herald-at-arms, to have his right hand struck from his body, to be ignominiously deprived of the honour of nobility, of which he was unworthy, and to be expelled from the city. When he had been stripped of his arms, and sustained the mutilation imposed by this severe sentence, the unhappy victim of ambition was abandoned to the rabble, who followed him with threats and curses, levelled alternately against the macronomaster and aggressor, which at length ended in violence. His brothers (for his retinue were fled and dispersed) at length succeeded in rescuing him from the hands of the populace, when, satiated with cruelty, they had left him half dead through loss of blood, and through the wounds he had sustained. They were not permitted, such was the inglorious cruelty of their enemies, to make use of any other means of removing him, excepting such a coffin's cost as they had themselves formerly used, in which they deposited their brother on a bier of straw, solemnly expecting to reach any place of shelter ere death should release him from his misery.

When the Waldecks, journeying in this miserable manner, had approached the verge of their native country, in a hollow way, between two mountains, they perceived a figure advancing towards them, which at first sight seemed to be an aged man. But as he approached, his limbs and stature increased, the

cloak fell from his shoulders, his pilgrim's staff was changed into an uprooted pine-tree, and the gigantic figure of the Horned demon passed before them in his terror. When he came opposite to the cart which contained the wretched Wallock, his huge features dilated into a grin of unutterable contempt and malignity, as he asked the sufferer, "How like you the fire our coals have kindled?" The power of motion, which terror suspended in his two brothers, seemed to be restored to Martin by the energy of his courage. He raised himself on the cart, bent his knees, and, clenching his fist, shook it at the specter with a ghastly look of hate and defiance. The goblin vanished with his usual tremendous and explosive laugh, and left Wallock exhausted with this effort of expiring nature.

The terrified brethren turned their vehicle toward the towers of a convent, which arose in a wood of pine-trees beside the road. They were charitably received by a bare-headed and long-bearded capuchin, and Martin survived only to complete the first confusion he had made since the day of his sudden prosperity, and to receive absolution from the very priest whom, precisely on that day three years, he had excited to jettison of the hamlet of Marguerite. The three years of previous prosperity were supposed to have a mysterious correspondence with the number of his visits to the spectral fire upon the hill.

The body of Martin Wallock was interred in the convent where he expired, in which his brothers, having assumed the habit of the order, lived and died in the performance of acts of charity and devotion. His lands, to which no one asserted any claim, lay waste until they were resumed by the emperor as a fepudied fee, and the ruins of the castle, which Wallock had called by his own name, are still haunted by the miser and forlorn as haunted by evil spirits. Thus were the minutes stretched upon wealth, hastily attained and ill employed, exemplified in the fortunes of Martin Wallock.

CHAPTER NINETEENTH.

There has been such a stormy encounter
Between my cousin Captain, and this soldier,
About I know not what—scolding, teasing;
Completions, degrees, and comparisons
Of nobleness!—

A FINE QUARTER.

THE attentive audience gave the fair transcript of the foregoing legend the thanks which politeness required. Oldback alone curled up his nose, and observed, that Miss Wenslow's skill was something like that of the alchemists, for she had contrived to extract a sound and valuable moral out of a very transparent and ridiculous legend. "It is the fashion, as I am given to understand, to admire those extravagant fictions—for me,

—I hear an English host,
Unstaid at ghosts and nothing less to start."

"Under your favour, my good Mr. Oldback," said the German, "Miss Wenslow has turned the story, as she does every thing as she touches, very pretty indeed; but all the history of the three girls, and how he walks among the desolate mountains with a great fiver for his walking cane, and with the great green book around his head and his waist—that is as true as I am an honest man."

"There is no disputing any proposition as well guaranteed," answered the Antiquary, dryly. But at this moment the approach of a stranger cut short the conversation.

The new comer was a handsome young man, about five-and-twenty, in a military uniform, and bearing, in his look and manner, a good deal of the martial profession—say, perhaps a little more than is quite consistent with the case of a man of perfect good-breeding, in whom no professional habit ought to predominate. He was at once greeted by the greater part of the company. "My dear Hector!" said Miss M'Carthy, as she rose to take his hand.—

"Hector, son of Friar, whence comest thou?" said the Antiquary.

"From Fife, my Papa," answered the young soldier, and confessed, when he had politely saluted the rest of the company,

and particularly Sir Arthur and his daughter—"I learned from one of the servants, as I rode towards Monkham to pay my respects to you, that I should find the present company in this place, and I willingly embrace the opportunity to pay my respects to so many of my friends at once."

"And to a new one also, my trusty Trojan," said Oldbeck. "Mr. Lovel, this is my nephew, Captain McIntyre—Hector, I recommend Mr. Lovel to your acquaintance."

The young soldier fixed his keen eye upon Lovel, and paid him compliment with more reserve than cordiality; and as our acquaintance thought his readiness almost superfluous, he was equally rigid and haughty in making the necessary return to it; and thus a prejudice seemed to arise between them at the very commencement of their acquaintance.

The observations which Lovel made during the remainder of this pleasure party did not tend to reconcile him with this addition to their society. Captain McIntyre, with the gallantry to be expected from his age and profession, attached himself to the service of Miss Wardeur, and offered her, on every possible opportunity, those marks of attention which Lovel would have given the world to have rendered, and was only deterred from offering by the fear of her displeasure. With factors dejection at one moment, and with irritated susceptibility at another, he saw this handsome young soldier assume and exercise all the privileges of a cavalier servant. He handed Miss Wardeur's gloves, he assisted her in putting on her shawl, he attached himself to her in the walks, had a hand ready to remove every impediment in her path, and an arm to support her where it was rugged or difficult; his conversation was addressed chiefly to her, and, where circumstances permitted, it was exclusively so. All this, Lovel well knew, might be only that sort of artificial gallantry which befalls some young men of the present day to give themselves the air of expressing the situation of the pettiest women in company, as if the others were unworthy of their notice. But he thought he observed in the conduct of Captain McIntyre something of marked and peculiar tenderness, which was calculated to alarm the jealousy of a lover. Miss Wardeur also received his attentions; and although his conduct showed they were of a kind which could not be repelled without some strain of affectation, yet it galled him to the heart to witness that she did so.

The heart-lensing which these reflections occasioned proved very indifferent answering to the dry antiquarian discussions with which Oldbuck, who continued to demand his particular attention, was unwittingly persecuting him; and he underwent, with the of impatience that amounted almost to loathing, a course of lectures upon massive architecture, in all its styles, from the massive Saxon to the florid Gothic, and from that to the mixed and composite architecture of James the First's time, when, according to Oldbuck, all orders were confounded, and columns of various descriptions arose side by side, or were piled above each other, as if symmetry had been forgotten, and the elemental principles of art resolved into their primitive confusion. "What can be more cutting to the heart than the sight of error," said Oldbuck, in egotistical enthusiasm, "which we are compelled to behold, while we do not possess the power of remedying them?" Lovel narrowed by an involuntary grin. "I see, my dear young friend, and most congenial spirit, that you feel these eccentricities almost as much as I do. Have you ever approached them, or not? them, without heaving to burst, in defence, what is so dishonourable?"

"Dishonourable?" echoed Lovel—"in what respect dishonourable?"

"I mean, degraded to the earth."

"Where? how?"

"Upon the portico, for example, of the schools of Oxford, where, at immense expense, the barbarous, fantastic, and ignorant architect has chosen to represent the whole five orders of architecture on the front of one building."

By such attacks as these, Oldbuck, unconscious of the torture he was giving, compelled Lovel to give him a share of his attention,—on a skilful angle, by means of his face, maintaining an influence over the most frantic movements of his agitated prey.

They were now on their return to the spot where they had left the carriage; and it is inconceivable how often, in the course of that short walk, Lovel, exhausted by the voracious probing of his worthy companion, mentally bestowed on the devil, or any one else that would have rid him of bearing more of them, all the orders and disorders of architecture which had been invented or combined from the building of Solomon's temple downwards. A slight hackney occurred, however, which sprinkled a little patience on the heat of his disquisitions.

Miss Warden, and her self-elected knight companion, rather provoked the others in the narrow path, when the young lady apparently became desirous to unite herself with the rest of the party, and, to break off her discourse with the young officer, fairly made a pause until Mr. Oldbank came up. "I wished to ask you a question, Mr. Oldbank, concerning the date of these interesting ruins."

It would be doing injustice to Miss Warden's *merci-faire*, to suppose she was not aware that such a question would lead to an answer of no limited length. The Antiquary, starting like a war-horse at the trumpet sound, plunged at once into the various arguments for and against the date of 1573, which had been assigned to the priory of St. Ruth by a late publication on Scottish architectural antiquities. He raked up the names of all the priors who had ruled the institution, of the nobles who had bestowed lands upon it, and of the monarchs who had slept their last sleep among its roofless walls. As a train which takes fire is sure to light another, if there be such in the vicinity, the Baronet, catching at the name of one of his ancestors which occurred in Oldbank's dissertation, entered upon an account of his wars, his conquests, and his trophies; and worthy Dr. Blattergorel was induced, from the mention of a grant of lands, once destined to *deuote* *ten* *vicar* *quon* *parochialis*, at various dates *separatis*, to enter into a long explanation concerning the interpretation given by the Tolaid Court in the consideration of such a clause, which had occurred in a process for levelling his last representation of stipend. The contest, like three races, each pressed forward to the goal, without much regarding how each crossed and justified his competitors. Mr. Oldbank harangued, the Baronet declaimed, Mr. Blattergorel proved and laid down the law, while the Latin forms of feudal grants were mingled with the jargon of bluntery, and the yet more barbarous phraseology of the Tolaid Court of Scotland. "He was," exclaimed Oldbank, speaking of the Prior Adhemar, "indeed an exemplary private; and, from his strictness of morals, rigid execution of penance, joined to the charitable disposition of his mind, and the instruction derived by his great age and ascetic habits"—

Here he chanced to cough, and Sir Arthur burst in, or rather continued—"was called popularly *Well-to-Itterness*; he carried a shield, graced with a noble lion, which we have since changed,

and was slain at the battle of Yverdon, in France, after killing six of the English with his own sword."

"Deceit of certification," promised the doggyman, in that prolonged, steady, prating tone, which, however exaggerated at first by the vehemence of competition, promised, in the long run, to obtain the ascendancy in this strife of narrators;—"Deceit of certification having gone out, and parties being held as confessed, the proof seemed to be held as concluded, when their lawyer moved to have it opened up, on the allegation that they had witnesses to bring forward, that they had been in the habit of carrying the oars to land on the tidal-free hour; which was a mere evasion, &c."

But here the Harcourt and Mr. Gifford having recovered their wits, and continued their respective harangues, the three streams of the conversation, to speak the language of a reproof, were again turned together into one undistinguishable string of confusion.

Yet, however uninteresting this jibed jargon might seem, it was obviously Miss Warden's purpose to give it her attention, in preference to ridiculing Captain McIntyre as opportunity offered, of resuming their private conversation. So that, after waiting for a little time with displeasure, ill concealed by his laughing gestures, he left her to enjoy her bad taste, and taking his sister by the arm, detached her a little behind the rest of the party.

"So I find, Mary, that your neighbour has neither become more truly nor less learned during my absence."

"We lacked your patience and wisdom to instruct us, Hector."

"Thank you, my dear sister. But you have got a wiser, if not so lively an addition to your society, than your unworthy brother—Frog, who is this Mr. Lovel, whom our old uncle has at once placed so high in his good graces?—he does not use to be so accessible to strangers."

"Mr. Lovel, Hector, is a very gentleman-like young man."

"Ay,—that is to say, he bows when he comes into a room, and wears a coat that is white at the elbows."

"No, brother; it says a great deal more. It says that his manners and discourse express the feelings and education of the higher class."

"But I desire to know what is his birth and his rank in

society, and what is his title to be in the circle in which I find him domesticated?"

"If you mean, how he comes to visit at Monkthorne, you must ask my uncle, who will probably reply, that he invites to his own house such company as he pleases; and if you mean to ask Sir Arthur, you must know that Mr. Lovell rendered Miss Worsley and him a service of the most important kind."

"What! that romantic story is true, then!—And pray, does the valiant knight assist, as is befitting on such occasions, to the hand of the young lady whom he released from peril? It is quite in the rule of romance, I am aware; and I did think that she was uncommonly dry to me as we walked together, and seemed from time to time as if she watched whether she was not giving offence to her gallant cavalier."

"Dear Hector," said his sister, "if you really continue to nourish any affection for Miss Worsley"—

"H, Mary!—what an if was that!"

"—I even I consider your perseverance as hopeless."

"And why hopeless, my sage sister?" asked Captain McIntyre: "Miss Worsley, in the state of her father's affairs, cannot pretend to much fortune;—and, as to family, I trust that of McIntyre is not inferior."

"But, Hector," continued his sister, "Sir Arthur always considers us as members of the Monkthorne family."

"Sir Arthur may consider what he pleases," answered the Highlander severely; "but any one with common sense will consider that the wife takes rank from the husband, and that my father's pedigree of fifteen unblemished descents must have enabled my mother, if her veins had been filled with poison's ink."

"For God's sake, Hector," replied his anxious sister, "take care of yourself! a single expression of that kind, repeated to my uncle by an indignant or irritated overshopper, would lose you his favour for ever, and destroy all chance of your succeeding to his estate."

"Be it so," answered the headless young man; "I am one of a profession which the world has never been able to do without, and will far less care to want for half a century to come; and my good old uncle may tack his good estate and his paternal name to your upstartship if he pleases, Mary, and you may well think now thro' thro' of him if you please, and you may

both of you free quiet, peaceable, well-regulated lives, if it please Heaven. My part is taken—I'll leave on no man the an inheritance which should be mine by birth."

Miss McIntyre laid her hand on her brother's arm, and entreated him to suppress his vehemence. "Wise," she said, "injure or seek to injure you, but your own hot temper!—what dangers are you defying, but those you have yourself conjured up!—Our uncle has known him all that is kind and paternal in his conduct to us, and why should you suppose he will in future be otherwise than what he has ever been, since we were left as orphans to his care?"

"He is an excellent old gentleman, I must own," replied McIntyre, "and I am engaged at myself when I chance to offend him; but then his eternal harangues upon topics not worth the spark of a flint—his investigations about knavish jobs and pious and tobacco-stoppers' past services—all these things put me out of patience. I have something of Hotspur in me, sister, I must confess."

"Too much, too much, my dear brother! Into how many risks, and, forgive me for saying, some of them little creditable, has this absolute and violent temper led you! Do not let such clouds darken the time you are now to pass in our neighbourhood, but let our old benefactor see his kinman as he is—gentle, kind, and lively, without being rude, headstrong, and impetuous."

"Well," answered Captain McIntyre, "I am schooled—good-manners be my speed! I'll do the devil thing by your new friend—I'll have some talk with this Mr. Lovel."

With this determination, in which he was for the time perfectly sincere, he joined the party who were walking before them. The table disputation was by this time ended; and Sir Arthur was speaking on the subject of foreign news, and the political and military situation of the country, themes upon which every man thinks himself qualified to give an opinion. An action of the preceding year having come upon the topic, Lovel, accidentally bringing in the conversation, made some assertion concerning it, of the accuracy of which Captain McIntyre seemed not to be convinced, although his doubts were politely expressed.

"You must confess yourself in the wrong here, Hector," said his uncle, "although I know no man less willing to give up an

argument; but you were in England at the time, and Mr. Lovel was probably concerned in the affair."

"I am speaking to a military man, then?" said McIntyre; "may I inquire to what regiment Mr. Lovel belongs?"—Mr. Lovel gave him the number of the regiment. "It happens strangely that we should never have met before, Mr. Lovel. I know your regiment very well, and have served along with them at different times."

A blush crossed Lovel's countenance. "I have not lately been with my regiment," he replied; "I served the last campaign upon the staff of General Sir ———."

"Indeed! that is more wonderful than the other circumstance!—for although I did not serve with General Sir ———, yet I had an opportunity of knowing the names of the officers who held situations in his family, and I cannot recollect that of Lovel."

At this observation Lovel again blushed so deeply as to attract the attention of the whole company, while a scornful laugh seemed to indicate Captain McIntyre's triumph. "There is something strange in this," said Oldback to himself; "but I will not readily give up my phalanx of post-chaise companions—all his actions, language, and bearing, are those of a gentleman."

Lovel in the meanwhile had taken out his pocket-book, and selecting a letter, from which he took off the envelope, he handed it to McIntyre. "You know the General's hand, in all probability—I own I ought not to show these exaggerated expressions of his regard and esteem for me." The letter contained a very handsome compliment from the officer in question for some military service lately performed. Captain McIntyre, as he glanced his eye over it, could not deny that it was written in the General's hand, but duly observed, as he returned it, that the address was wanting. "The address, Captain McIntyre," answered Lovel, in the same tone, "shall be at your service whenever you choose to inquire after it."

"I certainly shall not fail to do so," rejoined the soldier.

"Come, come," exclaimed Oldback, "what is the meaning of all this! Have we got Hibern here!—We'll have no swaggering, youngsters. Are you come from the wars abroad, to stir up domestic strife in our peaceful land? Are you like bull-dog puppies, smooth, that when the bull, poor fellow, is removed

from the ring, till it branched among themselves, wavy each other, and like honest Bill's skins that are standing by!"

Sir Arthur trusted, he said, the young gentlemen would not so far forget themselves as to grow warm upon such a trifling subject as the back of a letter.

Both the disputants disclaimed any such intention, and, with high colour and flushing eyes, protested they were never so cool in their lives. But an obvious damp was cast over the party;—they talked in future too much by the rule to be sociable, and Lovel, considering himself the object of cold and suspicious looks from the rest of the company, and sensible that his ill-timed replies had given them permission to entertain strange opinions respecting him, made a gallant determination to sacrifice the pleasure he had proposed in spending the day at Knockwinnock.

He affected, therefore, to complain of a violent headache, continued by the heat of the day, to which he had not been exposed since his illness, and made a formal apology to Sir Arthur, who, knowing more to suspect suspicion than to the gratitude due for former services, did not press him to keep his engagement more than good-breeding exactly demanded.

When Lovel took leave of the ladies, Miss Worslow's manner seemed more anxious than he had hitherto remarked it. She indicated by a glance of her eye towards Captain McIntyre, perceptible only by Lovel, the subject of her alarm, and hoped, in a voice greatly under her usual tone, it was not a less pleasant engagement which deprived them of the pleasure of Mr. Lovel's company. "No engagement had intervened," he assured her; "it was only the return of a complaint by which he had been for some time occasionally attacked."

"The best remedy in such a case is patience, and I—every friend of Mr. Lovel's will expect him to employ it."

Lovel bowed low and coloured deeply, and Miss Worslow, as if she felt that she had said too much, turned and got into the carriage. Lovel had next to part with Oldback, who, during this interval, had, with Canon's assistance, been arranging his disordered portwig, and brushing his coat, which exhibited some marks of the rude path they had traversed. "What, now?" said Oldback, "you are not going to leave us on account of that foolish Hector's ill-timed curiosity and vehemence? Why, he is a thoughtless boy—a spoiled child from the time he was in the nurse's arms—he threw his stool and bells at my head

for refusing him a bit of sugar; and you have too much sense to mind such a dishonest boy; against severe justice is the motto of our friend Homer. "I'll school Hester by and by, and put it all to rights." But Lavel persisted in his design of returning to Fairport.

The Antiquary then assumed a graver tone.—"Take heed, young man, to your present failings. Your life has been given you for useful and valuable purposes, and should be reserved to illustrate the literature of your country, when you are not called upon to expose it in her defence, or in the rescue of the innocent. Private war, a practice unknown to the civilized nations, is, of all the absurdities introduced by the Gothic tribes, the most gross, impious, and cruel. Let me hear no more of these absurd quarrels, and I will show you the treatise upon the duello, which I composed when the town-clerk and pious Markishame chose to assume the privileges of gentleness, and challenged each other. I thought of printing my theory, which is signed *Pacificator*; but there was no need, as the matter was taken up by the town-council of the borough."

"But I assure you, my dear sir, there is nothing between Captain McIntyre and me that can render such respectable interference necessary."

"See it be so; for otherwise, I will stand second to both parties."

So saying, the old gentleman got into the chaise, close to which Miss McIntyre had detained her brother, upon the same principle that the owner of a quarrelsome dog keeps him by his side to prevent his fastening upon another. But Hester contrived to give her prosecution the slip, for, as he was on horseback, he lagged behind the carriages until they had fairly turned the corner in the road to Knockwinack, and then, whirling his horse's head round, gave him the spur in the opposite direction.

A very few minutes brought him up with Lavel, who, perhaps anticipating his intention, had not put his horse beyond a slow walk, when the clatter of hoofs behind him announced Captain McIntyre. The young soldier, his natural heat of temper augmented by the rapidity of motion, reined his horse up suddenly and violently by Lavel's side, and throwing his hat slightly, inquired, in a very haughty tone of voice, "What are

I to understand, sir, by your telling me that your address was at my service!"

"Simply, sir," replied Level, "that my name is Level, and that my residence is, for the present, Fairport, as you will see by this card."

"And is this all the information you are disposed to give me?"

"I see no right you have to require more."

"I find you, sir, in company with my sister," said the young soldier, "and I have a right to know who is admitted into Ellen McIntyre's society."

"I shall take the liberty of disputing that right," replied Level, with a manner as haughty as that of the young soldier;—"you find me in society who are satisfied with the degree of information on my affairs which I have thought proper to communicate, and you, a mere stranger, have no right to inquire further."

"Mrs. Level, if you served as you say you have?"—

"If!" interrupted Level,—"if I have served as I say I have?"

"Yes, sir, such is my expression—if you have so served, you must know that you owe me satisfaction either in one way or other."

"If that be your opinion, I shall be proud to give it to you, Captain McIntyre, in the way in which the word is generally used among gentlemen."

"Very well, sir," rejoined Hector, and, turning his horse round, galloped off to overtake his party.

Ellen observed had already alarmed them, and his sister, having stopped the carriage, had her neck stretched out of the window to see where he was.

"What is the matter with you now?" said the Antiquary, "riding in and fire as your work were upon the wags—why do you not keep up with the carriage?"

"I forgot my glove, sir," said Hector.

"Forgot your glove!—I presume you meant to say you went to throw it down—But I will take order with you, my young gentleman—you shall return with me this night to Blackburn." So saying, he bid the postilion go on.

CHAPTER TWENTIETH.

—If you tell Hester here,
 Show promise to serve her my note;
 Bid farewell to the integrity of arms;
 And the honorable name of soldier
 Fall from you, like a shivered wreath of laurel
 By thunder struck from a Danish Godhead.

A FAIRY QUARTET.

EARLY the next morning, a gentleman came to wait upon Mr. Lovel, who was up and ready to receive him. He was a military gentleman, a friend of Captain M'Intyre's, at present in Falgout on the recruiting service. Lovel and he were slightly known to each other. "I presume, sir," said Mr. Lesley (such was the name of the visitor), "that you guess the occasion of my troubling you so early?"

"A message from Captain M'Intyre, I presume?"

"The same. He holds himself injured by the manner in which you declined yesterday to answer certain inquiries which he conceived himself entitled to make respecting a gentleman whom he found in intimate society with his family."

"May I ask, if you, Mr. Lesley, would have inclined to satisfy interrogatories so haughtily and discourteously put to you?"

"Perhaps not;—and therefore, as I have the warmth of my friend M'Intyre on such occasions, I feel very desirous of acting as provocateur. From Mr. Lovel's very gentlemanlike manners, every one most strongly wish to see him repel all that sort of childish rascality which will attack itself to one whose situation is not fully explained. If he will permit me, to frankly consultation, to inform Captain M'Intyre of his real name, for we are led to conclude that of Lovel is assumed."—

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I cannot admit that inference."

"—Or at least," said Lesley, proceeding, "that it is not the name by which Mr. Lovel has been at all times distinguished—if Mr. Lovel will have the goodness to explain this circumstance, which, in my opinion, he should do in justice to his own

character, I will answer for the amiable arrangement of this unpleasant business."

"Which is to say, Mr. Lesley, that if I condoned to answer questions which no man has a right to ask, and which are now put to me under penalty of Captain M'Intyre's resentment, Captain M'Intyre will condoned to rest satisfied? Mr. Lesley, I have just one word to say on this subject—I have no doubt my secret, if I had one, might be safely entrusted to your house, but I do not feel called upon to satisfy the curiosity of any man. Captain M'Intyre met me in society which of itself was a warrant to all the world, and particularly ought to be such to him, that I was a gentleman. He has, in my opinion, no right to go any further, or to inquire the pedigree, rank, or circumstances, of a stranger, who, without seeking any intimate connection with him, or his, dances to dine with his uncle, or walk in company with his sister."

"In that case, Captain M'Intyre requests you to be informed, that your further visits at Monkhoron, and all connection with Miss M'Intyre, must be dropped, as disagreeable to him."

"I shall certainly," said Lord, "visit Mr. Oldback when it suits me, without paying the least respect to his nephew's threats or irritable feelings. I respect the young lady's name too much (though nothing can be slighter than our acquaintance) to introduce it into such a discussion."

"Since that is your resolution, sir," answered Lesley, "Captain M'Intyre requests that Mr. Lord, unless he wishes to be announced as a very dubious character, will favour him with a meeting this evening, at seven, at the thorn-tree in the little valley close by the ruins of St. Mark."

"Most unquestionably, I will wait upon him. There is only one difficulty—I must find a friend to accompany me, and where to seek one on this short notice, as I have no acquaintance in Faigant—I will be on the spot, however—Captain M'Intyre may be assured of that."

Lesley had taken his hat, and was as far as the door of the apartment, when, as if moved by the possibility of Lord's situation, he returned, and thus addressed him: "Mr. Lord, there is something so singular in all this, that I cannot help again reminding the apartment. You must be yourself aware at this moment of the inconvenience of your presencing an impostor, for which, I am convinced, there can be no discomfite

reason. Still, this mystery renders it difficult for you to procure the assistance of a friend in a crisis so delicate—say, let me add, that many persons will even consider it as a piece of Quidnunc in McIntyre to give you a meeting, while your character and circumstances are involved in such obscurity."

"I understood your intention, Mr. Lesley," rejoined Lovel; "and though I might be offended at its severity, I am not so, because it is meant kindly. But, in my opinion, he is entitled to all the privileges of a gentleman, to whose charge, during the time he has been known in the society where he happens to move, nothing can be held that is unbecoming or unwelcome. For a friend, I dare say I shall find some one or other who will do me that good turn; and if his experience be less than I would wish, I am certain not to suffer through that circumstance when you are in the field for my antagonist."

"I trust you will not," said Lesley; "but as I must, for my own sake, be anxious to divide as heavy a responsibility with a capable assistant, allow me to say, that Lieutenant Taffels gun-brig is come into the roadstead, and he himself is now at old Canton's, where he lodges. I think you have the same degree of acquaintance with him as with me, and, as I am sure I should willingly have rendered you such a service were I not engaged on the other side, I am convinced he will do so at your first request."

"At the three-tree, then, Mr. Lesley, at seven this evening—the arena, I presume, are placed?"

"Exactly. McIntyre has chosen the hour at which he can best escape from Monkburn—he was with me this morning by five, in order to return and present himself before his uncle was up. Good-evening to you, Mr. Lovel." And Lesley left the apartment.

Lovel was as brave as most men; but none can internally regard such a crisis as now approached, without deep feelings of awe and uncertainty. In a few hours he might be in another world to exercise for an action which his reason thought told him was unjustifiable in a religious point of view, or he might be wandering about in the present like Cain, with the blood of his brother on his head. And all this might be averted by speaking a single word. Yet just whispered, that to speak that word now, would be ascribed to a motive which would degrade him more low than even the most injurious reason

that could be assigned for his silence. Every one, Miss Wardour included, must then, he thought, account him a mean dishonoured politician, who gave to the fact of meeting Captain M'Intyre the explanation he had refused to the calm and handsome expostulations of Mr. Ledy. M'Intyre's insolent behaviour to himself personally, the air of pretension which he assumed towards Miss Wardour, and the extreme injustice, arrogance, and insolence of his demands upon a perfect stranger, seemed to justify him in repelling his rude investigation. In short, he formed the resolution which might have been expected from an young a man,—to shut the eyes, namely, of his calmer reason, and follow the dictates of his offended pride. With this purpose he sought Lieutenant Taffil.

The lieutenant received him with the good breeding of a gentleman and the frankness of a soldier, and listened with no small surprise to the detail which preceded his request that he might be favoured with his company at his meeting with Captain M'Intyre. When he had finished, Taffil rose up and walked through his apartment once or twice. "This is a most singular circumstance," he said, "and really"——

"I am conscious, Mr. Taffil, how little I am entitled to make my present request, but the urgency of circumstances hardly leaves me an alternative."

"Permit me to ask you one question," asked the soldier;—"is there anything of which you are ashamed in the circumstances which you have declined to communicate?"

"Upon my honour, no; there is nothing but what, in a very short time, I trust I may publish to the whole world."

"I hope the mystery arises from no false shame at the looseness of your friends perhaps, or connections?"

"No, on my word," replied Lovel.

"I have little sympathy for that folly," said Taffil—"indeed I cannot be supposed to have any; for, speaking of my relations, I may be said to have come myself from before the mast, and I believe I shall very soon form a connection, which the world will think low enough, with a very suitable girl, to whom I have been attached since we were next-door neighbours, at a time when I little thought of the good fortune which has brought me forward in the service."

"I assure you, Mr. Taffil," replied Lovel, "whatever was the rank of my parents, I should never think of ascending it

from a spirit of petty pride. But I am so situated at present, that I cannot enter on the subject of my family with any propriety."

"It is quite enough," said the honest sailor—"give me your hand; I'll see you as well through this business as I can, though it is but an unpleasant one after all—but what of that! our own honour has the next call on us after our country—you are a lad of spirit, and I even I think Mr. Hector McIntyre, with his long pedigree and his airs of family, very much of a jacksnape. His father was a soldier of fortune as I am a sailor—he himself I suppose, is little better, unless just as his wags please; and whether one passes fortune by land, or sea, makes no great difference, I should fancy."

"None in the universe, certainly," answered Level.

"Well," said his new ally, "we will dine together and arrange matters for this encounter. I hope you understand the use of the weapons?"

"Not particularly," Level replied.

"I am sorry for that—McIntyre is said to be a marksman."

"I am sorry for it also," said Level, "both for his sake and my own; I must then, in self-defence, take my aim as well as I can."

"Well," added Taffel, "I will have our surgeon's mate on the field—a good clever young fellow at making a shot-hole. I will let Lesley, who is as honest fellow for a landman, know that he stands for the benefit of either party. Is there anything I can do for you in case of an accident?"

"I have but little occasion to trouble you," said Level. "This small billet contains the key of my vestibre, and my very brief secret. There is one letter in the vestibre" (signifying a temporary swelling of the heart as he spoke), "which I beg the favour of you to deliver with your own hand."

"I understand," said the sailor. "Nay, my friend, never be ashamed for the matter—an affectionate heart may overflow for an instant at the eyes, if the ship were clearing for action; and, depend on it, whatever your injunctions are, Dan Taffel will regard them like the bequest of a dying brother. But this is all stuff;—we must get our things in fighting order, and you will dine with me and my little surgeon's mate, at the Grange's Arms over the way, at four o'clock."

"Agreed," said Level.

"Agreed," said Taffil; and the whole affair was arranged.

It was a beautiful summer evening, and the shadow of the solitary thorn-tree was lengthening upon the short grassward of the narrow valley, which was skirted by the woods that dotted around the ruins of St. Ruth's.

Lord and Lieutenant Taffil, with the waggon, came upon the ground with a purpose of a nature very unbecoming to the soft, mild, and pacific character of the hour and scene. The sheep, which during the ardent heat of the day had sheltered in the branches and hollows of the gravelly bank, or under the roots of the aged and stunted trees, had now spread themselves upon the face of the hill to enjoy their evening's pasture, and bleated to each other with that melancholy sound which at once gives life to a landscape, and marks its solitude.

Taffil and Lord came on in deep conference, having, for fear of discovery, sent their horses back to the town by the Lieutenant's servant. The opposite party had not yet appeared on the field. But when they came upon the ground, there sat upon the roots of the old thorn a figure as vigorous in his decay as the moss-grown but strong and contorted boughs which served him for a canopy. It was old Oskitree. "This is unbecoming enough," said Lord;—"How shall we get rid of this old fellow?"

"How, father Adam," cried Taffil, who knew the mendicant of pore—"how's hallacreeva for you. You must go to the Four Horse-shoe yowles—the little inn, you know, and inquire for a servant with blue and yellow breezy. If he is not come, you'll wait for him, and tell him we shall be with his master in about an hour's time. At any rate, wait there till we come back,—and—Get off with you—Come, come, weigh anchor."

"I thank ye for your goodness," said Oskitree, pocketing the piece of money; "but I beg your pardon, Mr. Taffil—I cannot gang your errand o'm now."

"Why not, man? what can hinder you?"

"I wad speak a word w' young Mr. Lord."

"With me?" answered Lord; "what would you say with me? Come, say on, and be brief."

The mendicant led him a few paces aside. "Are ye indebted anything to the Laird o' Mankburn?"

[Supposed to have been suggested by the old Abbey of Aboynah in Fife-shire.]

"Indebted!—no, not I—what of that?—what makes you think so?"

"Ye mean how I was at the sherra the day; for, God help me, I gang about a' guine like the troubled spirit; and wha micht come whirling there in a post-chaise, but Monkburn in an easy carriage—now, it's no a little thing that will make his honour take a chaise and post-horse two days riding."

"Well, well; but what is all this to me?"

"Oo, ye've hear, ye've hear. Weel, Monkburn is devoted wif the sherra whatever pair folk may be left theroot—ye needna doubt that—the gentlemen are aye wae civil among themselves."

"For heaven's sake, my old friend!"

"Quana ye bid me gang to the devil at once, Mr. Lovell? It wad be mair purpose friend than to speak o' heaven in that impatient gain."

"But I have private business with Lieutenant Tuffin here."

"Weel, weel, a' in gude time," said the beggar—"I can use a little wae be freedom wif Mr. David Tuffin;—mair's the pity and the tap I worked for him langyore, for I was a worker in wood as weel as a tinker."

"You are either mad, Adam, or have a mind to drive me mad."

"None o' the twa," said Edie, suddenly changing his manner from the protracted drawl of the moniment to a brief and decided tone. "The sherra sent for his clerk, and as the lad is rather light o' the tongue, I find it was for drawing a warrant to apprehend you—I thought it had been on a false warrant for debt; for a' body here the laird likes naebody to pit his hand in his pouch—But now I may bend my tongue, for I see the M'Intyre lad and Mr. Lesley coming up, and I guess that Monkburn's purpose was very kind, and that yours is waebe waebe than it should be."

The antiquary now approached, and saluted with the stern civility which befit the occasion. "What has this old fellow to do here?" said M'Intyre.

"I am an odd fellow," said Edie, "but I am also an odd soldier o' your father's, for I served wif him in the 42d."

"Serve where you please, you have no title to intrude on us," said M'Intyre, "or"—and he lifted his cane to threaten, though without the idea of touching the old man.

But Oddfellow's courage was roused by the insult. "Hand down your switch, Captain McIntyre! I am an old soldier, as I said before, and I'll take double time your father's son; but no a touch o' the wind while my pipe-staff will hand together."

"Well, well, I was wrong—I was wrong," said McIntyre; "here's a crown for you—go your ways—what's the matter now?"

The old man drew himself up to the full advantage of his enormous height, and in despite of his dress, which looked had more of the pilgrim than the ordinary beggar, looked from height, manner, and emphasis of voice and gesture, rather like a grey palmer or mendicant priest, the ghostly counsellor of the young men who were around him, than the object of their charity. His speech, indeed, was as homely as his habit, but as bold and unceremonious as his crest and dignified demeanour.

"What are ye come here for, young men?" he said, addressing himself to the surprised audience: "are ye come amongst the most lovely works of God to break his heart? Have ye left the works of man, the houses and the cities that are but clay and dust, like those that built them—and are ye come here, among the peaceful hills, and by the quiet waters, that will last whiles might earthily shall endure, to destroy each other's lives, that will have but an even short time, by the course of nature, to make up a long account at the close o' it? O sin! has ye brothers, sisters, fathers, that has troubled ye, and mothers that has troubled for ye, friends that has wad ye like a piece o' their ain heart! and is this the way ye tak to make them childless and brotherless and friendless? O sin! it's an ill sight whar he that wins has the worst o' it. Think on't, lads. I'm a poor man—but I'm an odd man too—and what my poverty takes awa frae the weight o' my counsel, grey hairs and a traitor's heart should add it twenty times. Gang hame, grey lads, like gule lads,—the French will be over to hame in one o' these days, and ye'll have fighting enough, and maybe odd Edie will birlie out himself if he can get a bul-dyke to lay his gun over, and may live to tell ye whar o' ye does the best whar there's a good cause afore ye."

There was something in the undaunted and independent manner, hearty sentiment, and manly rule discussion of the old man, that had its effect upon the party, and particularly on the second, whose pride was unimpaired in bringing the dispute

to a kindly settlement, and who, on the contrary, eagerly watched for an opportunity to recommend reconciliation.

"Upon my word, Mr. Lesley," said Taffel, "old Adam speaks like an oracle. Our friends here were very angry yesterday, and of course very foolish;—to-day they should be cool, or at least we must be so in their behalf. I think the world should be forgetful and forgive on both sides,—that we should all shake hands, fire those foolish crackers in the air, and go home to sup in a body at the Grange's Arms."

"I would heartily recommend it," said Lesley; "for, amidst a great deal of heat and irritation on both sides, I confess myself unable to discover any rational ground of quarrel."

"Gentlemen," said M'Intyre, very calmly, "all this should have been thought of before. In my opinion, persons that have carried this matter so far as we have done, and who should part without carrying it any farther, might go to supper at the Grange's Arms very joyously, but would rise the next morning with reputations as ragged as our friend here, who has obliged us with a rather unnecessary display of his mastery. I speak for myself, that I feel myself bound to call upon you to proceed without more delay."

"And I," said Lovel, "as I never desired any, have also to request these gentlemen to arrange preliminaries as fast as possible."

"Harris! Harris!" cried old Odellson; but perceiving he was no longer attended to—"Mistaken, I should say—but your mind be on your heels!" And the old man drew off from the ground, which was now reserved not by the sounds, and continued muttering and talking to himself in silent indignation, mixed with anxiety, and with a strong feeling of painful curiosity. Without paying further attention to his presence or remonstrances, Mr. Lesley and the Lieutenant made the necessary arrangements for the duel, and it was agreed that both parties should fire when Mr. Lesley dropped his handkerchief.

The third sign was given, and both fired almost in the same moment. Captain M'Intyre's ball grazed the side of his opponent, but did not draw blood. That of Lovel was more true to the aim; M'Intyre reeled and fell. Taking himself on his own, his first exclamation was, "It is nothing—it is nothing—give us the other platoon." But in an instant he said, in a lower tone, "I believe I have enough—and what's worse, I fear

I deserve it. Mr. Lovel, or whatever your name is, fly and save yourself—bear all witness, I perished this morn'g." Then raising himself again on his arm, he added, "Hush! hush, Lovel—I believe you to be a gentleman—forgive my rudeness, and I forgive you my death—My poor sister!"

The surgeon came up to perform his part of the tragedy, and Lovel stood gazing on the end of which he had been the active, though unwilling cause, with a dizzy and bewildered eye. He was roused from his trance by the grasp of the mendicant. "Why stand you gazing on your doom!—What's doomed is doomed—what's done is past reviling. But awa, awa, if ye wad save your young blood from a shameful death—I am the men out by yonder that are come over late to part ye—but, out and slak! some enough, and over some, to drag ye to prison."

"He is right—he is right," exclaimed Tuffin; "you must not attempt to get on the high-road—get into the wood till night. My help will be under sail by that time, and at three in the morning, when the tide will serve, I shall have the boat waiting for you at the Hunsong. Away—away, for Heaven's sake!"

"O ye! fly, fly!" repeated the wounded man, his words faltering with convulsive sobs.

"Come with me," said the mendicant, almost dragging him off; "the Captain's plan is the best—I'll carry ye to a place where ye might be concealed in the meantime, were they to seek ye wif death-hounds."

"Go, go," again urged Lieutenant Tuffin—"to stay here is mere madness."

"It was worse madness to have come hither," said Lovel, pressing his hand—"But farewell!" And he followed Odithrus into the recesses of the wood.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIRST.

————— The Lord Abbot had a cool
 Subtle and quiet, and resembling as the fire;
 By magic charm he went as deep as hell,
 And if he devil's passions could be kept,
 His thought must come from thence—'In hell is covet,
 Knew, saw to me, to none. ———

THE WISDOM OF A KINGDOM.

LOWEN almost mechanically followed the beggar, who led the way with a hasty and steady pace, through bush and bramble, avoiding the beaten path, and often turning to look whether there were any sounds of pursuit behind them. They sometimes descended into the very bed of the torrent, sometimes kept a narrow and precarious path, that the sheep (which, with the sluttish negligence towards property of that sort universal in Scotland, were allowed to stray in the copse) had made along the very verge of its overhanging banks. From time to time Lowen had a glance of the path which he had traversed the day before in company with Sir Arthur, the Antiquary, and the young ladies. Dejected, embarrassed, and accursed by a thousand ingenuities, as he then was, what would he now have given to regain the sense of innocence which alone can counter-balance a thousand evils! "Yet, then," such was his hasty and involuntary reflection, "even then, guileless and valued by all around me, I thought myself unhappy. What am I now, with this young man's blood upon my hands!—the feeling of guilt which urged me to the deed has now deserted me, as the actual deed himself is sold to do those whom he has tempted to guilt." Even his affection for Ellen Waverley sunk for the time before the first pangs of remorse, and he thought he could have encountered every agency of slighted love to have had the conscious freedom from blood-guiltiness which he possessed in the morning.

These painful reflections were not interrupted by any conversation on the part of his guide, who threaded the thicket before him, now holding back the sprags to make his path easy, now exhorting him to make haste, now muttering to himself, after the custom of solitary and neglected old age, words which might

have escaped Lovel's ear even had he listened to them, in which, apprehended and retained, were too isolated to convey any connected meaning,—a habit which may be often observed among people of the old man's age and calling.

At length, as Lovel, exhausted by his late indisposition, the harrowing feelings by which he was agitated, and the exertion necessary to keep up with his guide in a path so rugged, began to flag and fall behind, two or three very precarious steps placed him on the front of a precipice overhanging with brushwood and rocks. Here a crevice, as narrow in its entrance as a finger-earth, was indicated by a small fissure in the rock, screened by the boughs of an aged oak, which, anchored by its thick and twisted roots in the upper part of the cliff, along its branches almost straight outward from the cliff, screening it effectually from all observation. It might indeed have escaped the attention even of those who had stood at its very opening, as intervening was the portal at which the beggar entered. But within, the cavern was higher and more roomy, cut into two separate branches, which, intersecting each other at right angles, formed an emblem of the cross, and indicated the shape of an anchorit of former times. There are many caves of the same kind in different parts of Scotland. I need only instance those of Gorton, near Roslyn, in a cave well known to the admirers of romantic nature.

The light within the cave was a dusky twilight at the entrance, which faded altogether in the inner recesses. "Four folks has o' this place," said the old man; "to the best o' my knowledge, there's just twa living by myself, and that's Stinging Jack and the Lang Licker. I have had many a thought, that when I find myself auld and feeble, and no able to enjoy God's blessed air any langer, I wad drag myself here w' a pickle sit-mat; and see, there's a bit bonny drapping wall that peeples that selfsame gate summer and winter;—and I wad sit a-stroke myself out here, and stide my removal, like an auld dog that trails its tail up some corner into some back or backstee to gie living things a warning w' the sight o' them it's dead—Ay, and then, when the dogs barked at the lone farmstead, the galewife wad cry, 'Whist, sterra, that'll be auld Edie,' and the bairn o' weans wad up, pair things, and toddle to the door to pe' in the auld Blue-Green that needs a' their bonny-doo—but there wad be nae mair word o' Edie, I trow."

He then led Lovel, who followed him unresistingly, into one of the interior branches of the cave. "Here," he said, "is a bit trapdoor-stair that goes up to the auld kirk above. Some folk say this place was hawkit out by the monks lang syne to hide their treasure in, and some said that they used to bring things into the abbey this gait by night, then they drowin us wad hae brought in by the main port and in open day—And some said that one o' them turned a saint for aillins wad hae had folk think o' us, and seel'd him down in this Saint Ruth's cell, as the auld folks say o'd it, and gar'd big the stak, that he might gang up to the kirk when they were at the divine service. The Laird o' Montbarns wad hae a handle to say about it, as he has about mair things, if he ha'd only about the place. But whether it was made for man's service or God's service, I hae seen ever muckle sin done in it in my day, and for ever muckle hae I been partaker o'—ay, even here in this dark cove. Many a galewife's been wondering what for the red cock dices caw her up in the morning, when he's been roosting, pair-diddle, in this dark hole—And, ah! I wish that and the like o' that had been the worst o' it! Whiles they wad hae heard the din we were making in the very bowels o' the earth, when Sanders Aikwood, that was freeter in those days, the father o' Ringan that now is, was gair danderin about the wood at e'en, to see after the Laird's game—and whiles he wad hae seen a glimmer o' the light frae the door o' the cove, slaughtering against the banks on the other bank;—and then some stories as Sanders had about the wickerwork and green-carlines that haunted about the auld wa's at e'en, and the lights that he had seen, and the cries that he had heard, when there was nae mortal e'e open but his ain; and ah! as he wad thraw them over and over to the like o' me ayont the hagle at e'en, and as I wad gie the auld silly cawfe grass for grass, and take for take, though I ha'd muckle better about it than ever he did. Ay, ay—they were daft days those;—but they were o' reality, and wear,—and it's doring that they wae hae led a light and evil life, and showed charity when they were young, said aillins come to lack it when they are auld."

While Oakthroe was thus recounting the exploits and tricks of his earlier life, with a tone in which gloe and compassion alternately predominated, his unfortunate mother had sat down upon the hermit's seat, hewn out of the auld rock, and alone—

dozed himself to that latitude, both of mind and body, which generally follows a course of events that have agitated both. The effect of his late indisposition, which had much weakened his system, contributed to this lethargic despondency. "The poor betr!" said old Elio, "as he sleeps in this damp hole, he'll maybe weaken his mind, or catch some cold disease. It's no the same to him as to the like o' us, that can sleep any gate as soon our names are th'. Sit up, Master Lovel, lad! After a's come and gone, I dare say the captain-lad will do woe enough—and, after a', ye are no the first that has had this misfortune. I have seen many a man killed, and helped to kill them myself, though there was na quarrel between us—and if it was wrong to kill folk we have na quarrel wi', just because they wear another sort of a cockade, and speak a foreign language, I cannot see but a man may have cause for killing his ain mortal foe, that comes armed to the field to kill him. I think say it's right—God forbid—or that it has naif' to take away what ye cannot restore, and that's the breath of man, which is in his nostrils: but I say it is a sin to be forgiven if it's repeated o'. Black men are we a', but if ye wad believe an auld grey shaver that has seen the evil o' his ways, there is as much promise shown the very lauch o' the Testament as wad save the waird o' us, could we but think on."

With such scraps of comfort and of divinity as he possessed, the weakness thus continued to afflict and compel the attention of Lovel, until the twilight began to fall into night. "Nae," said Goldilocks, "I will carry ye to a nake convenient place, where I has sat many a time to hear the howl cry out of the by bed, and to see the moonlight come through the auld windows o' the ruin. There can be na body come here after this time o' night; and if they has made any search, the Blackguard striv'-officers and constables, it will has been over long eyes. Oo, they are as great comards as thet kilt, wi' a' their warrants and king's boys*—I has gien some o' them a giff in my day, when they were coming rather over near me—but, hanged be grace for it! they came str the now for every war than an auld man and a beggar, and my badge is a gold protection; and then Miss Imelda Warbur is a tower o'

* The king's boys are, in law phrase, the constables and justices used to keep doors and locks, in execution of the king's warrant.

strength, ye han"—(Lovel sigh'd)—"Awed, dinn't be cast down—bowls may a' row right yet—gib the lassie time to ken her mind. She's the wale o' the country for beauty, and a gude friend o' mine—I gang by the bellie-well as safe as by the kirk on a Sabbath—dell any o' them dare hurt a hair o' auld Edie's head now; I keep the women o' the manse when I gae to the kirk, and rub abouters wif a lullie wif an little concern as an he were a brack."

While the mendicant spoke thus, he was busied in removing a few loose stones in one angle of the cave, which cleared the entrance of the staircase of which he had spoken, and led the way into it, followed by Lovel in passive silence.

"The air's free enough," said the old man; "the monks took care o' that, for they were a lung-breathed generation, I reckon; they has contrived queer little-wick holes, that gang out to the open air, and keep the stair as cooler as a bull-blade."

Lovel accordingly found the staircase well aired, and, though narrow, it was neither vulgar nor long, but speedily admitted them into a narrow gallery contrived to run within the side wall of the channel, from which it received air and light through apertures ingeniously hidden amid the florid ornaments of the Gothic architecture.

"This secret passage wae good reveal great part o' the biggie," said the beggar, "and through the w' o' the place I've heard Monks make o' the Refectory" [meaning probably *Dormitory*], "and so awa to the Prior's ain house. It's like he could use it to listen what the monks were saying at meal-time, —and then he might come hen here and see that they were busy straightening awa w' the palms down below there; and then, when he saw a' was right and tight, he might stop awa and fetch in a bonnie lass at the cave yonder—for they were queer hands the monks, unless money loss is made on them. But our folk were at great pains lang syne to lig up the passage in some parts, and put it down in others, for fear o' some unco'ny body getting into it, and finding their way down to the cave: it wad hae been a fishy job that—by my curie, some o' our monks wad hae been eeking."

They now came to a place where the gallery was enlarged into a small circle, sufficient to contain a stone seat. A niche, constructed exactly before it, projected forward into the channel, and as its sides were latticed, as it were, with perforated stone-

work, it commanded a full view of the church in every direction, and was probably constructed, as Edie intimated, to be a convenient watch-tower, from which the superior priest, himself unseen, might watch the behaviour of his monks, and ascertain, by personal inspection, their practical attendance upon those rites of devotion which his rank exempted him from sharing with them. As this niche made one of a regular series which stretched along the wall of the church, and in no respect differed from the rest when seen from below, the secret station, screened as it was by the stone figure of St. Michael and the dragon, and the open tracery around the niche, was completely hid from observation. The private passage, confined to its primitive breadth, had originally continued beyond this seat; but the jealous precautions of the ragnkonde who frequented the cells of St. Ruth had caused them to build it carefully up with heavy stones from the ruin.

"We shall be better here," said Edie, seating himself on the stone bench, and stretching the lapet of his blue gown upon the spot, when he mentioned Lovel to sit down beside him—"we shall be better here than down below; the air's free and cold, and the sorrow of the wallflowers, and sinns shrike as grow on these ruined wa's, is far more refreshing than the damp smell down below yonder. They smell sweetest by night-time, these flowers, and they're moist eyes seen about ruined buildings. Now, Master Lovel, can any of you scholars gie a guile reason for that?"

Lovel replied in the negative.

"I am thinking," resumed the beggar, "that they'll be like many folk's gude gifts, that often seem moist gardens in adversity—or maybe it's a parable, to teach us so to slight them that are in the darkness of sin and the deep of tribulation, since God sends clouds to refresh the wildest heath, and dowers and pleasant bushes to clothe the ruined buildings. And now I wad like a wise man to tell me whether Heaven is moist pleased wif the sight we are looking upon—these pleasant and quiet lang streaks o' moonlight that are lying so still on the face o' this cold hirk, and glancing through the great pillars and stanchions o' the carved windows, and just dancing like on the leaves o' the dark bry as the breath o' wind shakes it—I wonder whether this is mair pleasing to Heaven than when it was lighted up wif lamps, and candles and docht, and ragnies,"

* *Links, or twines.*

and of the earth and the fleshpots that they speak of in the Holy Scriptures, and of organs masculine, and men and women singers, and ecclesiasts, and debauchers, and of instruments of music—I wonder if that was acceptable, or whether it is of those grand periods of oratory that holy writ says, 'It is an abomination to me.' I am thinking, Master Level, if two pair couldn't split the poems and make find grace to make our politics"—

Here Level laid his hand eagerly on the musician's arm, saying,—“Hush! I heard some one speak.”

“I am dull o’ hearing,” answered Edie, in a whisper, “but who nearly said here—where was the sound?”

Level pointed to the door of the chamber, which, lightly ornamented, occupied the west end of the building, augmented by the curved window, which let in a flood of moonlight over it.

“They can be none o’ our folk,” said Edie in the same low and cautious tone; “there’s but two o’ them here o’ the place, and they’re away a mile off, if they are still bound on their weary pilgrimages. I’ll never think it’s the officers here at this time o’ night. I am no believer in such wild stories about ghosts, though this is gay like a place for them—*but mortal, or of the other world, here they come!*—*see now and a light!*”

And in very truth, while the moonlight spoke, two human figures detached with their shadows the entrance of the chamber which had before opened to the moonlit meadow beyond, and the small lantern which one of them displayed, glimmered pale in the clear and strong beams of the moon, as the evening star does among the lights of the departing day. The first and most obvious idea was, that, despite the assurances of Edie Ochilstone, the persons who approached the ruins at an hour so uncommon, must be the officers of justice in quest of Level. But no part of their conduct confirmed the suspicion. A touch and a whisper from the old man warned Level that his best course was to remain quiet, and watch their motions from their present place of concealment. Should anything appear to render retreat necessary, they had behind them the private staircase and cavern, by means of which they could escape into the wood long before any danger of close pursuit. They kept themselves, therefore, as still as possible, and observed with eager and anxious curiosity every sound and motion of these nocturnal wanderers.

After conversing together some time in whispers, the two figures advanced into the middle of the chamber; and a voice, which Level at once recognised, from its tone and distinct, to be that of Demonstrated, pronounced in a louder but still a smothered tone, "Indeed, mine goot sir, dere cannot be one finer hour nor season for de great purpose. You shall see, mine goot sir, dat it is all one blable-babble dat Mr. Ottenbuck says, and dat he knows no more of what he speaks than one little child. Mine soul! he expects to get as rich as one Jew for his poor dirty one hundred pounds, which I care no more about, by mine honest wort, than I care for an hundred silver. But to you, my most wealthiest and severest patron, I will show all de secrets dat art can show—ay, de secret of de great Dynamo!"

"That other one," whispered Edie, "mean by, according to 't' likelihood, Sir Arthur Wardour—I know nobody but himself wad come here at this time at eleven o' clock German Blackguard;—one wad think he's bewitched him—he gave him den true that chaff is clever. Let's see what they can be doing."

This interruption, and the low tone in which Sir Arthur spoke, made Level hear all Sir Arthur's answer to the whisper, excepting the last three emphatic words, "Very great expenses;" to which Demonstrated at once replied—"Expenses!—to be sure—dere must be de great expenses. You do not expect to reap before you do sow de seed: de expenses is de seed—de riches and de value of goot metal, and now de great big chests of plate, they are de crop—very goot crop too, as mine wort. Now, Sir Arthur, you have sowed this night one little seed of tea galloon like one pluck of stuff, or so big; and if you do not reap de great harvest—dat is, de great harvest for de little pluck of seed, for it must be proportionate, you must know—then never call one honest man, Harman Demonstrated. Now you see, mine patron—for I will not conceal mine secret from you at all—you see this little plate of silver; you know de moon measure de whole neckless in de space of twenty-eight day—every child knows dat. Well, I take a silver plate when she is in her fifteenth mansion, which mansion is in de head of John, and I engrave upon one side de words, *Epithymonanth Schartenspan*—dat is, de Richness of de Intelligence of de moon—and I make this picture like a flying serpent with a turkey-cock's head—very well. Then upon this side I make

de table of de moon, which is a square of nine, multiplied into itself, with eighty-one numbers on every side, and character nine—dere it is done very proper. Now I will make de evil me at de change of every quarter-moon dat I shall find by de same proportions of expenses I lay out in de excommunications, so nine, to de product of nine multiplied into itself—But I shall find no more to-right as maybe two or dree times nine, because dere is a thwarting power in de house of excommunication."

"But, Donderwired," said the simple Barnet, "does not this look like magic?—I am a true though unworthy son of the Episcopal church, and I will have nothing to do with the foul fiend."

"Bah! bah!—not a bit magic is it at all—not a bit—it is all founded on de planetary influences, and de sympathy and force of numbers. I will show you much finer dee dee. I do not say dere is not de spirit in it, because of de excommunication; but, if you are not afraid, he shall not be invisible."

"I have no curiosity to see him at all," said the Barnet, whose courage ceased, from a certain quarter in his account, to have taken a fit of the ague.

"But is great pity," said Donderwired; "I should have liked to show you de spirit dat guard de treasure like one these watchdog—but I know how to manage him;—you would not care to see him?"

"Not at all," answered the Barnet, in a tone of feigned indifference; "I think we have but little time."

"You shall pardon me, my potter; it is not yet twelve, and twelve precise is just our planetary hour; and I could show you de spirit very well, in de meanwhile, just for pleasure. You see I would draw a pentagon within a circle, which is no trouble at all, and make my excommunication within it, and dere we would be like in one strong castle, and you would hold de evil while I did my de useful work. Den you should see de solid wall open like de gate of one city, and den—let me see—ay, you should see first one stag pursued by three black greyhounds, and they should pull him down as they do at de doctor's great hearting-match; and den one ugly, little, nasty black negro should appear and take de stag from them—and paf—all should be gone; den you should hear horns whined dat all de reins should ring—naw west, they should play fine hunting piece, as good as him you call Fido with his dog; very well—den

runse one hornel, as we call Bernhard, whinding his horn—and den come de great Peedphan, called de mighty Hunter of de North, mounted on hims black steed. Det you would not care to see all this?"

"Why, I am not afraid," answered the poor Baronet,—"if—that is—does anything—any great mischief, happen on such occasions!"

"Bah! mischief! no!—sometimes if de circle be so quite just, or de beholder be de frightened cowed, and not hold de sword firm and straight towards him, de Great Hunter will take his advantage, and drag him several out of de circle and throttle him. Det does happen."

"Well, then, Donatrowski, with every confidence in my courage and your skill, we will dispense with this apparatus, and go on to the business of the night."

"With all mine heart—it is just one thing to me—and now it is de time—hold you de sword till I kinde de little what you call ship."

Donatrowski accordingly set fire to a little pile of chips, soaked and prepared with some bituminous substance to make them burn slowly; and when the flame was at the highest, and lightened, with its shrivelled glare, all the noise around, the German sang in a handful of perfumes which produced a strong and pungent odour. The candle and his pupil both were so much affected as to cough and sneeze heartily; and, as the vapour floated around the pillars of the building, and penetrated every crevice, it produced the same effect on the beggar and Lord.

"Was that an echo?" said the Baronet, astonished at the stimulation which resounded from above; "or—drawing close to the adept, "can it be the spirit you talked of, ridiculing our attempt upon his hidden treasures?"

"N—n—no," muttered the German, who began to partake of his pupil's terrors, "I hope not."

Here a violent explosion of sneezing, which the merchant was unable to suppress, and which could not be considered by any means as the dying fall of an echo, accompanied by a grunting half-mothered cough, confounded the two treasure-seekers. "Lord have mercy on us!" said the Baronet.

"Alle guten Geister, böse den Herrn!" ejaculated the terrified

"Nath. F. Winkler."

adopt. "I was begun to think," he continued, after a moment's silence, "that this would be the lastestment done in de day-light—we was bestestment to go away just now."

"You juggling vilkins!" said the Baronet, in whose these expressions awakened a suspicion that overcame his terror, concerted as it was with the sense of desperation arising from the apprehension of impending ruin—"you juggling mountebank! this is some legendarian trick of yours to get off from the performance of your promise, as you have so often done before. But, before Heaven! I will this night know what I have trusted to when I suffered you to lead me on to my ruin! Go on, then—come fairy, come fiend, you shall show me that treachery, or confess yourself a knave and an impostor, or, by the faith of a desperate and valiant man, I'll send you where you shall see spirits enough."

The treasure-finder, trembling between his terror for the supernatural beings by whom he supposed himself to be surrounded, and for his life, which seemed to be at the mercy of a desperate man, could only bring out, "Wine patron, this is not the bestestment mags. Consider, mine honored sir, that de spirits"—

Here Edith, who began to enter into the humour of the scene, uttered an extraordinary loud, being an exclamation and a prolongation of the most deplorable wine in which he was accustomed to exhibit charity.

Dunstrevel flung himself on his knees—"Dear Sir Arthur, let us go, or let me go!"

"No, you cheating scoundrel!" said the knight, unsheathing the sword which he had brought for the purposes of the execution, "that stick shall not serve you—Montbarns warned me long since of your juggling pranks—I will see this treachery before you leave this place, or I will have you confess yourself an impostor, or, by Heaven, I'll run this sword through you, though all the spirits of the dead should rise around us!"

"For de love of Heaven be patient, mine honored patron, and you shall have all de treasure as I knows of—yes, you shall indeed—But do not speak about de spirits—it makes dem angry."

Edith Odithwaite here prepared himself to throw in another grain, but was restrained by Lord, who began to take a more serious interest, as he observed the circuit and almost desperate

demeanour of Sir Arthur. Donasterwired, having at once before his eyes the fear of the bad deed, and the violence of Sir Arthur, played his part of a conjurer extremely ill, hesitating to assume the degree of confidence necessary to deceive the latter, but it should give offence to the inevitable cause of his doom. However, after rolling his eyes, muttering and spitting German exorcisms, with contortions of his face and person, rather flowing from the impulse of terror than of meditated fraud, he at length proceeded to a corner of the building where a flat stone lay upon the ground, bearing upon its surface the effigy of an armed warrior in a recumbent posture carved in bas-relief. He muttered to Sir Arthur, "Mine patrios, it is here—Out were we all!"

Sir Arthur, who, after the first moment of his superstitious fear was over, seemed to have bent up all his faculties to the pitch of resolution necessary to carry on the adventure, lent the adept his assistance to turn over the stone, which, by means of a lever that the adept had provided, their joint force with difficulty effected. No supernatural light burst forth from below to indicate the subterranean treasury, nor was there any apparition of spirits, visible or inferred. But when Donasterwired had, with great trepidation, struck a few strokes with a mallet, and as hastily thrown out a shovelful or two of earth (for they came provided with the tools necessary for digging), something was heard to ring like the sound of a falling piece of metal, and Donasterwired, hastily catching up the substance which produced it, and which his shovel had thrown out along with the earth, exclaimed, "On mine dear wert, mine patrios, this is all—it is indeed; I mean all we can do to-night!"—and he passed round him with a covering and fearful glance, as if to see from what corner the stronger of his imposture was to start forth.

"Let me see it," said Sir Arthur; and then repeated, still more sternly, "I will be satisfied—I will judge by mine own eyes." He accordingly held the object to the light of the lantern. It was a small case, or packet,—for Lord could not at the distance exactly discern its shape, which, from the Barrow's condemnation as he opened it, he concluded was filled with coin. "Ay," said the Barrow, "this is being indeed is good luck! and if it comes proportional success upon a larger venture, the venture shall be made. That six hundred of Goldberweds, added to the other hundred dollars, must

have been vain indeed. If you think we can carry it by repeating this experiment—suppose when the moon next changes,—I will hazard the necessary advances, come by it how I may.”

“Oh, mine good patrons, do not speak about all that,” said Donkerscheldt, “as just now, but help me to put the stones to do right, and let us begone our own ways.” And accordingly, so soon as the stone was replaced, he hurried Sir Arthur, who was now resigned more than to his guidance, away from a spot, where the German’s guilty conscience and superstitious fears represented gold as lurking behind each pillar with the purpose of punishing his treachery.

“Saw anybody *er* the like *o’* that?” said Edie, when they had disappeared like shadows through the gate by which they had entered—“saw any creature living *er* the like *o’* that!—But what can we do for that pair dotted devil of a knight-lance? Oh, he showed muscle make speak, too, then! I thought had been in him—I thought he wad hae sent out o’ him through the vapours!—Sir Arthur wad hae half an hour at Donkerscheldt’s feet to-night—but then, his blood was up even now, and that makes an even difference. I hae seen many a man wad hae felled another as angry him, that wad hae muscle has liked a clink against Cranston’s horn you tice. But what’s to be done?”

“I suppose,” said Lovel, “his faith in this fellow is entirely restored by this deception, which, unquestionably, he had arranged beforehand.”

“What! the other?—Ay, ay—trust him for that—they that hide bay best where to find. He wants to wile him out *o’* his last grime, and then escape to his ain country, the land-leaper. I wad likk wad just to hae come in at the dipping-time, and given him a bonnet *wt* my pike-staff; he wad hae tane it for a bonnet frae some *o’* the wild dird shelds. But it’s best us to be rash; striking them gang by strength, but by the galling *o’* the gally. I’ve be upbraid *wt* him so day.”

“What if you should inform Mr. Chisholm?” said Lovel.

“Oh, I dunee ken—Monkburne and Sir Arthur are like, and yet they’re no the neither. Monkburne has wiles influence *wt* him, and wiles Sir Arthur sees an idle about him as about the like *o’* me. Monkburne is so that ever wiles himself, in some things;—he wad believe a bodie to be an wild Roman cat, as he cat it, or a ditch to be a camp, upon any looking

that life felt made about it. I has giv'd him true money a quar tak' myself, gude forgi'e me. But wif o' that, he has want little sympathy wif ilker folk; and he's small and dour enough in carling up their wrongs to them, as if he had none o' his ain. He'll listen the hale day, as ye'll tell him about tales o' Wallace, and Blind Harry, and David Lindsay; but ye maunna speak to him about ghosts or faeries, or spirits walking the earth, or the like o' that;—he had waukit long and chosen out o' the window (and he might just as well ha' thung awa his best wig after him), for throoping he had seen a ghast at the hemlock-burns. Now, if he was taking it up in this way, he wad set up the tother's bane, and maybe do mair ill nor gude—he's done that twice or thrice about these misdeeds; ye wad thought Sir Arthur had a pleasure in gann on wif them the deuper, the mair he was warned against it by Montrose."

"What say ye then," said Lovel, "to letting Miss Warden know the circumstances?"

"Oo, gude thing, how could she stop her father doing his pleasure?—and, besides, what wad it help? There's a sough in the country about that six hundred pounds, and there's a wicker chair in Edinburgh has been driving the square-words o' the law up to the head into Sir Arthur's sides to get him pay it, and if he canna, he maun gang to jail or flee the country. He's like a desperate man, and just catches at this chance as o' he has left, to escape witer perdition; so what signifies playin' the pair hounds about what canna be helped? And besides, to say the truth, I wadna like to tell the secret o' this place. It's mair convenient, ye are p'cessell, to ha'e a hiding-hole o' one's ain; and though I be out o' the line o' meddling an' o'er saw, and trust in the power o' grace that I'll na'er do anything to send ane again, yet wadna I know what temptation ane may be giv' over to—and, to be brief, I deems wile the thought o' anybodie knowin' about the place;—they say, keep a thing seven year, an' ye'll aye find a use for't—and maybe I may need the cove, either for myself, or for some ilker body."

This argument, in which Edie Colclithrie, notwithstanding his scruple of morality and of civility, seemed to take, perhaps from old habit, a personal interest, could not be handsomely controverted by Lovel, who was at that moment copying the

benefit of the secret of which the old man appeared to be so jealous.

This incident, however, was of great service to Lovell, in diverting his mind from the unhappy occurrence of the accident, and considerably raising the courage which had been wrung by the first view of his calamity. He reflected that it by no means necessarily followed that a dangerous wound must be a fatal one—that he had been hurried from the spot even before the surgeon had expressed any opinion of Captain McIntyre's situation—and that he had fallen on earth in person, even should the very worst be true, which, if they could not restore his peace of mind or sense of innocence, would furnish a motive for enduring existence, and at the same time render it a course of active benevolence.—Such were Lovell's feelings, when the hour arrived when, according to Edith's calculation—who, by some train or process of his own in observing the heavenly bodies, stood independent of the assistance of a watch or time-keeper—it was fitting they should leave their hiding-place, and break themselves to the weather, in order to meet Lieutenant Talbot's boat according to appointment.

They retreated by the narrow passage which had admitted them to the prior's secret seat of observation, and when they issued from the grove into the wood, the birds which began to chirp, and even to sing, announced that the dawn was advanced. This was confirmed by the light and amber clouds that appeared over the sea, as soon as their exit from the copse permitted them to view the horizon.—Morning, said to be friendly to the senses, has probably obtained this character from its effect upon the fancy and feelings of mankind. Even to those who, like Lovell, have spent a sleepless and anxious night, the breeze of the dawn brings strength and quickening both of mind and body. It was, therefore, with renewed health and vigour that Lovell, guided by the trusty mountebank, brushed away the dew as he traversed the downs which divided the Dean of St. Bath, as the track surrounding the ruins were popularly called, from the sea-shore.

The first level beam of the sun, as his brilliant disk began to emerge from the sea, shot full upon the little gully-berg which was lapped in the offing—close to the shore the boat was already waiting, Talbot himself, with his naval cloak wrung about him, stood in the stern. He jumped ashore when he

saw the merchant and Lord approach, and, shaking the latter heartily by the hand, begged him not to be cast down. "McIntyre's wound," he said, "was doubtful, but far from desperate." His attention had got Lord's baggage privately sent on board the brig; "and," he said, "he trusted that, if Lord chose to stay with the vessel, the possibility of a short cruise would be the only disagreeable consequence of his encounter. As for himself, his time and motions were a good deal at his own disposal, he said, "excepting the necessary obligation of remaining on his station."

"We will talk of our further motions," said Lord, "as we go on board."

Then turning to Edie, he endeavored to put money into his hand. "I think," said Edie, as he tendered it back again, "the hole folk here have either gone deaf, or they has made a vow to ruin my trade, as they say over meekle water drowns the miller. I has had their good offices on within this two or three weeks than I ever saw in my life since. Keep the silver, but—ye'll has need o't, I'm warrant ye, and I has none; my share is no great things, and I get a blue gown every year, and as many silver gowns as the king, God bless him, is your said—you and I serve the same master, ye has, Captain Tallit; there's rigging provided for—and my meat and drink I get for the taking in my wounds, or, at an oar time, I can gang a day without it, for I make it a rule never to pay for none;—so that o't the silver I need is just to buy tobacco and snuffin, and maybe a dram at a time in a cold day, though I am no drunk-drinker to be a gibeheadle;—now take back your good, and just gie me a fly-whistle duffing."

Upon these words, which he imagined intimately connected with the honour of his regulated profession, Edie was flint and adamant, not to be moved by rhetoric or entreaty; and therefore Lord was under the necessity of again prodding his intended hoary, and taking a friendly leave of the merchant by shaking him by the hand, and assuring him of his cordial gratitude for the very important services which he had rendered him, recommending, at the same time, secrecy as to what they had that night witnessed.—"Ye needna doubt that," said Ochiltree; "I never told tale out o' ye since in my life, though many a queer thing I has seen in't."

The boat now put off. The old man continued looking after

It as it made rapidly towards the brig under the impetus of six stout rowers, and Lovel beheld him again wave his blue banner as a token of farewell ere he turned from his fixed posture, and began to move slowly along the beach as if resuming his customary perambulations.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SECOND.

When Bayonet, in his chest pent,
Laughs at such danger and achievement
When half his hands are spent in golden snuff,
And now his second hopeful glance is broken,
But yet, if happy his third fortune hold,
Beneath all his pots and pans to gild.^{*}

ABOUT a week after the adventures commemorated in our last chapter, Mr. Oldbuck, descending to his breakfast-parlour, found that his watchtowers were not upon duty, his toast not made, and the silver jug, which was wont to receive his libations of morn, not duly aired for its reception.

"This confounded hot-brained boy!" he said to himself, "now that he begins to get out of danger, I can tolerate this life no longer. All goes to nine and seven—an universal earthquake seems to be predicted in my peaceful and orderly family. I ask for my sister—no answer. I call, I shout—I invoke my inmates by every name that the Romans gave to their deities—at length Jenny, whose shrill voice I have heard this half-hour piping in the Tartarian regions of the kitchen, condescends to hear me and reply, but without coming up stairs, so the conversation must be continued at the top of my lungs."—Here he again began to holler aloud—"Jenny, where's Miss Oldbuck?"

"Miss Grizz's in the captain's room."

"Ugh!—I thought so—and where's my sister?"

"Miss Mary's making the captain's tea."

"Ugh! I supposed as much again—and where's Cass?"

"Awa to the town about the captain's fowling-gun, and his setting-dog."

* The author cannot remember where these lines are to be found: perhaps in Bishop Hall's *satires*. (They were in Book iv. Satire vi.)

"And who the devil's to dress my pointer, you silly John!—when you know that Miss Warkton and Sir Arthur were coming here early after breakfast, how could you let Canon go on such a Tumbler's errand!"

"He! what could I hinder him!—your honour would, but we contrived the captain's new, and him maybe doing?"

"Dying!" said the shrewd antiquary,—"oh! what! has he been worse?"

"No, he's no more worse than I am of!"

"Then he must be better—and what good is a dog and a gun to do here, but the one to destroy all my furniture, steel from my ladder, and perhaps worry the cat, and the other to shoot somebody through the head. He has but grunting and piddling enough to serve him, one while, I should think."

Here Miss O'Shack entered the parlor, at the door of which O'Shack was carrying on this conversation, he following downward to Jerry, and she again screaming upward in reply.

"Dear brother," said the old lady, "ye'll cry yourself as hoarse as a corbie—is that the way to struggle when there's a sick person in the house?"

"Upon my word, the sick person's like to have all the house to himself,—I have gone without my breakfast, and am like to go without my wig; and I must not, I suppose, presume to say I feel either hungry or cold, for fear of disturbing the sick gentleman who has six rooms off, and who feels himself well enough to send for his dog and gun, though he knows I detest such implements ever since our sister brother, poor WILLERICK, reached out of the world as a pair of damp feet, caught in the Kithbittin'-moss. But that signifies nothing; I suppose I shall be expected by and by to lend a hand to carry Captain Hector out upon his litter, while he indulges his sportsman-like propensities by shooting my pigeons, or my turkeys—I think any of the five nations are safe from him for one while."

Miss M'Intyre now entered, and began to her usual morning's task of arranging her master's breakfast, with the startiness of one who is too late in setting about a task, and is anxious to make

"It is, I believe, a piece of free-masonry, or a point of conscience, among the British lower orders, never to admit that a patient is doing better. The closest approach to courtesy which they can be brought to allow, is, that the party inquired after is "like worse."

up for last time. But this did not avail her. "Take care, you silly wenchkind—that man's too near the fire—the bottle will burst; and I suppose you intend to reduce the toast to ainder as a burnt-offering for Jem, or what do you call her—the female dog there, with some such Foxhoun kind of a name, that poor wise brother has, in his first moments of mature reflection, ordered up as a fitting inmate of my house (I think him), and meet company to aid the rest of the wenchkind of my household in their daily conversation and intervarious with him."

"Dear uncle, don't be angry about the poor spindly; she's been tied up at my brother's lodgings at Fairport, and she's broke her chain twice, and come running down here to him; and you would not have us lose the faithful beast away from the door?—It seems as if it had some sense of poor Hector's misfortune, and will hardly stir from the door of his room."

"Why," said his uncle, "they said Grace had gone to Fairport after his dog and gun."

"O dear sir, no," answered Miss McIntyre, "it was to fetch some dressings that were wanted, and Hector only wished him to bring out his gun, as he was going to Fairport at my rate."

"Well, then, it is not altogether so foolish a business, considering what a mass of wenchkind have been about it—Dressings, quotha!—and who is to dress my wight?—But I suppose Jenny will undertake"—continued the old bachelor, looking at himself in the glass—"to make it somewhat decent. And now let us set to breakfast—with what appetite we may. Well may I say to Hector, as Sir Isaac Newton did to his dog Diamond, when the animal (I detect dogs) flung down the taper among calculations which had occupied the philosopher for twenty years, and consumed the whole mass of materials—Diamond, Diamond, thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!"

"I assure you, sir," replied his niece, "my brother is quite sensible of the rudeness of his own behaviour, and allows that Mr. Lovel behaved very handsomely."

"And much good that will do, when he has frightened the lad out of the country! I tell thee, Mary, Hector's understanding, and for a man that of fondness, is inadequate to comprehend the extent of the loss which he has sustained to the present age and to posterity—curses golden ages—a

poem on such a subject, with notes illustrative of all that is clear, and all that is dark, and all that is neither dark nor clear, but hovers in dusky twilight in the region of Chalcidian antiquities. I would have made the Celtic paragonists look about them. Pregel, as they somewhat term Pin-Mac-Cool, should have disappeared before my search, rolling himself in his cloud like the spirit of Leda. Such an opportunity can hardly again occur to an ancient and prejudiced man; and to me it had by the making of a hot-headed boy! But I submit—Hansen's will be done!"

Thus continued the Antiquary to himself, as his sister expressed it, during the whole time of breakfast, while, despite of sugar and honey, and all the comforts of a Scottish morning tea-table, his reflections rendered the meal bitter to all who heard them. But they knew the nature of the man. "Mind-burner's bark," said Miss Griselda Oldenck, in confidential intercourse with Miss Wilhelmina Hastingport, "is weaker ever than his bile."

In fact, Mr. Oldenck had suffered in school extremely while his nephew was in actual danger, and now set himself at liberty, upon his returning health, to indulge in complaints respecting the trouble he had been put to, and the interruption of his antiquarian labours. Listened to, therefore, in respectful silence, by his niece and sister, he unfolded his discontent in such groundings as we have rehearsed, venting many a sentence against muskets, soldiers, dogs, and guns, all which implements of noise, blood, and tumult, as he called them, he professed to hold in utter abomination.

This expostoration of spleen was suddenly interrupted by the noise of a carriage without, when, shaking off all reluctance at the sound, Oldenck ran stealthily up stairs and down stairs, for both operations were necessary ere he could receive Miss Warkton and her father at the door of his mansion.

A cordial greeting passed on both sides. And Sir Arthur, referring to his previous inquiries by letter and message, requested to be particularly informed of Captain M'Tony's health.

"Better than he deserves," was the answer—"better than he deserves, for disturbing us with his ruses, hoards, and breaking God's peace and the King's."

"The young gentleman," Sir Arthur said, "had been impru-

sent; but he understood they were imputed to him for the detection of a suspicious character in the young man Lovel."

"No more suspicious than his own," answered the Antiquary, eager in his favourite's defence;—"the young gentleman was a little foolish and headstrong, and refused to answer Doctor's important interrogatories—that is all. Lovel, Sir Arthur, knows how to choose his confidants better—Ay, Miss Worslow, you may look at me—but it is very true;—it was in my house that he deposited the secret cause of his residence at Fairport; and no stone should have been left unturned on my part to assist him in the pursuit to which he had dedicated himself."

On hearing this magnanimous declaration on the part of the old Antiquary, Miss Worslow changed colour more than once, and could hardly trust her own ears. For of all confidants to be selected as the depository of love affairs,—and such she naturally supposed must have been the subject of communication,—next to Miss Childress, Oldbuck seemed the most unworthy and extraordinary; nor could she sufficiently strain or fret at the extraordinary combination of circumstances which thus threw a secret of such a delicate nature into the possession of persons so unlikely to be entrusted with it. She had not to fear the mode of Oldbuck's entering upon the affair with her father, for such, she doubted not, was his intention. She well knew that the honest gentleman, however violent in his prejudices, had no great sympathy with those of others, and she had to fear a most unpleasant explosion upon an indiscreetness taking place between them. It was therefore with great anxiety that she heard her father request a private interview, and observed Oldbuck readily arise and show the way to his library. She remained behind, attempting to converse with the ladies of Montbarns, but with the distracted feelings of Macbeth, when compelled to dispute his evil conscience by listening and replying to the observations of the attendant women upon the storm of the preceding night, while his whole soul is upon the stretch to listen for the clasp of murder, which he knows must be instantly raised by those who have entered the sleeping apartment of Devena. But the conversation of the two virgins turned on a subject very different from that which Miss Worslow apprehended.

"Mr. Oldbuck," said Sir Arthur, when they had, after a due exchange of courtesies, fairly seated themselves in the armchairs

anxious of the Antiquary,—“you, who know so much of my family matters, may probably be surprised at the question I am about to put to you.”

“Why, Sir Arthur, if it relates to money, I am very sorry, but”——

“It does relate to money matters, Mr. Oldbuck.”

“Really, then, Sir Arthur,” continued the Antiquary, “in the present state of the money-market—and stocks being so low”——

“You mistake my meaning, Mr. Oldbuck,” said the Baronet; “I wished to ask your advice about laying out a large sum of money to advantage.”

“The devil!” exclaimed the Antiquary; and, sensible that his involuntary question of wonder was not over and above civil, he proceeded to qualify it by expressing his joy that Sir Arthur should have a sum of money to lay out when the commodity was so scarce. “And as for the mode of employing it,” said he, pausing, “the funds are low at present, as I said before, and there are good bargains of land to be had. But had you not better begin by clearing off encumbrances, Sir Arthur?—There is the man in the parson’s head—and the three notes of hand,” continued he, taking out of the right-hand drawer of his cabinet a certain red memorandum-book, of which Sir Arthur, from the experience of former frequent appeals to it, shuddered the very sight—“with the interest thereon, amounting altogether to—let me see”——

“To about a thousand pounds,” said Sir Arthur, hastily; “you told me the amount the other day.”

“But there’s another term’s interest due since that, Sir Arthur, and it amounts (gross amount) to eleven hundred and thirteen pounds, seven shillings, five pence, and three-fourths of a penny sterling—But look over the statement yourself.”

“I declare you are quite right, my dear sir,” said the Baronet, putting away the book with his hand, as one rejects the old-fashioned civility that presses food upon you after you have eaten till you are sick—“perfectly right, I dare say; and in the course of three days or less you shall have the full value—that is, if you choose to accept it in full.”

“Billion! I suppose you mean land. What the deuce! have we hit on the vein then at last? But what could I do

with a thousand pounds' worth, and upwards, of land! The former abbots of Tootonsey might have needed their church and monastery with it indeed—but for me!—

"By bullion," said the Baronet, "I mean the precious metals,—gold and silver."

"Ay! indeed!—and from what Eldorado is this treasure to be imported?"

"Not far from hence," said Sir Arthur, significantly. "And now I think of it, you shall see the whole process, on one small condition."

"And what is that?" asked the Antiquary.

"Why, it will be necessary for you to give me your friendly assistance, by advancing one hundred pounds or thereabouts."

Mr. Oldbuck, who had already been grasping in turn the sum, principal and interest, of a debt which he had long regarded as well-nigh desperate, was so much astonished at the talism being so unexpectedly turned upon him, that he could only re-echo, in an accent of awe and surprise, the words, "Advance one hundred pounds!"

"Yes, my good sir," continued Sir Arthur; "but upon the best possible security of being repaid in the course of two or three days."

There was a pause—either Oldbuck's mother jaw had not recovered its position, so as to enable him to utter a negative, or his curiosity kept him silent.

"I would not propose to you," continued Sir Arthur, "to oblige me thus far, if I did not possess actual proofs of the reality of those expectations which I now hold out to you. And I assure you, Mr. Oldbuck, that in entering fully upon this topic, it is my purpose to show my confidence in you, and my sense of your kindness on many former occasions."

Mr. Oldbuck professed his sense of obligation, but carefully avoided committing himself by any promise of further assistance.

"Mr. Deconstructed," said Sir Arthur, "having discovered"—

Here Oldbuck broke in, his eyes sparkling with indignation. "Sir Arthur, I have as often warned you of the knavery of that rascally quack, that I really wonder you should quote him to me."

"But taken—taken," interrupted Sir Arthur in his turn, "it will do you no harm. In short, Donatservill persuaded me to witness an experiment which he had made in the ruins of St. Ruth—and what do you think we found?"

"Another spring of water, I suppose, of which the monks had belaboured taken care to ascertain the situation and source."

"No, indeed—a basket of gold and silver coins—these they are."

With that, Sir Arthur drew from his pocket a large man's box, with a copper cover, containing a considerable quantity of coins, chiefly silver, but with a few gold pieces intermixed. The Antiquary's eyes glighted as he eagerly spread them out on the table.

"Upon my word—Scottish, English, and foreign coins, of the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries, and some of them rare—a curious—also valuable! Here is the breast-plate of James V., the mirror of James II.,—ay, and the gold tasset of Queen Mary, with her head and the Dauphin's. And these were really found in the ruins of St. Ruth?"

"Most assuredly—my own eyes witnessed it."

"Well," replied Oldbuck; "but you must tell me the when—the where—the how."

"The when," answered Sir Arthur, "was at midnight the last full moon—the where, as I have told you, in the ruins of St. Ruth's priory—the how, was by a nocturnal experiment of Donatservill, accompanied only by myself."

"Indeed!" said Oldbuck; "and what means of discovery did you employ?"

"Only a simple self-ignition," said the Baronet, "accompanied by swelling ourselves of the admirable planetary horn."

"Simple self-ignition? simple incantation—planetary horn? planetary talisman! *Septem divinatoria artha*. My dear Sir Arthur, that fellow has made a gull of you above ground and under ground, and he would have made a gull of you in the air too, if he had been by when you was craned up the devil's tar-pole yonder at Habbet-head—he be sure the transmutation would have been then peculiarly auspicious."

"Well, Sir. Oldbuck, I am obliged to you for your indifferent opinion of my discovery; but I think you will give me credit for having seen what I say I saw."

"Certainly, Sir Arthur," said the Antiquary,—"in this extent

at least, that I know Sir Arthur Wardour will not say he saw anything but what he thought he saw."

"Well, then," replied the Baronet, "as there is a heaven above us, Mr. Oldback, I saw, with my own eyes, those coins dug out of the channel of St. Barth at midnight. And as to Donatservill, although the discovery he owing to his witness, yet, to tell the truth, I do not think he would have had firmness of mind to have gone through with it if I had not been beside him."

"Ay! indeed!" said Oldback, in the tone used when one wishes to hear the end of a story before making any comment.

"Yes truly," answered Sir Arthur—"I assure you I was upon my guard—we did hear some very uncommon sounds, that is certain, proceeding from among the ruins."

"Oh, you did?" said Oldback; "an accomplice hid among them, I suppose?"

"Not a jot," said the Baronet;—"the sounds, though of a hideous and supernatural character, rather resembled those of a man who snored violently than any other—one deep groan I certainly heard besides; and Donatservill assures me that he beheld the spirit Puckish, the Great Hunter of the North—(look for him in your *Nicholas Bonagias*, or *Petrus Thyracon*, Mr. Oldback)—who mimicked the motion of snuff-taking and its effects."

"Those indications, however singular as proceeding from such a personage, seem to have been apocryph to the matter," said the Antiquary; "for you see the case, which includes these coins, has all the appearance of being an old-fashioned Scottish snuff-mill. But you persevered, in spite of the terrors of this wondrous goblin?"

"Why, I think it probable that a man of inferior sense or courage might have given way; but I was jealous of an imposture, conscious of the duty I owed to my family in maintaining my courage under every contingency, and therefore I compelled Donatservill, by actual and violent threats, to proceed with what he was about to do;—and, oh, the proof of his skill and honesty in this parcel of gold and silver pieces, out of which I beg you to select such coins or medals as will best suit your collection."

"Why, Sir Arthur, since you are so good, and on condition you will permit me to mark the value according to Pinkerton's

catalogue and appreciation, against your account in my red book, I will with pleasure assert"—

"Nay," said Sir Arthur Wardour, "I do not mean you should consider them as anything but a gift of friendship and least of all would I stand by the valuation of your friend Pinchot, who has impugned the ancient and trustworthy authorities upon which, as upon reasonable and man-grown pillars, the credit of Scottish antiquities reposed."

"Ay, ay," rejoined Oldback, "you mean, I suppose, Blair and Bower, the Justin and Boas, not of history but of falsification and forgery. And notwithstanding all you have told me, I look on your friend Donatocrevil, to be as apocryphal as any of them."

"Why then, Mr. Oldback," said Sir Arthur, "not to mention old disrepute, I suppose you think, that because I believe in the ancient history of my country, I have neither eyes nor ears to ascertain what modern events pass before me?"

"Pardon me, Sir Arthur," rejoined the Antiquary; "but I consider all the effluvia of terror which this worthy gentleman, your confidant, chose to play off, as being merely one part of his trick or artistry. And with respect to the gold or silver coins, they are so mixed and mingled in country and date, that I cannot suppose they could be any genuine hoard, and rather suppose them to be, like the pieces upon the table of Shaffner's lawyer—

—Keep placed for show,
Like antiques, to make clients lay,
And for his false opinions pay.—

It is the trick of all professions, my dear Sir Arthur. Pray, may I ask you how much this discovery cost you?"

"About ten guineas."

"And you have gained what is equivalent to twenty in actual bullion, and what may be perhaps worth as much more to such fools as ourselves, who are willing to pay for curiosity. This was allowing you a tempting profit on the first hazard, I must needs admit. And what is the next venture to propose?"

"An hundred and fifty pounds;—I have given him one-third part of the money, and I thought it likely you might assist me with the balance."

"I should think that this cannot be meant as a parting blow

—It is not of weight and importance sufficient; he will probably let us win this hand also, as sharpers manage a rive gamster. —Sir Arthur, I hope you believe I would screw you?"

"Certainly, Mr. Oldbuck; I think my confidence in you on these occasions leaves no room to doubt that."

"Well, then, allow me to speak to Donsterswivel. If the money can be advanced usefully and advantageously for you, wig, for old neighbourhood's sake, you shall not want it; but if, as I think, I can recover the treasure for you without making such an advance, you will, I presume, have no objection?"

"Unquestionably, I can have none whatsoever."

"Then where is Donsterswivel?" continued the Antiquary.

"To tell you the truth, he is in my carriage below; but knowing your prejudice against him"——

"I thank Heaven, I am not prejudiced against any man, Sir Arthur: it is systems, not individuals, that incur my reprehension." He rang the bell. "Jenny, Sir Arthur and I offer our compliments to Mr. Donsterswivel, the gentleman in Sir Arthur's carriage, and beg to have the pleasure of speaking with him here."

Jenny departed and delivered her message. It had been by no means a part of the project of Donsterswivel to let Mr. Oldbuck into his supposed mystery. He had relied upon Sir Arthur's obtaining the necessary accommodation without any discussion as to the nature of the application, and only waited below for the purpose of possessing himself of the deposit as soon as possible, for he feared that his career was drawing to a close. But when summoned to the presence of Sir Arthur and Mr. Oldbuck, he resolved gallantly to put confidence in his powers of impudence, of which, the reader may have observed, his natural share was very liberal.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THIRD.

————— *And this Doctor,*
 Your every monkey-headed companion, he
 Will show you so much gold in a bolt's head,
 And, as a lure, convey in the steel another
 With subtler meaning, that shall tempt 't the best,
 And all fly out to foam. ———

THE ALIENIST.

"How do you do, good Mr. Oldenback! and I do hope your young gentleman, Captain McIntyre, is getting better again! Ah! it is a hot business when young gentlemen will put lead balls into each other's body."

"Lead adventures of all kinds are very precious, Mr. Deamsterford; but I am happy to learn," continued the Antiquary, "from my friend Sir Arthur, that you have taken up a better trade, and become a discoverer of gold."

"Ah, Mr. Oldenback, mine good and honoured patron should not have told a word about that little matter; for, though I have all reliance—yes, indeed, on good Mr. Oldenback's promise and discretion, and his great friendship for Sir Arthur Warden—yet, my heavens! it is an great pondorous secret."

"More pondorous than any of the metal we shall make by it, I fear," answered Oldenback.

"That is just as you shall have the faith and the patience for the grand experiment—If you join with Sir Arthur, as he is put one hundred and fifty—say, here is one fifty in your dirty Fairport bank-note—you put one other hundred and fifty in the dirty note, and you shall have the pure gold and silver, I cannot tell how much."

"Not any use for you, I believe," said the Antiquary. "But, look you, Mr. Deamsterford: Suppose, without troubling this same sneaking spirit with any further fardigations, we should go to a body, and having fair day-light and our good consciences to help'd us, using no other enquiring implements than good substantial pick-axes and shovels, fairly trench the side of the channel in the ruins of St. Mark, from one end to the other, and so ascertain the existence of this supposed treasure, without

putting ourselves to any further expense—the reins belong to Sir Arthur himself, so there can be no objection—do you think we shall succeed in this way of managing the matter?"

"Bah!—you will not find me eager of gold.—But Sir Arthur will do his pleasure. I have showed him how it is possible—very possible—to have de great sum of money for his conscience—I have showed him de real experiment. If he then not to believe, goot Mr. Oldenbuck, it is nothing to Herman Donnerstedt—he only lose de money and de gold and de silvers—that is all."

Sir Arthur Wardour cast an intimidated glance at Oldbuck, who, especially when present, held, notwithstanding their frequent difference of opinion, no military influence over his sentiments. In truth, the Baronet felt, what he would not willingly have acknowledged, that his genius stood related below that of the Antiquary. He respected him as a shrewd, penetrating, earnest character—feared his satire, and had some confidence in the general soundness of his opinions. He therefore looked at him as if desiring his leave before indulging his credulity. Donnerstedt saw he was in danger of losing his hope, unless he could make some favorable impression on the adviser.

"I know, my goot Mr. Oldenbuck, it is one vanity to speak to you about de spirit and de golda. But look at this curious horn—I know, you know de curiosity of all de countries, and how de great Oldenburgh horn, as they keep still in the Museum at Copenhagen, was given to de Duke of Oldenburgh by one female spirit of de wood. Now I could not put one trick on you if I were willing—you who know all de curiosity as well—and dese it is de horn full of coins;—if it had been a box or case, I would have said nothing."

"Being a horn," said Oldbuck, "does indeed strengthen your argument. It was an implement of nature's fashioning, and therefore much used among rude nations, although, it may be, the metaphorical horn is more frequent in proportion to the progress of civilization. And this present horn," he continued, rubbing it upon his sleeve, "is a curious and reasonable relic, and no doubt was intended to prove a cornucopia, or horn of plenty, to some one or other; but whether to the adept or his patron, may be justly doubted."

"Well, Mr. Oldenback, I find you still hard of belief—but let me assure you, *de mensche verstaen de magische.*"

"Let us leave talking of the magicians, Mr. Demonstrevil, and think a little about the magicians. Are you aware that this occupation of yours is against the law of England, and that both Sir Arthur and myself are in the commission of the peace?"

"Mine heaven! and what is dat to de purpose when I am doing you all de good I can?"

"Why, you must know that when the legislature abolished the cruel laws against witchcraft, they had no hope of destroying the superstitious feelings of humanity on which such delusions had been founded; and to prevent those feelings from being tempered with by artful and designing persons, it is enacted by the wish of George the Second, chap. 5, that whosoever shall pretend, by his alleged skill in any occult or crafty science, to discover such goods as are lost, stolen or concealed, he shall suffer punishment by pillory and imprisonment, as a common cheat and impostor."

"And is dat de law?" asked Demonstrevil, with some agitation.

"Thyself shall see the act," replied the Antiquary.

"Don, gentlemen, I shall take my leave of you, dat is all; I do not like to stand on your what you call pillory—it is very bad way to take de air, I think; and I do not like your prisons no more, where one cannot take de air at all."

"If such be your taste, Mr. Demonstrevil," said the Antiquary, "I advise you to stay where you are, for I cannot let you go, unless it be in the society of a constable; and, moreover, I expect you will attend as just now to the ruins of St. Bath, and point out the place where you propose to find this treasure."

"Mine heaven, Mr. Oldenback! what usage is this to your old friend, when I tell you as plain as I can speak, dat if you go now, you will not get so much treasure as one poor shabby digger?"

"I will try the experiment, however, and you shall be dealt with according to its success,—always with Sir Arthur's permission."

Sir Arthur, during this investigation, had looked extremely embarrassed, and, to use a vulgar but expressive phrase, *drop-
ped it.*

fallen. Oldbuck's obstinate disbelief led him strongly to suspect the imposture of Donatowick, and the adept's mode of keeping his ground was less resolute than he had expected. Yet he did not entirely give him up.

"Mr. Oldbuck," said the Baronet, "you do Mr. Donatowick less than justice. He has undertaken to make this discovery by the use of his art, and by applying characters descriptive of the Intelligences presiding over the planetary hour in which the experiment is to be made; and you require him to proceed, under pain of punishment, without allowing him the use of any of the preliminaries which he considers as the means of procuring success."

"I did not say that exactly—I only required him to be present when we make the search, and not to leave us during the interval. I fear he may have some intelligence with the Intelligences you talk of, and that whatever may be now hidden at Saint Ruff may disappear before we get there."

"Well, gentlemen," said Donatowick, solemnly, "I will make no objections to go along with you; but I tell you beforehand, you shall not find so much of anything as shall be worth your going twenty yards from your own gate."

"We will put that to a fair trial," said the Antiquary; and the Baronet's equipage being ordered, Miss Worsley received an intimation from her father, that she was to remain at Woodburne until his return from an abing. The young lady was somewhat at a loss to reconcile this direction with the conversation which she supposed must have passed between Sir Arthur and the Antiquary; but she was compelled, for the present, to remain in a most unpleasant state of suspense.

The journey of the treasure-seekers was remarkably enough Donatowick maintained a sullen silence, brooding at once over disappointed expectation and the risk of punishment; Sir Arthur, whose golden dreams had been gradually fading away, surveyed, in gloomy prospect, the impending difficulties of his situation; and Oldbuck, who perceived that his harbing as far interested in his neighbour's affairs gave the Baronet a right to expect some actual and efficient assistance, sadly pondered to what extent it would be necessary to draw open the strings of his purse. Thus each being wrapped in his own unpleasant ruminations, there was hardly a word said on either side, until they reached the Four Horse-shoes, by which sign the little inn

was distinguished. They procured at this place the necessary assistance and implements for digging, and, while they were busy about these preparations, were suddenly joined by the old logger, Sile Gubkins.

"The Lord bless your honour," began the Elm-Grow, with the genuine mountaint whine, "and long life to you!—ev'el pleased am I to hear that young Captain McIntyre is like to be on his legs again soon—Think on your poor bodersom the day."

"Ain, old true-penny!" replied the Antiquary. "Why, thou hast never come to Montfornas since thy perils by rock and fiend—here's something for thee to lay out,"—and, fumbling for his purse, he pulled out at the same time the horn which contained the coins.

"Ay, and there's something to git it in," said the mountaineer, opening the ram's horn—"That horn's an odd acquaintance o' mine. I could take my oath to that something-odd among a thousand—I carried it for many a year, till I suffered it for this tin case w' old George Glen, the dancer and shaker, when he took a fancy tiff'n down at Glen-Witherskins yonder."

"Ay! indeed?" said Oldbuck;—"so you exchanged it with a mine? but I presume you never saw it as well filled before"—and opening it, he showed the coins.

"Troth, ye may swear that, Montfornas; when it was mine it wad had about the like o' saxpenny worth o' black ruggos in't at once. But I reckon ye'll be gae to mak an airtle o't, as ye has done w' many an erra thing besides. Oi, I wish anybody wad mak an airtle o' me; but many ane will find worth in rought bits o' copper and horn and airt, that are wae little about an odd airtle o' their ain country and kind."

"You may now guess," said Oldbuck, turning to Sir Arthur, "to whom good office you were indebted the other night. To trace this corruption of yours to a mine, is bringing it pretty near a friend of ours—I hope we shall be as successful this morning, without paying for it."

"And where is your honour's gear the day," said the mountaineer, "w' o' your picks and shadels?—(O, this will be none o' your tricks, Montfornas: ye'll be for whisking some o' the odd mecks down, by powder and o' their grace, where they have the

last call—but, wif your leave, I've follow ye at my rate, and see what ye mak o't."

The party soon arrived at the ruins of the priory, and, having gained the chamber, stood still to consider what course they were to pursue next. The Antiquary, meantime, addressed the adept.

"Pray, Mr. Deusterweird, what is your advice in this matter? Shall we have most likelihood of success if we dig from east to west, or from west to east?—or will you assist us with your triangular riddle of *Blag-dow*, or with your divination of *witch-hound*?—or will you have the goodness to supply us with a few thumping blustering terms of art, which, if they fail in our present service, may at least be useful to those who have not the happiness to be bachelors, to still their howling children *vidual*!"

"Mr. Oldhook," said Deusterweird, doggedly, "I have told you already that you will make no good work at all, and I will find some way of mine own to thank you for your civilities to me—yes, indeed."

"If your honours are thinking of tiding the flow," said old Elio, "and will but take a poor body's advice, I would begin below that muckle stone that has the man there streakt out upon his back in the night o't."

"I have some reason for thinking favourably of that plan myself," said the Baronet.

"And I have nothing to say against it," said Oldhook: "it was not unusual in hide treasure in the tombs of the deceased—many instances might be quoted of that from *Barbarians* and others."

The tombstone, the same beneath which the coffin had been found by Sir Arthur and the German, was now more forced aside, and the earth gave way to the spade.

"It's awurdful earth that," said Elio, "it breaks me sidly:—I ken it weel, for once I wrought a chamber wif said Will Winst, the bodied, and how'dit mark graves then one in my day; but I left him in winter, for it was once cold work; and then it came a green Yule, and the folk died thick and fast—for ye ken a green Yule makes a fit kirkyard; and I never deevot to bide a hard turn o' work in my life—ne af I good, and left Will to deliver his last dwellings by himself for Elio."

The diggers were now so far advanced in their labours as to

discover that the sides of the grave which they were clearing out had been originally secured by four walls of freestone, forming a parallelogram, for the reception, probably, of the coffin.

"It is worth while proceeding in our business," said the Antiquary to Sir Arthur, "were it but for curiosity's sake. I wonder on whose sepulchre they have bestowed such uncommon pains."

"The arms on the shield," said Sir Arthur, and sighed as he spoke &c., "are the same with those on Maitland's tower, supposed to have been built by Malcolm the usurper. No man knows where he was buried, and there is an old prophecy in our family, that bodes us no good when his grave shall be discovered."

"I wet," said the beggar, "I have often heard that when I was a being—

*If Malcolm the Maitland's grave were dug,
The bones of Knechtswinkel were lost and won."*

Ochiltree, with his spectacles on his nose, had already knelt down on the monument, and was tracing, partly with his eye, partly with his finger, the mouldered devices upon the effigy of the deceased warrior. "It is the Knechtswinkel arms, sure enough," he exclaimed, "quarterly with the rest of Warden."

"Richard, called the red-handed Warden, married Sybil Knechtswinkel, the heiress of the Sussex family, and by that alliance," said Sir Arthur, "brought the castle and estate into the name of Warden, in the year of God 1154."

"Very true, Sir Arthur; and here is the later-statute, the mark of illegitimacy, extended diagonally through both coats upon the shield. Where can our eyes have been, that they did not see this curious monument before?"

"Na, where was the thorough-stone, that it shou' come before our een till d'eave!" said Ochiltree; "for I has kn'd this wad Kirk, man and heire, for many lang years, and I w'e'r nother it afore; and it's wae sic mair nother, but what our might see it in this parish."

All were now induced to tax their memory as to the former state of the ruins in that corner of the church, and all agreed in recollecting a considerable pile of rubbish which must have been removed and spread abroad in order to make the tomb

visible. Sir Arthur might, indeed, have remembered seeing the monument on the former occasion, but his mind was too much agitated to attend to the circumstance as a novelty.

While the assistants were engaged in these recollections and discussions, the workmen proceeded with their labour. They had already dug to the depth of nearly five feet, and as the flinging out the soil became more and more difficult, they began at length to tire of the job.

"We're down to the till now," said one of them, "and the wot'er a coffin or anything else is here—some rascal's child's been afore us, I reckon;"—and the labourer scrambled out of the grave.

"Hoot, lad," said Edie, getting down in his room—"let me try my hand for an odd burial;—ye've gods wotens, but ill Edie."

So soon as he got into the grave, he struck his pick-staff hastily down; it encountered resistance in its descent, and the bopper exclaimed, like a Scotch schoolboy when he finds anything, "Dae halvers and quarters—hale o' mine ain and mae o' my neighbour's."

Everybody, from the dejected Barnet to the sallow adept, now caught the spirit of curiosity, crowded round the grave, and would have jumped into it, could its space have contained them. The labourers, who had begun to flag in their monotony and apparently hopeless task, now renewed their tools, and pried them with all the ardour of expectation. Their shovels soon gained upon a hard wooden surface, which, as the earth was cleared away, assumed the distinct form of a chest, but greatly smaller than that of a coffin. Now all hands were at work to haul it out of the grave, and all voices, as it was raised, proclaimed its weight and suggested its value. They were not mistaken.

When the chest or box was placed on the surface, and the lid forced up by a pikeaxe, there was displayed first a coarse canvas cover, then a quantity of silken, and beneath that a number of ingots of silver. A general exclamation hailed a discovery so surprising and unexpected. The Barnet threw his hands and eyes up to heaven, with the silent rapture of one who is delivered from insupportable distress of mind. Gifford, almost unable to credit his eyes, lifted one piece of silver after another. There was neither inscription nor stamp upon them,

excepting one, which seemed to be Spanish. He could have no doubt of the purity and great value of the treasure before him. Still, however, removing piece by piece, he examined now by row, expecting to discover that the lower layers were of inferior value; but he could perceive no difference in this respect, and found himself compelled to admit, that Sir Arthur had possessed himself of hidden to the value perhaps of a thousand pounds sterling. Sir Arthur now promised the assistants a handsome recompense for their trouble, and began to busy himself about the mode of conveying this rich windfall to the Castle of Knechtwinock, when the adept, recovering from his surprise, which had equalled that exhibited by any other individual of the party, twiddled his sleeve, and having offered his hearty congratulations, turned next to Oldenack with an air of triumph.

"I did tell you, my good friend, Mr. Oldenack, that I was to seek opportunity to thank you for your civility; now do you not think I have found out very good way to return thank?"

"Why, Mr. Demostreivitch, do you pretend to have had any hand in our good success?—you forget you refused us all aid of your science, now; and you are here without your weapons that should have fought the battle which you pretend to have gained in our behalf: you have used neither charms, laws, spell, talisman, spell, crystal, pentacle, magic mirror, nor geomantic signs. Where be your periapts, and your thewsdallans, now? your Mayken, your vervain,

Your teal, your oves, your drages, and your poodles,
Your oos, your moss, your treasment, your olvys,
Your Luts, Jooch, Zowak, Chiboli, Hoozant,
With all your brocks, your moonstones, your asterisks,
Would bend a man to man?—"

Ah! were Ben Jonson! long pause to thy advice for a scourge of the quacks of thy day!—who expected to see them revive in our own?"

The answer of the adept to the Antiquary's think we must defer to our next chapter.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR.

Chorus.—You now shall have the king o' the beggars' treasure :—
 You—ye tomorrow you shall find your treasure
 Here, what we not, for if I see I'll see it you.

TOM DUNSTON'S SONG.

THE German, determined, it would seem, to assert the advantage gained on which the discovery had placed him, replied with great pomp and stolidness to the attack of the Antiquary.

"Master Oldenbuck, all this may be very witty and comely, but I have nothing to say—nothing at all—to people that will not believe their own eye-sights. It is very true that I am not very of the things of the art, and it makes me more wonder what I have done the day. But I would ask of you, mine honoured and good and generous patron, to put your hand into your right-hand waistcoat pocket, and show me what you shall find there."

Sir Arthur obeyed his direction, and pulled out the small plate of silver which he had used under the adept's auspices upon the former occasion. "It is very true," said Sir Arthur, looking gravely at the Antiquary; "this is the graven and calculated sign by which Mr. Dunstonswivel and I regulated our first discovery."

"Pshaw! pshaw! my dear friend," said Oldbuck, "you are too wise to believe in the influence of a turgery crown-piece, bent out thin, and a parcel of scratches upon it. I tell thee, Sir Arthur, that if Dunstonswivel had known where to get this treasure himself, you would not have been lord of the least share of it."

"In truth, please your honour," said Ellis, who put in his word on all occasions, "I think, since Mr. Dunstonswivel has had as much work in discovering 't the gear, the least ye can do is to give him that o' that's left behind for his labour; for doubtless he that found where to find one needle will have no difficulty to find more."

Dunstonswivel's brow grew very dark at this proposal of leaving him to his "ain pishies," as Oldbuck expressed it; but the beggar, drawing him aside, whispered a word or two in his ear, to which he seemed to give serious attention.

Meanwhile Sir Arthur, his heart warm with his good fortune, said aloud, "Never mind our friend Monkburne, Mr. Deanswaird, but come to the Castle to-morrow, and I'll convince you that I am not ungrateful for the hints you have given me about this matter—and the fifty Fairport fifty notes, as you call them, are hereby at your service. Come, my lady, get the cover of this portfolio shut fastened up again."

But the cover had in the confusion fallen aside among the rubbish, or the loose earth which had been removed from the grave—in short, it was not to be seen.

"Never mind, my good lady, tie the turban over it, and get it away to the carriage.—Monkburne, will you wait! I must go back your way to take up Miss Worsley."

"And, I hope, to take up your dinner also, Sir Arthur, and drink a glass of wine for joy of our happy adventure. Besides, you should write about the business to the Keeper, in case of any interference on the part of the Crown. As you are lord of the manor, it will be easy to get a deed of gift, should they make any claim. We must talk about it, though."

"And I particularly recommend silence to all who are present," said Sir Arthur, looking round. All bowed and professed themselves dumb.

"Why, as to that," said Monkburne, "recommending secrecy where a dozen of people are assembled with the circumstance to be concealed, is only putting the truth in masquerade, for the story will be distorted under twenty different shapes. That never mind—we will state the true one to the Baron, and that is all that is necessary."

"I incline to send off an express tonight," said the Baronet.

"I can recommend your honour to a more hand," said Ortil-true; "little David Malbott, and the butcher's ringing penny."

"We will talk over the matter as we go to Monkburne," said Sir Arthur. "My lady (to the work-people), 'come with me to the Four Handsome, that I may take down all your names.—Deanswaird, I won't ask you to go down to Monkburne, as the lady and you differ so widely in opinion; but do not fail to come to see me to-morrow.'"

Deanswaird grunted out an answer, in which the words, "duty,"—"nine hundred pence,"—and "wait upon Sir Arthur,"—were alone distinguishable; and after the Baronet and his friend had left the ruins, followed by the servants and

workmen, who, in hope of reward and whisky, joyfully attended their leader, the adept remained in a brown study by the side of the open grave.

"Who was it as could have thought this?" he ejaculated unconsciously. "Mine bedfellow! I have heard of such things, and often spoken of such things—but, experiment! I never, thought to see them! And if I had gone but two or three feet deeper down in the earth—mine blessed! It had been all mine own—so much more as I have been maddling about to get from this fool's man."

Here the German ceased his soliloquy, for, raising his eyes, he encountered those of Elias Goldkron, who had not followed the rest of the company, but, resting as usual on his pipe-staff, had planted himself on the other side of the grave. The features of the old man, naturally shrewd and expressive almost to an appearance of knavery, seemed in this instance so keenly knowing, that even the assurance of Donatowired, though a professed adventurer, sank beneath their glance. But he saw the necessity of an *déclarcissement*, and, rallying his spirits, instantly began to sound the *mercantile* on the *accoutrement* of the day, "Great Master Elias Goldkron!"

"Elias Goldkron, was *maître*—your pair bedchambers and the King's," answered the Blue-Gown.

"*Avril den*, great Elias, what do you think of all dis?"

"I was just thinking it was very kind (for I deserve my very simple) o' your honour to give these two rich gentles, who has lands and lordships, and silver without end, this grand piece o' silver and treasure (three times tried in the fire, as the Scripture expresses it), that might has made yourself and my two or three honest bodles beside, as happy and content as the day was long."

"Indeed, Elias, mine honest friends, dat is very true; only I did not know, dat is, I was not sure, where to find the gold myself."

"What! was it not by your honour's advice and counsel that Blackbore and the Knight of Knockwinnock came here then?"

"Aha—yes; but it was by another circumstance. I did not know dat day would have found de treasure, mine friend; though I did guess, by such a circumstance, and cough, and sneeze, and groan, among de spirit one after night here, dat there might be treasure and billion hereabout. Ah, mine blessed! the spirit will come and groan over his gold, as if he were a Dutch Hugg-master counting his dollars after a great dinner at the Stadthaus."

"And do you really believe the like o' that, Mr. Dasterkerf?—a shoobin' man like you—best be?"

"Mein friend," answered the adept, moved by circumstances to speak something nearer the truth than he generally used to do, "I believed it no more than you and no man at all, till I did hear them hoos and mees and groan myself on de silver night, and till I did this day see de cause, which was an great chest all full of de pure silver from Mexico—and what would you see me think den?"

"And what wad ye gie to our man," said Elio, "that wad help ye to de another knaff o' silver?"

"Giest!—meis blumel!—one great big quarter of 2."

"Now if the secret were mine," said the merchant, "I wad stand out for a half; for you see, though I am but a pale ragged body, and couldnae carry silver or gold to sell for fear o' being tane up, yet I could find many folk woud pass it even for me at such marketts under profit than ye're thinking on."

"Ach, blumel!—Meis great friend, what was it I said!—I did want to say you should have de fine quarter for your half, and de one quarter to be my fair half."

"No, no, Mr. Dasterkerf, we will divide equally what we find, like brother and brother. Now, look at this board that I just bung into the dark side out o' the way, while Montbarne was glowering over at the silver yonder. He's a sharp chiel Montbarne—I was glad to keep the like o' this out o' his sight. Ye'll maybe see read the character better than me—I am nae that book-learned, at least I'm nae that much in practice."

With this modest declaration of ignorance, Ochiltree brought forth from behind a pillar the cover of the box or chest of treasure, which, when forced from its hinges, had been carefully fing aside during the ardour of curiosity to ascertain the contents which it concealed, and had been afterwards, as it seems, scooped by the merchant. There was a word and a number upon the plank, and the beggar made them more distinct by spitting upon his ragged blue handkerchief, and rubbing off the clay by which the inscription was obscured. It was in the ordinary black letter.

"Can ye mak ought o't?" said Elio to the adept.

"E," said the philosopher, "to a child getting his lesson in the primer—"S, T, A, R, C, H,—Starb!—dat is what de wuman-washers put into de neckerchers, and de shirt coller."

"Search!" echoed Ochiltree; "na, na, Mr. Donatoworth, ye are made of a conjure than a clerk—it's search, na, search—See, there's the T's clear and distinct."

"Aha! I see it now—it is search—number one. Main friend! then there must be a number two, main good friend: for search is what you call to seek and dig, and this is but number one! Mine work, there is one great big prize in de wheel for us, good Master Ochiltree."

"A good, it may be so; but we canna hark for't more—we has two shales, for they has taken them a' awa—and it's like some o' them will be sent back to fling the earth into the hole, and mak a' things trig again. But an ye'll sit down w' me a while in the wood, I'll satisfy your hunger that ye has just lighted on the only man in the country that could has track about Malcolm Blackist and his hidden treasure—But first we'll rub out the letters on this board, for that it tell tales."

And, by the assistance of his knife, the beggar erased and defaced the characters so as to make them quite unintelligible, and then dashed the board with clay so as to efface all traces of the erasure.

Donatoworth stared at him in ambiguous silence. There was an intelligence and clarity about all the old man's movements, which indicated a person that could not be easily overreached, and yet (for even rogues acknowledge in some degree the spirit of precedence) our adept felt the disgrace of playing a secondary part, and dividing windings with so mean an associate. His appetite for gale, however, was sufficiently sharp to overpower his offended pride, and though far more an inspector than a dupe, he was not without a certain degree of personal faith even in the gross expostulations by means of which he imposed upon others.

Still, being accustomed to act as a leader on such occasions, he felt humiliated at finding himself in the situation of a vulture marshalled to his prey by a curlew-crow.—"Let us, however, hear this story to an end," thought Donatoworth, "and it will be hard if I do not make mine account in it better as Master Edie Ochiltree makes propos."

The adept, thus transformed into a pupil from a teacher of the upstrik art, followed Ochiltree in passive acquiescence to the Peat's Oak—a spot, as the reader may remember, at a short distance from the ruins, where the German sat down, and in silence waited the old man's communication.

"Master Dunderbrikel," said the narrator, "it's an ous wife since I heard this business treated about ;—for the lairds o' Knockwinnock, neither Sir Arthur, nor his father, nor his grandfather—and I mind a wee bit about them a'—flood to hear it spoken about ; nor they durne like it yet—But one matter ; ye may be sure it was clattered about in the kitchen, like cooing aie in a great house, though it were forbidden in the ha'—and ane I has heard the drummince rehearsed by maid servants in the family ; and in this present days, when things o' that wild-world sort seems keepit in mind round winter firesides as they used to be, I question if there's onybody in the country can tell the tale but myself—aye out-taken the laird though, for there's a parchment book about it, as I have heard, in the charter-room at Knockwinnock Castle."

"Well, all that is very well—but get you on with your stories, mine good friend," said Dunderbrikel.

"Aweel, ye see," continued the mendicant, "this was a job in the wild times o' raggin' and riving through the hild country, when it was like one for himself, and God for us a'—when man was wanted property if he had strength to take it, or had it langer than he had power to keep it. It was just he over her, and she over him, whichever could win against, a' through the east country here, and ran double through the rest o' Scotland in the self and same manner."

"See in those days Sir Richard Warbur came into the land, and that was the first o' the name over was in this country. There's been many o' them sin' aye ; and the maist, like him they ca'd Red-in-Harress, and the rest o' them, are sleeping down in yon ruins. They were a proud deer set o' men, but ous brave, and aye stood up for the weel o' the country, God woe them a'—there's no mankin popery in that wish. They ca'd them the Norman Warburs, though they can frae the south to this country. So this Sir Richard, that they ca'd Redhead, drew up wi' the wild Knockwinnock o' that day—for then they were Knockwinnocks o' that ilk—and was this marry his only daughter, that was to have the castle and the land. I wish, wish was the lass—(Sigh) Knockwinnock they ca'd her that would me the tale)—wish, wish was she to gie into the match, for she had sic'n a wee ouser thick wi' a weuld o' her sin that her father had worn il-will to ; and ane it was, that after she had been married to Sir Richard jimp four months—

for marry him she mean, its like—ye'll no hinder her givin' them a present o' a bonny lasses' hair. Then there was seven a co'three, as the like was never seen; and she's be burnt, and he's be slain, was the best words o' their mouths. But it was a' accident up again some gait, and the hair was sent awa, and bred up near the Highlands, and grew up to be a fine wude fellow, like many one that comes o' the wrong side o' the blanket; and Sir Richard wi' the Red-hand, he had a fair offspring o' his ain, and a' was loud and quiet till his head was laid in the ground. But then down came Malcolm Miskot—(Mr Arthur says it should be Miskot, but they are a'd his Miskot that speak o' lang syne)—down came this Malcolm, the love-bogot, frae Glen-ide, wi' a string o' long-legged Highlanders at his heels, that's aye ready for anybody's mischief, and he threaps the castle and lands are his ain as his mother's eldest son, and turns a' the Wardens out to the kilt. There was a sort o' fighting and blood-spilling about it, for the gentry took different sides; but Malcolm had the uppermost for a lang time, and kept the Castle of Knodrivaneck, and strengthened it, and built that muckle tower that they ca' Miskot's tower to this day."

"Mae good friend, old Mr. Edie Ochiltree," interrupted the German, "this is all as one like de lang histories of a baron of sixteen quarters in mine countries; but I would as rather hear of de silver and gold."

"Wig, ye see," continued the merchant, "this Malcolm was wad helped by an uncle, a brother o' his father's, that was Prior o' St. Ruth here; and muckle treasure they gathered between them, to secure the succession of their house in the lands of Knodrivaneck. Folk said that the monks in those days had the art of multiplying metals—at any rate, they were very rich. At last it came to this, that the young Warden, that was Red-hand's son, challenged Miskot to fight with him in the lists as they ca'd them—that's no lists or taller's race and swiftness o' dait, but a point-thing they set up for them to fight in like game-cocks. Aweel, Miskot was beaten, and at his brother's mercy—but he wadna touch his life, for the blood of Knodrivaneck that was in both their veins; so Malcolm was compelled to turn a monk, and he died soon after in the priory, of pure despair and vexation. Nobody ever heard where his uncle the prior needed him, or what he did

wf his gold and silver, for he stood on the right o' his kink, and wud gie me account to anybody. But the prophecy got abroad in the country, that whenever Mistook's grave was find out, the estate of Knoctwinnoch should be lost and wun."

"Auk! mine goot old friend, Maister Edie, and dat is not so very unlikely, if Sir Arthur will quarrel wif his goot friends to please Mr. Oldenbuck—And as you do think dat de golds and silvers belonged to goot Mr. Maister Mischigoot?"

"Truth do I, Mr. Donasterweird."

"And you do believe dat dere is more o' dat wun behind?"

"By my sooth do I—How can it be otherwise?—Search—No, I,—that is as much as to say, search and ye'll find number two. Besides, you kint is only silver, and I yon heard that Maister Edie had made silver goot in't."

"Dey, mine goot friends," said the adept, jumping up hastily, "why do we not set about our little job directly?"

"For two good reasons," answered the beggar, who quietly kept his sitting posture:—"First, because, as I said before, we have nothing to dig wif, for they has torn awa the picks and shaks; and, secondly, because there will be a vipers like gowks coming to gower at the hole as long as it is daylight, and maybe the loid may send somebody to fill it up—and any way we wud be catch'd. But if you will wait on this place at twal o'clock wif a dark lantern, I'll has tools ready, and we'll gang quietly about our job our two sels, and nobody the wiser for't."

"Ee—to—but, mine goot friend," said Donasterweird, from whose meditation his former nocturnal adventure was not to be altogether erased, even by the splendid hopes which Edie's narrative held forth, "it is not so goot or so safe to be about goot Maister Mischigoot's grave at dat time o' night—you have forget how I told you de spirits did haue and wun dere. I do assure you, dere is disturbance dere."

"If ye're afraid o' ghosts," answered the moonlight, coolly, "I'll do the job myself, and bring your share o' the silver to my place you like to appoint."

"Ee—ee—mine excellent old Mr. Edie,—too much trouble for you—I will not have dat—I will ease myself—and it will be betterment; for, mine old friend, it was I, Herman Donasterweird, discovered Maister Mischigoot's grave when I was looking for a place on to put away some little treasury coins, just to

play one little trick on my dear friend Sir Arthur, for a little sport and pleasure. Yes, I did take some what you call rubbish, and did discover Master Mithelquist's own monumentish—it's like that he meant I should be his heir—on it would not be difficult in me not to come myself for mine inheritance."

"At twal o'clock, then," said the monkart, "we meet under this tree. I'll watch for a while, and see that nobody meddling wif the game—it's only saying the lady's forbade it—then get my lit supper frae Hagan the powder up by, and leave to sleep in his barn; and I'll slip out at night, and see for what."

"Do so, mine good Master Eide, and I will meet you here on this very place, though all de spirits should mean and manie dale very brause out."

So saying he shook hands with the old man, and with this mutual pledge of fidelity to their appointment, they separated for the present.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIFTH.

—For then shake the legs
Of travelling devils; angels imprisoned
Set thee at liberty ———
Folk, hoak, and canals, shall not drive me back,
If gold and silver beckon to come on. ———

KEAT'S JACOB.

THE night set in stormy, with wind and occasional showers of rain. "Eh, aye," said the old monkart, as he took his place on the shadowed side of the large entrance to wait for his associate—"Eh, aye, but human nature's a wilful and wilyard thing!—It is not as once have o' gair we'd bring this Donatord out in a blast o' wind like this, at twal o'clock at night, to this wild gowty we'd!—and manie I a bigger fole than himself to bide here waiting for him!"

Having made these sage reflections, he wrapped himself close in his cloak, and fixed his eye on the moon as she waded amid the stormy and dusky clouds, which the wind from time to time drove across her surface. The melancholy and mysterious gleams that she shot from between the passing shadows fell full upon the rifted arches and shaded windows of the old building,

which were thus for an instant made distinctly visible in their rainbow state, and anon became again a dark, undistinguished, and shadowy mass. The little lake had its share of these transient beams of light, and showed its waters broken, widened, and agitated under the passing storm, which, when the clouds swept over the moon, were only distinguished by their soft and murmuring plash against the beach. The wooded glen repeated, to every successive gust that hurried through its narrow trough, the deep and various groan with which the trees replied to the whirlwind, and the sound sank again, as the blast passed away, into a faint and passing murmur, recording the signs of an exhausted criminal after the first pangs of his torture are over. In those sounds, repetition might have found ample gratification for that state of excited terror which she fears and yet loves. But such feelings made no part of Ophelia's composition. His mind wandered back to the scenes of his youth.

"I have kept guard on the opposite bank in Germany and America," he said to himself, "in many a wearisome time this, and when I look'd there was maybe a dozen of their riflemen in the thicket before me. But I was ever glaz'd at my duty—nobody ever catch'd Edla sleeping."

As he mused thus to himself, he instinctively shouldered his trusty pike-staff, assumed the post of a sentinel on duty, and, as a step advanced towards the tree, called, with a tone something better with his military consciousness than his present state—"Stand! who goes there?"

"Do devil, good Edla," answered Donsenswood, "why does you speak as loud as a huntsman, or what you call a stationary—I mean a sentinel?"

"Just because I thought I was a sentinel at that moment," answered the watchman. "Here's an awsome night! Has ye brought the lantern and a peak for the after?"

"Ay—ay, mine good friend," said the German, "here it is—my pair of what you call walking; one side will be for you, one side for me,—I will put down on my knee to serve you as trouble, as you are old men."

"Have you a horse here, then?" asked Edla Ophelia.

"O yes, mine friend—find yourself by de stile," responded the adept.

"Well, I has just as word to the lurgin—there will none o' my gear gang on your ben's back."

"What was it as you would be afraid off?" said the foreigner.

"Only of losing sight of home, man, and money," again replied the gablehouse.

"Does you know dat you make one gentleman out to be one great regan?"

"Many gentlemen," replied Ochiltree, "can make that out for themselves—But what's the sense of quarrelling?—If ye want to gang on, gang on—if no—I'll gang back to the gale all-stane in Knappe Alderwood harn that I left w' right ill-will a'naw, and I'll pit back the pick and stake what I got them."

Donsilverdeliberated a moment, whether, by suffering Edie to depart, he might not secure the whole of the expected wealth for his own exclusive use. But the want of digging implements, the uncertainty whether, if he had them, he could clear out the grave to a sufficient depth without assistance, and, above all, the reluctance which he felt, owing to the experience of the former night, to venture alone on the terrors of Mistfoot's grave, satisfied him the attempt would be hazardous. Reluctant, therefore, to assume his usual joking tone, though internally irritated, he begged "his good friend Minister Edie Ochiltree would lead the way, and assured him of his acquiescence in all such an excellent fiscal could propose."

"Awed, awed, then," said Edie, "tak gude care o' your feet among the lang grass and the loose stanes. I wish we may get the light brought in ainst, w' this furious wind—but there's a blink o' moonlight at times."

Thus saying, old Edie, closely accompanied by the adept, led the way towards the ruins, but presently made a full halt in front of them.

"Ye're a learned man, Mr. Donsilverdel, and ken wauks o' the marvellous works o' nature—Now, will ye tell us an thing?—D'ye believe in ghaists and spirits that walk the earth?—d'ye believe in them, ay or no?"

"Now, good Mr. Edie," whispered Donsilverdel, in an confidential tone of voice, "is this a time or a place for such a question?"

"Indeed is it, balth the time and the place, Mr. Donsilverdel; for I mane fairly tell ye, there's reports that auld Mistfoot walks. Now this wad be an uneasy night to most

him in, and who knows if he wud be ever well pleased w' our purpose of visiting his grave?"

"Alls gone Gaster"—retorted the adept, the rest of the conjuration being lost in a tremendous warble of his voice,—“I do desire you not to speak so, Mr. Edie; for, from all I heard dat one other night, I do much believe!”—

“Now I,” said Ochiltree, entering the church, and flinging abroad his arm with an air of defiance, “I wudna gie the crack o’ my thumb for him were he to appear at this moment: he’s but a disembodied spirit, as we are embodied ones.”

“For the love of heavens,” said Donatowried, “say nothing at all neither about sensations or nobodies!”

“Amen,” said the beggar (suspending the shade of the lantern), “here’s the stone, and, spirit or no spirit, I’ve been bit deeper in the grave,” and he jumped into the place from which the previous chest had that morning been removed. After striking a few strokes, he stood, or affected to stir, and said in his companion, “I’m wad and felled now, and canna keep at it—time awaits fair play, neighbour; ye moun get in and tak the stone a bit, and slide out the loose earth, and then I’ll tak care about w’ ye.”

Donatowried accordingly took the place which the beggar had evacuated, and talked with all the zeal that awakened avarice, mingled with the anxious wish to finish the under-taking and leave the place as soon as possible, could inspire in a man at once greedy, suspicious, and timorous.

Edie, standing much at his ease by the side of the hole, contented himself with exhorting his associate to labour hard. “My certie! few ever wrought for acoon a day’s wage; as it be but—say the tenth part o’ the size o’ the kiln, No. 1, it will double its value, being filled w’ gold instead of silver. Od, ye work as if ye had been bred to pick and skate—ye could win your round half-crown this day. Tak care o’ your toes w’ that stone!” giving a kick to a large one which the adept had heaved out with difficulty, and which Edie pushed back again to the great annoyance of his associate’s shins.

Thus exorted by the mendicant, Donatowried struggled and laboured among the stones and stiff clay, talking like a horse, and internally blaspheming in German. When such an unhalloved syllable escaped his lips, Edie changed his battery upon him.

"O dians swear! dians swear! Wha hoo wha's listening!—Eh! gude gude us, wha's you!—Hout, it's just a bunch of ivy flighiting awa frae the wa'; when the moon was in, it lookt mae like a dead man's arm w' a taper in't—I thought it was Mithras himsel. But never mind, work ye awa—fling the earth wad up by wad o' the gate—Oo, if ye're so so close a vumber at a grave as Will Winsot himsel! Wha gae ye stop now!—ye're just at the very bit for a chance."

"Stop!" said the German, in a tone of anger and disappointment, "why, I am down at de rocks dat de cursed ruins (Gedachte me!) is founded upon."

"Wad," said the beggar, "sha's the hardest bit of aye. It will be but a crackle through-stane laid down to kiver the good—tak the pick tiff, and pit mair strength, man—ae gude down-right doreel will split it, I've warrant ye—Ay, that will do!—Oo, he comes on w' Wallace's straits!"

In fact, the adroit, moved by Edie's exhortations, fished two or three desperate blows, and succeeded in breaking, not indeed that against which he struck, which, as he had already conjectured, was the solid rock, but the implement which he wielded, jarring at the same time his arms up to the shoulder-blades.

"Harris, boys!—there goes Ringan's pick-axe!" cried Edie: "it's a shame o' the Fairport folk to sell sicca frae gear. Try the shide—at it again, Mr. Dosterdoreil!"

The adroit, without reply, scrambled out of the pit, which was now about six feet deep, and addressed his associates in a voice that trembled with anger. "Does you know, Mr. Edie Codd-tron, wha it is you put off your gles and your jests upon?"

"Briefly, Mr. Dosterdoreil—breevly do I ken ye, and has done mae a day; but there's nae josting in the case, for I am wearying to see o' our treasures; we should hae had both ends o' the pick-manky filled by this time—I hope it's breek enough to haul o' the gear!"

"Lack ye, you have old persons," said the learned philosopher, "if you do put another jost upon me, I will cleave your skull-plice with this shorck!"

"And where wed my hands and my pick-staff be o' the time!" replied Edie, in a tone that indicated no apprehension. "Hout, noot, Master Dosterdoreil, I hame lived mae lang in the world neither, to be sheld out o' that gate. Wha ails ye to be unbarred, man, w' your friends! I'll wager I'll find out the

treasure in a minute," and he jumped into the pit, and took up the spade.

"I do swear to you," said the adept, whose suspicions were now fully awake, "that if you have played me one big trick, I will give you one big beating, Mr. Edloe."

"Hear till him now!" said Odillness, "he knows how to get folk find out the gear—Oo, I'm thinking he's been drilled that way himself some day."

At this intimation, which alluded obviously to the former scene between himself and Sir Arthur, the philosopher lost the slender remnant of patience he had left, and being of violent passions, heaved up the truncheon of the broken maullock to discharge it upon the old man's head. The blow would in all probability have been fatal, had not he at whom it was aimed exclaimed in a stern and firm voice, "Shame to ye, man!—do ye think Heaven or earth will suffer ye to murder an old man that might be your father!—Look behind ye, man!"

Donatserivrel turned instinctively, and behold, to his utter astonishment, a tall dark figure standing close behind him. The apparition gave him no time to proceed by evasion or otherwise, but having instantly resumed to the use of felt, took measure of the adept's shoulders three or four times with moves so substantial, that he fell under the weight of them, and remained motionless for some minutes between fear and stupefaction. When he came to himself, he was alone in the ruined channel, lying upon the soft and damp earth which had been thrown out of Mithras's grave. He raised himself with a confused sensation of anger, pain, and terror, and it was not until he had sat upright for some minutes, that he could arrange his ideas sufficiently to recollect how he came there, or with what purpose. As his recollection returned, he could have little doubt that the bait held out to him by Odillness, to bring him to that solitary spot, the circumstances by which he had prevailed him into a quarrel, and the ready assistance which he had at hand for terminating it in the manner in which it had ended, were all parts of a concerted plan to bring disgrace and damage on Herman Donatserivrel. He could hardly suppose that he was indebted for the fatigue, anxiety, and beating which he had undergone, purely to the malice of Edlo Odillness singly, but concluded that the malignant had acted a part assigned to him by some person of greater importance. His suspicions hesitated

between Oldbuck and Sir Arthur Winslow. The former had been at no pains to conceal a marked dislike of him—but the latter he had deeply injured; and although he judged that Sir Arthur did not know the extent of his wrongs towards him, yet it was easy to suppose he had gathered enough of the truth to make him desirous of revenge. Oldbuck had alluded to at least one circumstance which the adept had every reason to suppose was private between Sir Arthur and himself, and therefore must have been learned from the former. The language of Oldbuck also intimated a conviction of his knavery, which Sir Arthur heard without making any animated defence. Lastly, the way in which Donatosterniel supposed the Baronet to have exercised his revenge, was not inconsistent with the practice of other countries with which the adept was better acquainted than with those of North Britain. With him, as with many had been, to suspect an injury, and to avenge the purpose of revenge, was one and the same movement. And before Donatosterniel had fairly recovered his legs, he had mentally reversed the role of his benefactor, which, unfortunately, he possessed too much the power of asseverating.

But although a purpose of revenge floated through his brain, it was no time to indulge such speculations. The hour, the place, his own situation, and perhaps the presence or near neighbourhood of his assailants, made self-preservation the adept's first object. The lanterns had been thrown down and extinguished in the scuffs. The wind, which formerly howled so loudly through the sides of the rain, had now gently fallen, lulled by the rain, which was descending very fast. The moon, from the same cause, was totally cleared, and though Donatosterniel had some experience of the rains, and knew that he must endeavour to regain the eastern door of the chamber, yet the confusion of his ideas was such, that he hesitated for some time ere he could ascertain in what direction he was to seek it. In this perplexity, the suggestions of superstition, taking the advantage of darkness and his evil conscience, began again to present themselves to his disturbed imagination. "But hoh!" quoth he valiantly to himself, "it is all nonsense—all one part of de dave's big tricks and imposture. Devil! that one thick-skulled Scotch Baronet, as I have led by the nose for five year, should cheat Herman Donatosterniel!"

As he had come to this conclusion, an incident occurred

which tended greatly to shake the grounds on which he had adopted it. Amid the melancholy wail of the dying wind, and the plash of the rain-drops on leaves and stones, moss, and apparently at no great distance from the listener, a strain of vocal music so sad and solemn, as if the departed spirits of the churchmen who had once inhabited these deserted ruins were witnessing the solitude and desolation to which their hallowed precincts had been abandoned. Doubtless, who had now got upon his feet, and was groping around the wall of the chancel, stood rooted to the ground on the occurrence of this new phenomenon. Each faculty of his soul seemed for the moment concentrated in the sense of hearing, and all rushed back with the unconscious information, that the deep, wild, and prolonged chant which he now heard, was the appropriate music of one of the most solemn days of the Church of Rome. Why performed in such a solitude, and by what class of choristers, were questions which the terrified imagination of the adept, stirred with all the German superstitions of elves, nixes, wer-wolves, hobgoblins, black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey, dared not even attempt to solve.

Another of his senses was soon engaged in the investigation. At the extremity of one of the transepts of the church, at the bottom of a few descending steps, was a small iron-grated door, opening, as far as he recollected, to a sort of low vault or sacristy. As he cast his eye in the direction of the sound, he observed a strong reflection of red light glimmering through these bars, and against the steps which descended to them. Doubtless stood a moment uncertain what to do; then, suddenly forming a desperate resolution, he moved down the aisle to the place from which the light proceeded.

Fortified with the sign of the cross, and as many exorcisms as his memory could recover, he advanced to the grate, from which, unseen, he could see what passed in the interior of the vault. As he approached with timid and uncertain steps, the chant, after one or two wild and prolonged outbursts, died away into profound silence. The grate, when he reached it, presented a singular spectacle in the interior of the sacristy. An open grave, with four tall fluted pillars, each about six feet high, placed at the four corners—a bier, having a corpse in its arms, the arms folded upon the breast, rested upon tassels at one side of the grave, as if ready to be interred—a priest, dressed in his

cape and stole, held open the service book—another churchman in his vestments bore a holy-water sprinkler, and two boys in white surplices held censers with incense—a man, of a figure once tall and commanding, but now bent with age or infirmity, stood alone and nearest to the coffin, attired in deep mourning—such were the most prominent figures of the group. At a little distance were two or three persons of both sexes, attired in long mourning hoods and cloaks; and five or six others in the same lugubrious dress, still further removed from the body, around the walls of the vault, stood ranged in motionless order, each bearing in his hand a huge torch of black wax. The smoky light from so many flambeaux, by the red and pallidest atmosphere which it spread around, gave a hazy, diabolical, and as it were phantom-like appearance to the outlines of this singular assemblage. The voice of the priest—loud, clear, and sonorous—now recited, from the breviary which he held in his hand, those solemn words which the ritual of the Catholic church has consecrated to the recital of dust to dust. Meanwhile, Doubtless, the place, the hour, and the surplices considered, still remained uncertain whether what he saw was substantial, or an unearthly representation of the rites to which in former times those walls were familiar, but which are now rarely practised in Protestant countries, and almost never in Scotland. He was uncertain whether to abide the conclusion of the ceremony, or to endeavour to regain the church, when a change in his position made him visible through the grate to one of the attendant mourners. The person who first caught him indicated his discovery to the individual who stood apart and nearest the coffin, by a sign, and upon his making a sign in reply, two of the group detached themselves, and, gliding along with noiseless steps, as if fearing to disturb the service, unlocked and opened the grate which separated them from the sleepers. Each took him by an arm, and exerting a degree of force, which he would have been incapable of raising had his fear permitted him to attempt opposition, they placed him on the ground in the chancel, and set down one on each side of him, as if to detain him. Realised he was in the power of mortals like himself, the sleeper would have put some questions to them; but while one pointed to the vault, from which the sound of the priest's voice was distinctly heard, the other placed his finger upon his lips in token of silence, a hint which the

German thought it most prudent to obey. And thus they detained him until a loud African, peeling through the deserted arches of St. Bath, closed the singular ceremony which it had been his fortune to witness.

When the hymn had died away with all its echoes, the voice of one of the white personages under whose guard the adept had remained, said, in a familiar tone and dialect, "Dear sir, Mr. Donatswired, is this you? could not ye have let us know as ye had wanted till has been present at the ceremony?—My lord woulda tak it wad your coming; blincking and jinking in, in that fashion."

"In de name of all dat is grotesque, tell me what you are!" interrupted the German in his turn.

"What I am? why, who should I be but Ringas Afrwood, the Kookwhanack palinder!—and what are ye doing here at this time o' night, unless ye were come to attend the bolly's burial?"

"I do declare to you, mine great Palinder Afrwood," said the German, rubbing himself up, "that I have been this very night murdered, robbed, and put in fear of my life."

"Robbed! who wad do aye a deed here!—Murdered! ed ye speak pretty blithe for a murdered man—Put in fear! what put you in fear, Mr. Donatswired?"

"I will tell you, Minister Palinder Afrwood Ringas, just dat old miscreant dog within blue-gown, as you call Edie Ochiltree."

"I'll ne'er believe dat," answered Ringas;—"Edie was her'd to me, and my father before me, for a true, loyal, and scotch-fact man; and, mark by taken, he's sleeping up powder in our barn, and has been since ten at e'en—has touch ye wim that, Mr. Donatswired, and whether anybody touched ye or no, I'm sure Edie's neckless."

"Minister Ringas Afrwood Palinders, I do not know what you call neckless,—but let alone all de oile and de mist dat you say he has, and I will tell you I was the night robbed of fifty pounds by your ill and woty friend, Edie Ochiltree; and he is no more in your barn even now dan I ever shall be in de kingdom of heathen."

"Well, sir, if ye will gae up wif me, as the burial company has dispersed, we'll mak ye drive a bod at the lodge, and we'll see if Edie's at the barn. There was two wild-looking shaps left the wild kirk when we were coming up wif the corpse, that's cer-

tals; and the priest, who knew full that any heretics should look on at our church assemblies, sent two of the riding monks after them; and we will hear of about it fine them."

Thus speaking, the kindly apportioner, with the assistance of the mute personage, who was his son, disencumbered himself of his cloak, and prepared to escort Donatowirvel to the place of that seat which the adept so much needed.

"I will apply to the magistrates to-morrow," said the adept; "other, I will have de law put in force against all the peoples."

While he thus uttered vengeance against the cause of his injury, he tottered from among the ruins, supporting himself on Hingua and his son, whose assistance his state of weakness rendered very necessary.

When they were clear of the pinery, and had gained the little meadow in which it stands, Donatowirvel could perceive the torches which had caused him so much sorrow burning in irregular procession from the ruins, and glancing their light, like that of the *guai fones*, on the banks of the lake. After moving along the path for some short space with a fluctuating and irregular motion, the lights were at once extinguished.

"We are put out the torches at the Hall-cross Well on all occasions," said the florist to his guest. And accordingly no further visible sign of the procession offered itself to Donatowirvel, although his ear could catch the distant and decreasing echo of horses' hoofs in the direction towards which the movement had bent their course.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIXTH.

O wad may the boatie row
And better may she speed,
And wad may the boatie row
That wae the boatman's head!
The boatie row, the boatie row,
The boatie row fu' wae,
And lighthouse be their life that bear
The marlin and the crew!

OLD BALLAD.

We must now introduce our reader to the interior of the fisher's cottage mentioned in chapter eleventh of this edifying history.

I wish I could say that its inside was well arranged, decently furnished, or tolerably clean. On the contrary, I was compelled to admit, there was confusion,—there was dissipation,—there was dirt good store. Yet, with all this, there was about the inmates, Lucie Mackintosh and her family, an appearance of ease, plenty, and comfort, that seemed to warrant their old Scottish proverb, "The charlie the cozier." A large fire, though the season was summer, occupied the hearth, and served at once for affording light, heat, and the means of preparing food. The baking had been successful, and the family, with customary impudence, had, since unloading the cargo, continued an unrelenting operation of broiling and frying that part of the produce reserved for home consumption, and the bones and fragments lay on the wooden benches, mingled with morsels of broken hamlets and shattered mugs of half-drunk beer. The stout and athletic form of Maggie herself, bustling here and there among a pack of half-grown girls and younger children, of whom she checked one now here and another now there, with an exclamation of "Get out o' the gate, ye little waver!" was strongly contrasted with the passive and half-stupified look and manner of her husband's mother, a woman advanced to the last stage of human life, who was seated in her wretched chair close by the fire, the warmth of which she coveted, yet hardly seemed to be sensible of—now muttering to herself, now smiling vacantly to the children as they pulled the strings of her top or drew caps, or twitched her blue checked apron. With her distaff in her bosom, and her spindle in her hand, she piled lazily and mechanically the old-fashioned Scottish thrift, according to the old-fashioned Scottish manner. The younger children, crawling among the feet of the elder, watched the progress of grandma's spindle as it rotated, and now and then ventured to interrupt its progress as it danced upon the floor in those vagaries which the more regulated spinning-wheel has now so universally superseded, that even the late Princess in the fairy tale might wade through all Scotland without the risk of piercing her hand with a spindle, and dying of the wound. Late as the hour was (and it was long past midnight), the whole family were still on foot, and far from proposing to go to bed; the dame was still busy brooding crochets on the girls, and the older girl, the half-naked mermaid elsewhere commemorated, was preparing a pile of Fife shorn haddocks (that is, haddocks smoked with goose wood), to be eaten along with these rishling provisions.

While they were thus employed, a slight tap at the door, accompanied with the question, "Are ye up yet, din?" announced a visitor. The answer, "Ay, ay,—come your ways here, Missy," loosened the latch, and Jenny Bingham, the female domestic of our Antiquary, made her appearance.

"Ay, ay," exclaimed the mistress of the family—"Hegh, din! can this be yeo, Jenny!—a sight o' yeo's gude far aye oon, lass."

"O woman, we've been aw te'm up w' Captain Hector's ward up by, that I barrow had my fit out over the door this fortnight; but he's better now, and wald Canon sleep in his room in case he wanted anything. See, as soon as our auld folk gae to bed, I've cocked my head up a bit, and left the house-door on the latch, in case anybody should be wanting in or out while I was awa, and just can drive the gate to see an there was any cracks among ye."

"Ay, ay," answered Laddie Mucklehunkit, "I see yeo has gotten a' your brains on; ye've looking about for Steenie now—but he's no at hame the night; and ye'll no do for Steenie, lass—a foolishness thing like yeo's no fit to maintain a man."

"Steenie will no do for me," retorted Jenny, with a toss of her head that might have become a higher-bore damask; "I mean has a man that can maintain his wif."

"Oo ay, Missy—thank your husband and barrow-own notions. My carrie!—fisherwives less better—they keep the man, and keep the house, and keep the ailler too, lass."

"A whom poor drudges ye are," answered the nymph of the lead to the nymph of the sea. "As soon as the heel o' the ebbie touches the sand, dail a bit mair will the lay fisher loon work, but the wive mair lift their coats, and wade into the surf to tak the fish where. And then the man casts aff the wad and puts on the dry, and sits down w' his pipe and his gill-strop about the ingle, like our auld headie, and w'er a turn will he do till the coble's afloat again! And the wif she mair get the wad on her back, and awa w' the fish to the next barrow-town, and mair and ten w' the wif that wif would and has w' her till it's mair—and thank the gill fisher-wives I've just-slaving bodies."

"Steenie!—gae we', lass!—o' the head o' the house shaver! little ye less about it, lass. Show me a word my barrowe shaver speak, or a turn he deir do about the house, without it be just to tak his meat, and his drink, and his discretion, like our o'

the weans. He has mair sense than to ca' ceydiling about the bigging his ain, Sae the roofless drove to a crackit trougher on the blink. He hane weel enough wha feeds him, and cloaks him, and keeps a' tight, thrack and rape, when his cobbie is jorling awa in the Firth, pair fellow. Na, na, hae!—them that sell the goods guide the purse—them that guide the purse rule the house. Show us ane o' yer bits o' farmer-bodins that wad let their wile drive the stock to the market, and o' in the debts. Na, na."

"Aweel, aweel, Maggie, His laud has its ain hauch—But wha's the Stowie the right, wha's a' come and gane! And wha's the gadman?"

"I hae putten the gadman to his bed, for he was a'm ane forlorn; and Stowie's awa out about some barns-breaking wi' the auld gadman's, Eile Guldtime; they'll be in soon, and ye can sit down."

"Troth, gadwife" (taking a seat), "I know that wurdle time to stop—but I mean tell ye about the awa. Ye'll hae heard o' the wurdle him o' goad that Sir Arthur has fund down by at St. Ruth's!—He'll be grander than ever now—he'll no run head down his head to weans, for fear o' seeing his shame."

"Oo ay—a' the country's heard o' that; but wad Eile saye that they ca' it ten times mair than ever was e'er, and he aw them hawk it up. Oo, it woud be lang or a pair body that needit it get sic a windit."

"Na, that's awa enough.—And ye'll hae heard o' the Countess o' Glenalua, being dead and lying in state, and how she's to be buried at St. Ruth's on this night sic, w' torch-light; and o' the papist servants, and Kings Allow'd, that's a papist too, are to be there, and it will be the grandest show ever was seen."

"Troth, king," answered the Wurdle, "if they let anybody but papists come there, it'll no be wurdle o' a show in this country, for the auld barlot, so honest Mr. Hattergill ca's her, has fow that drink o' her cup o' enchantments in this corner o' our chosen lauch.—But what can a' them to bury the auld outin (a wale wi' the wae) in the night-time!—I dare say our gadmanther will ha."

Here she casted her voice, and exclaimed twice or thrice, "Gadmanther! gadmanther!" but, lost in the apathy of age

and darkness, the aged child she addressed continued plying her spindle without understanding the appeal made to her.

"Speak to your grandmother, Jenny—Oh, I wad rather hald the coble half a mile off, and the nor-west wind whistling again in my tooth."

"Grandie," said the little mermaid, in a voice to which the old woman was better accustomed, "minnie wants to know what for the Glenallan folk are bery by candle-light in the ruins of St. Ruth?"

The old woman paused in the act of twirling the spindle, turned round to the rest of the party, lifted her withered, trembling, and clay-colored hand, raised up her adrears and wrinkled face, which the quick motion of two light-like eyes chiefly distinguished from the visage of a corpse, and, as if catching at any touch of association with the living world, answered, "What gars the Glenallan family lair their dead by torchlight, said the lairds?—Is there a Glenallan dead o' an aw?"

"We might be a' dead and buried too," said Maggie, "for anything ye wad ken about it;"—and then, raising her voice to the stretch of her mother-in-law's comprehension, she added, "It's the wald Countess, yabberither."

"And is she ca'd hame then at last?" said the old woman, in a voice that seemed to be agitated with much more feeling than belonged to her extreme old age, and the general indifference and apathy of her manner—"Is she then called to her last account after her lang race o' pride and power?—O God, singe her!"

"But minnie was asking ye," resumed the lazier spirit, "what for the Glenallan family are bery their dead by torchlight?"

"They hae aw done ane," said the grandmother, "since the time the Great Raid fell in the air battle o' the Harlaw, when they say the crowne was cried in as day from the mouth of the Tay to the Bank of the Ochrach, that ye wad hae heard ane other sound but that of lamentation for the great folk that had thim fighting against Donald of the Isles. But the Great Raid's mither was living—they were a daughty and a doer race, the women o' the house o' Glenallan—and she wad hae ane crowne cried for her son, but had him laid in the silence o' midnight in his place o' rest, without either drinking the draps,

or crying the loudest. She said he had killed more that day he died, for the widows and daughters of the Highlanders he had slain to cry the coromach for them they had lost, and for her son too; and now she laid him in his grave wif dry eyes, and without a groan or a wail. And it was thought a proud word of the family, and they eyes stickt by it—and the men in the latter times, because in the night-time they had their freedom to perform their papist ceremonies by darkness and in secrecy than in the daylight—at least that was the case in my time; they wot has been disturbed in the day-time both by the law and the commons of Faldport—they may be overlooked now, as I have heard: the world's changed—I wiles hardly know whether I am standing or sitting, or dead or living."

And looking round the fire, as if in a state of unconscious uncertainty of which she complained, old Elspeth slipped into her habitual and mechanical occupation of twisting the spindle.

"Eh, aye!" said Jenny Blatherst, under her breath to her gossip, "it's awsome to hear your galsither break out in that gait—like the dead speaking to the living."

"Ye're no that far wrong, lass; she minds nothing o' what passes the day—but set her on odd talks, and she can speak like a great lake. She has mair about the Glenelg fishie than most folk—the galsither's father was their fisher every a day. Ye mair know the papists make a great point o' eating fish—it's noo had part o' their religion that, whatever the road is—I could get aill the best o' fish at the best o' prices for the Galsither's ain table, gave he wif her! especially on a Friday—But noo as our galsither's hands and lips are gagging—now it's working in her head like hurns—she'll speak enough the night. Wiles she'll no speak a word in a week, unless it be to the bits o' hurns."

"Hah, Mrs. Hucklebackit, she's an awsome wif!" said Jenny in reply. "D'ye think she's a'gether right? Fek my she down gang to the kirk, or speak to the minister, and that she was aye a papist; but since her galsither's been dead, nathody knows what she is. D'ye think yourself that she's no mair?"

"Garry, ye aillly twelp! think ye so aill wif's less onny than aither! unless it be Alison Brink—I wolly conthas in conscience sorrow for her; I have lost the lasses she set aill wif partans, when"—

"Whisht, whisht, Maggie," whispered Jenny—"your gude-mither's gae to speak aye!"

"Wasn't there some ane o' ye said," asked the old sibyl, "or did I dream, or was it revealed to me, that Jervoid, Lady Glenallan, is dead, an' buried this night?"

"Yes, gude-mither," screamed the daughter-in-law, "it's s'en ane."

"And s'en ane let it be," said old Elspeth; "she's made every a sile heart in her day—ay, s'en her ain son's—to be living yet!"

"Ay, he's living yet; but how lang he'll live—however, dinna ye mind his coming and asking after you in the spring, and leaving aither?"

"It may be so, Maggie—I dinna mind it—but a handsome gentleman he was, and his father before him. Eh! if his father had lived, they might hae been happy folk! But he was gone, and the lady carried it in-ower and out-ower wif her son, and gair'd him: trow the thing he never said hae trowed, and do the thing he has repented o' his life, and will repent still, wae his life as lang as this lang and wearisome ane o' mine."

"O what was it, granma?"—and "What was it, gude-mither?"—and "What was it, Luckie Elspeth?" asked the children, the mother, and the visitor, in one breath.

"Never ask what it was," answered the old sibyl, "but gang to God that ye wae left to the pride and willfulness o' your ain hearts; they may be as powerful in a cabin as in a castle—I can bear a sad witness to that. O that weary and fouth' night! wif it never gang out o' my mind hand!—Eh! to see her lying on the floor wif her lang hair drooping wif the salt water!—Heaven will avenge on a' that had to do wif it. Sin! is ay ane out wif the cabin this windy s'en?"

"Na, na, neither—nae cabin can keep the sea this wind; he's sleeping in his bed out-ower yonder about the hallan."

"Is Steenie out at sea then?"

"Na, granma—Steenie's awa out wif Edie Ochiltree, the gude-fairlie; maybe they'll be gae to see the burial."

"That canna be," said the mother of the family; "we hae naething o't till Jack Rood cam in, and tauld us the Aikwaide had warning to attend—they keep these things wae private—and they were to bring the corpse o' the wae frae the Curle, ten miles off, under cloak o' night. She has hae in state this

ten days at Glenelg House, in a grand chamber o' hang w'f black, and lighted w'f wax candles."

"Ood terrible law!" ejaculated old Elsie, her head apparently still occupied by the event of the Countess's death; "she was a hard-hearted woman, but she's gien to account for it a', and His mercy is infinite—God grant she may find it so!" And she relapsed into silence, which she did not break again during the rest of the evening.

"I wonder what that auld daft beggar uncle and our son Steele can be doing out in sic a night as this," said Maggie Muskhoeckitt; and her expression of surprise was echoed by her visitors. "Gang awa, awa o' ye, blawie, up to the hough head, and gie them a cry in case they're within hearing; the cat-cakes will be burnt in a minute."

The little emissary departed, but in a few minutes came running back with the loud exclamation, "Dh, mine! oh, mine! there's a white bogie chasing twa black ones down the hough."

A noise of footsteps followed this singular announcement, and young Steele Muskhoeckitt, closely followed by Edie Ochiltree, hurried into the hall. They were panting and out of breath. The first thing Steele did was to look for the bar of the door, which his mother reminded him had been broken up for fire-wood in the hard winter three years ago; "for what use," she said, "had the like o' them for law?"

"There's naebdy chasing us," said the beggar, after he had taken his breath; "we're aye like the wicked, that dey when an oon pursues."

"Truth, but we were chased," said Steele, "by a spirit or something little better."

"It was a man in white on horseback," said Edie, "for the auld grand that wades here the heast, thing him about, I wot that wad; but I dinna think my auld legs could have brought me off as fast; I ran awaist as fast as if I had been at Prestegunn."

"Haw, ye daft gowks!" said Luckie Muskhoeckitt, "it will be some o' the riders at the Countess's burial."

"What?" said Edie, "is the auld Countess buried the night at St. Basil's? Oo, that wad be the lights and the noise that

[This refers to the flight of the government forces at the battle of Prestegunn, 1715.]

scare'd us awa; I wish I had hear'd—I wad hae stole them, and so left the man yonder—but they'll take care o' him. Ye strike over hard, Steenie—I doubt ye fundered the child."

"Na'er a bit," said Steenie, laughing; "he has know broad shoulders, and I just took measure o' them w' the string. Oo, if I hadna been something short w' him, he wad hae knockit your wad harm out, he!"

"Wad, as I wia close o' this scrape," said Edie, "I'm tempt Providence aw mair. But I never think it an undervel' thing to pit a bit trick an aye a headstrong scoundrel, that just lives by trieking honest folk."

"But what are we to do with this?" said Steenie, producing a pocket-book.

"Oo guide us, man," said Edie in great alarm, "what gear'd ye touch the gear! a very leaf o' that pocket-book wad be enough to hang us both."

"I durns him," said Steenie; "the book had fa'en out o' his pocket, I fancy, for I find it among my feet when I was grasping about to set him on his legs again, and I just put it in my pouch to keep it safe; and then came the tramp o' horse, and you cried, 'Hie, hie,' and I had nae mair thought o' the book."

"We mair get it back to the laird some gait or other; ye had better take it yourself, I think, w' pisp o' light, up to Hagan Aikwood's. I wadna for a hundred pounds it was find in our hands."

Steenie undertook to do as he was directed.

"A bonny night ye hae made o't, Mr. Steenie," said Jenny Bitherswa, who, impatient of remaining so long unnoticed, now presented herself to the young fisherman—"A bonny night ye hae made o't, tramping about w' galestades, and getting yourself heated w' workow, when ye could be sleeping in your bed, like your father, honest man."

This attack called forth a suitable response of rustic rillery from the young fisherman. An attack was now commenced upon the car-cakes and smoked fish, and sustained with great perseverance by assistance of a bicker or two of twopenny ale and a bottle of gin. The mendicant then retired to the straw of an out-house adjoining,—the children had one by one crept into their nests,—the old grandmother was deposited in her dock-bed,—Steenie, notwithstanding his preceding fatigue, had the gallantry to accompany Miss Bitherswa to her own mansion,

and at what hour he returned the story with not,—and the matron of the family, having laid the gathering-wood upon the fire, and put things in some sort of order, retired to rest the last of the family.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVENTH.

——— Many great ones

Would part with half their states, to have the pins
And could be lay in the best style.

Epitaph's Verse.

Old Egan was stirring with the luck, and his first inquiry was after Steacie and the pocket-book. The young fisherman had been under the necessity of attending his father before daybreak, to seal themselves of the tide, but he had promised that, immediately on his return, the pocket-book, with all its contents, carefully wrapped up in a piece of sail-cloth, should be delivered by him to Ringan Ashwood, the Donastewick, the owner.

The matron had prepared the morning meal for the family, and, shouldering her basket of fish, tramped steadily away towards Fairport. The children were killing round the door, for the day was fair and sun-shiny. The ancient grandmother, again seated on her wicker-chair by the fire, had resumed her eternal pipe, wholly unmoved by the yelling and screaming of the children, and the scolding of the mother, which had preceded the dispersion of the family. Edie had arranged his various bags, and was bound for the removal of his wandering life, but first advanced with due courtesy to take his leave of the ancient crone.

"Oude day to ye, cunner, and may ye see o' them. I will be back about the fore-end o' her's, and I trust to find ye both hale and free."

"Pray that ye may find me in my quiet grave," said the old woman, in a hollow and spectral voice, but without the agitation of a single feature.

"Ye're auld, cunner, and me am I myself; but we muna abide His will—we'll no be forgotten in His good time."

"Nor we deels neither," said the crone: "what's done in the body muna be answered in the spirit."

"I wot that's true; and I may wad tak the tale home to myself, that has led a startled and roving life. But ye were aye a canny wif. We're a' still—but ye mair hae nee muckle to haw ye down."

"Less than I might hawe had—but wae, O dar wae, than wad sink the stoutest brig e'er sailed out o' Fairport harbor!—Dinna somebody say yestreen—at least as it is borne in on my mind, but auld folk hae weak fancies—did not somebody say that Josephine, Countess of Glenallan, was departed fine like?"

"They said the truth whae'er said it," answered old Edie; "she was buried yestreen by torch-light at St. Ruth's, and I, like a fide, got a giff wi' seeing the lights and the riders."

"It was their fashion since the days of the Great Earl that was killed at Hallow;—they did it to show scorn that they should die and be buried like other mortals; the wives o' the house of Glenallan walked awa' wi' the husband, aw the sister for the brother.—But is she e'en co'd to the lang account?"

"As aye," answered Edie, "as we mean a' abide it."

"Then I'll unside my mind, come o't what will."

Tha she spoke with more clarity than usually attended her expressions, and accompanied her words with an attitude of the hand, as if throwing something from her. She then ruled up her form, once tall, and still retaining the appearance of having been so, though bent with age and rheumatism, and stood before the beggar like a woman animated by some wandering spirit into a temporary resurrection. Her light-blue eyes wandered to and fro, as if she occasionally forgot and again remembered the purpose for which her long and withered hand was searching among the miscellaneous contents of an ample old-fashioned pocket. At length she pulled out a small ship-box, and opening it, took out a handsome ring, in which was set a baub of hair, composed of two different colours, black and light brown, twisted together, encircled with brilliants of considerable value.

"Godness," she said to Colborne, "as ye wad e'er deserve nae, ye mair gang my errand to the house of Glenallan, and ask for the Earl."

"The Earl of Glenallan, cannot! ay, he wixen see aye o' the gentry o' the country, and what likelihood is there that he wad see the like o' an auld gaberhander?"

"Gang your ways and try;—and tell him that Elspeth o'

the Orighenfort—he'll mind us best by that name—must see him or she be relieved from her long pilgrimage, and that she made him that ring in token of the business she was to speak of."

Ochiltree looked on the ring with some admiration of its apparent value, and then carefully replacing it in the box, and wrapping it in an old ragged handkerchief, he deposited the token in his bosom.

"Well, gudewife," he said, "I'm do your bidding, or it's so be my fault. But surely there was never sic a braw gossip as this sent to a yerd by an auld falsehood, and through the hands of a glib-tongued beggar."

With this reflection, Eile took up his pike-staff, put on his broad-brimmed bonnet, and set forth upon his pilgrimage. The old woman remained for some time standing in a fixed posture, her eyes directed to the door through which her antagonist had departed. The appearance of excitation, which the conversation had occasioned, gradually left her features; she sank down upon her accustomed seat, and resumed her mechanical labour of the distaff and spindle, with her wonted air of apathy.

Eile Ochiltree meanwhile advanced on his journey. The distance to Glenelg was ten miles, a march which the old soldier accomplished in about four hours. With the curiosity belonging to his life-trade and animated character, he tortured himself the whole way to consider what could be the meaning of this mysterious errand with which he was intrusted, or what connection the proud, wealthy, and powerful Earl of Glenelg could have with the crimes or penitence of an old dotting woman, whose rank in life did not greatly exceed that of her messenger. He endeavoured to call to memory all that he had ever known or heard of the Glenelg family, yet, having done so, remained altogether unable to form a conjecture on the subject. He knew that the whole extensive estate of this ancient and powerful family had descended to the Countess, lately deceased, who inherited, in a most remarkable degree, the stern, firm, and unbending character which had distinguished the house of Glenelg since they first figured in Scottish annals. Like the rest of her ancestors, she adhered zealously to the Roman Catholic faith, and was married to an English gentleman of the same communion, and of large fortune, who did not survive

their union two years. The Countess was, therefore, left an early widow, with the uncontrolled management of the large estates of her two sons. The elder, Lord Geraldine, who was so named to the title and fortune of Glenalbyn, was totally dependent on his mother during her life. The second, when he came of age, assumed the name and arms of his father, and took possession of his estate, according to the provisions of the Countess's marriage-settlement. After this period, he chiefly resided in England, and paid very few and brief visits to his mother and brother; and those at length were altogether discontinued, in consequence of his becoming a convert to the reformed religion.

But even before this mortal offence was given to his mistress, his residence at Glenalbyn offered few inducements to a gay young man like Edward Geraldine Neville, though its gloom and seclusion seemed to suit the retired and melancholy habits of his elder brother. Lord Geraldine, in the outset of life, had been a young man of accomplishment and hopes. Those who knew him upon his travels entertained the highest expectations of his future career. But such fair dreams are often strangely overcast. The young nobleman returned to Scotland, and after being about a year in his mother's society at Glenalbyn House, he seemed to have adopted all the stern gloom and melancholy of her character. Excluded from politics by the inquisition attached to those of his religion, and from all lighter avocations by choice, Lord Geraldine led a life of the strictest retirement. His ordinary society was composed of the clergymen of his communion, who occasionally visited his mansion; and very rarely, upon stated occasions of high festival, one or two families who still professed the Catholic religion were formally entertained at Glenalbyn House. But this was all; their heretic neighbours knew nothing of the family whatever; and even the Catholics saw little more than the sumptuous entertainment and solemn pageants which was exhibited on those formal occasions, from which all returned without knowing whether most to wonder at the stern and stately demeanour of the Countess, or the deep and gloomy dejection which never ceased for a moment to cloud the features of her son. The late event had put him in possession of his fortune and title, and the neighbourhood had already begun to conjecture whether gaiety would revive with independence, when those who had some occasional

acquaintance with the interior of the family spread almost a report, that the Earl's constitution was undermined by religious asceticism, and that in all probability he would soon follow his mother to the grave. This event was the more probable, as his brother had died of a lingering complaint, which, in the latter years of his life, had affected at once his frame and his spirits; so that heralds and genealogists were already looking back into their records to discover the heir of this ill-fated family, and lawyers were talking with gloomy anticipation, of the probability of a "great Glendine case."

As Edie Ochiltree approached the front of Glendine House,* an ancient building of great extent, the most modern part of which had been designed by the celebrated Inigo Jones, he began to consider in what way he should be most likely to gain access to the delivery of his message; and, after much consideration, resolved to send the token to the Earl by one of the domestic. With this purpose he stopped at a cottage, where he obtained the means of making up the ring in a sealed packet like a petition, addressed, *For his honour the Earl of Glendine—Private*. But being aware that messages delivered at the doors of great houses by such persons as himself, do not always make their way according to address, Edie determined, like an old soldier, to reconnoitre the ground before he made his final attack. As he approached the porter's lodge, he discovered, by the number of poor rascals before it, some of them being indigent persons in the vicinity, and others disciples of his own begging profession,—that there was about to be a general sale or distribution of charity.

"A good turn," said Edie to himself, "never goes unrewarded.—I'll maybe get a good reason that I wad hae missed but for trotting on this auld wife's errand."

Accordingly, he ranked up with the rest of this ragged regiment, assuming a station as near the front as possible,—a distinction due, as he conceived, to his blue gown and badge, no less than to his years and experience; but he soon found there was another principle of precedence in this assembly, to which he had not adverted.

"Are ye a triple man, friend, that ye press forward me headily?—I'm thinking na, for there's nae Catholics wear that badge."

[* Supposed to represent Glendole Castle, in Fife-shire, with which the Author was well acquainted.]

"No, no, I am no a Roman," said Edie.

"Then shank yourself owa to the doobie folk, or single folk, that's the Episcopale or Presbyterians porder: it's a shame to see a heretic hae sic a lang white beard, that wou'd do credit to a heretic."

Ochiltree, thus rejected from the society of the Catholic mendicants, or those who called themselves such, went to station himself with the paupers of the communion of the church of England, to whom the noble donor allotted a double portion of his charity. But never was a poor occasional communicant more roughly rejected by a High-church congregation, even when that matter was farcically agitated in the days of good Queen Anne.

"See to him w' his badge!" they said;—"he bears out o' the king's Presbyterians chaplains saugh out a sermon on the morning of every birth-day, and now he wou'd pass himself for one o' the Episcopal church! No, na!—we'll take care o' that."

Edie, thus rejected by Rome and Presby, was fain to shelter himself from the laughter of his brethren among the thin group of Presbyterians, who had either declined to dispute their religious opinions for the sake of an augmented dole, or perhaps knew they could not attempt the imposition without a certainty of detection.

The same degree of providence was observed in the mode of distributing the charity, which consisted in bread, beef, and a piece of money, to each individual of all the three classes. The dispenser, an ecclesiastic of grave appearance and demeanour, superintended in person the accommodation of the Catholic mendicants, asking a question or two of each as he delivered the charity, and recommending to their prayers the soul of Jeaneline, late Countess of Glenelg, mother of their benefactor. The porter, distinguished by his long staff headed with silver, and by the black gown tufted with lace of the same colour, which he had assumed upon the general mourning in the family, overlooked the distribution of the dole among the protestants. The less-favoured kick-shits were committed to the charge of an aged domestic.

As this last discussed some disputed point with the porter, his name, as it chanced to be occasionally mentioned, and then his features, struck Ochiltree, and evoked recollections of former times. The rest of the assembly were now retiring, when the

domestic, again approaching the place where Edie still lingered, said, in a strong Aberdeenshire accent, "Put in the wail for body doing, that he canna gang awy, now that he's gotten half next and after!"

"Francie Murrow," answered Edie Ochiltree, "d'ye no mind Forreney, and 'keep together front and rear'?"

"Och! och!" cried Francie, with a true north-country yell of recognition, "nobody could ha' said that word but my auld front-rank man, Edie Ochiltree! But I'm sorry to see ye in sic a poor state, man."

"He can ill off as ye may think, Francie. But I'm laith to leave this place without a crack wi' ye, and I know when I may see ye again, for ye're folt dinnae mak Protestants welcome, and that's no reason that I hae never been here before."

"Fack, fack!" said Francie, "let that dee stick i' the wa'—when the dirt's dry it will rub out,—and come ye awa wi' me, and I'll gie ye something better than that beef hame, man."

Having then spoken a confidential word with the pastor (probably to request his concurrence), and having waited until the afternoon had returned into the house with slow and solemn steps, Francie Murrow introduced his old comrade into the court of Glenalton House, the gloomy gateway of which was surmounted by a huge sculpture, in which the herald and undertaker had mingled, as usual, the emblems of human pride and of human nothingness,—the Countess's hereditary coat-of-arms, with all its numerous quarterings, disposed in a lozenge, and surrounded by the separate shields of her paternal and maternal ancestry, intermingled with sceptres, bear glasses, skulls, and other symbols of that mortality which levels all distinctions. Conducting his friend as speedily as possible along the large paved court, Murrow led the way through a side-door to a small apartment near the servants' hall, which, in virtue of his personal acquaintance upon the Earl of Glenalton, he was entitled to call his own. To produce cold meat of various kinds, strong beer, and even a glass of spirits, was no difficulty to a person of Francie's importance, who had not lost, in his sense of conscious dignity, the keen northern prudence which recommended a good understanding with the butler. Our mendicant away drank ale, and talked over old stories with his comrade, until, no other topic of conversation occurring, he resolved to take up the theme of his exhalcy, which had for some time occupied his memory.

"He had a petition to present to the Earl," he said;—for he judged it prudent to say nothing of the ring, not knowing, as he afterwards observed, how far the manners of a single soldier might have been corrupted by service in a great house.

"Hoot, hoot, man," said Francis, "the Earl will look at two petitions—but I can gin't to the almoner."

"But it relates to some secret, that maybe my lord wad like best to see's himself."

"I'm judging that's the very reason that the almoner will be for seeing it the Earl and foremost."

"But I hae come o' this way on purpose to deliver it, Francis, and ye really mae'n help me at a pinch."

"Ye'er speed then if I dinna," answered the Aberdeenshire man: "let them be as awkward as they like, they can but turn me awa, and I was just thinking to ask my discharge, and gang down to end my days at Liverawie."

With this dauntless resolution of serving his friend at all ventures, since none was to be encountered which could reach inconvenience himself, Francis Humez left the apartment. It was long before he returned, and when he did, his manner indicated wonder and agitation.

"I am awa awa gin ye be Edie Oodhies o' Carrick's company in the Forty-two, or gin ye be the doll in his likeness!"

"And what makes ye speak in that gait?" demanded the astonished merchant.

"Because my lord has been in sic a distress and surprise as I ne'er saw a man in my life. But he'll see ye—I got that job cookit. He was like a man awa frae himself for many minutes, and I thought he wad hae awa'y's a'thagither,—and frae he cam to himself, he asked frae brought the packet—and frae trow ye I said!"

"An odd eger," says Edie—"that does kinkiest at a gentile's door; at a farmer's it's best to say ye're an odd dicker, if ye need any quarters, for maybe the gowd-wife will hae something to soothe."

"But I said ne'er saw o' the two," answered Francis; "my lord was a little about the time as the tocher—for he's best to them that can soothe up our sin. Sae I o'm said the bit paper was brought by an odd man w' a long life beard—he might be a specklin' fraser for frae I kin'd, for he was dressed

* A single soldier means, in Scotch, a private soldier.

"Be an odd palmer. Say ye'll be sent up for answer to our final motto to love ye."

"I wish I was wed through this business," thought Edie to himself; "many folk would say that the that's no very right in the judgment, and wha can say how far he may be affected wif me for taking upon me our motto?"

But there was now no room for retreat—a bell sounded from a distant part of the mansion, and Maerew said, with a smothered scream, as if already in his master's presence, "That's my lord's bell!—follow me, and step lightly and cleanly, Edie."

Edie followed his guide, who seemed to tread as if afraid of being overheard, through a long passage, and up a back stair, which admitted them into the family apartments. They were ample and extensive, furnished at such cost as showed the ancient importance and splendour of the family. But all the ornaments were in the taste of a former and distant period, and one would have almost supposed himself traversing the halls of a Scottish nobleman before the union of the crowns. The late Countess, partly from a haughty contempt of the times in which she lived, partly from her sense of family pride, had not permitted the furniture to be altered or modernised during her residence at Glenellan House. The most magnificent part of the decorations was a valuable collection of pictures by the best masters, whose massive frames were somewhat tarnished by time. In this particular also the gloomy taste of the family seemed to predominate. There were some fine family portraits by Van Dyke and other masters of excellence; but the collection was richest in the Saints and Martyrdoms of Domesticities, Voluptues, and Murders, and other subjects of the same kind, which had been selected in preference to landscapes or historical pieces. The manner in which these awful, and sometimes disgusting, subjects were represented, harmonised with the gloomy state of the apartments,—a circumstance which was not altogether lost on the old man, as he traversed them under the guidance of his quondam fellow-soldier. He was about to express some sentiment of this kind, but Francis imposed silence on him by signs, and opening a door at the end of the long picture-gallery, ushered him into a small antechamber hung with black. Here they found the almoner, with his ear turned to a door opposite that by which they entered, in the attitude of one who

Behave with attention, but is at the same time afraid of being detected in the act.

The old domestic and churchman started when they perceived each other. But the almoner first recovered his recollection, and advancing towards Marnor, said, under his breath, but with an authoritative tone, "How dare you approach the Earl's apartment without knocking? and who is this stranger, or what has he to do here?—Retire to the gallery, and wait for me there."

"It's impossible just now to attend your reverence," answered Marnor, raising his voice as as to be heard in the next room, being conscious that the priest would not maintain the altercation within hearing of his patron,—*"the Earl's bell has rung."*

He had scarce uttered the words, when it was rung again with greater violence than before; and the ecclesiastic, perceiving further expostulation impossible, lifted his finger at Marnor, with a menacing attitude, as he left the apartment.

"I told ye so," said the Aberdeen man in a whisper to Edie, and then proceeded to open the door near which they had observed the chaplain stationed.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHTH.

—This ring.—

*This little ring, with sacramental force,
Has raised the ghost of pleasure to my door,
Conjured the senses of honour and of love
Into such shapes, they fight me from myself.*

THE FATAL MISTAKE.

THE ancient forms of mourning were observed in Glenliss House, notwithstanding the salubrity with which the members of the family were popularly supposed to refuse to the dead the usual tribute of lamentation. It was remarked, that when she received the fatal letter announcing the death of her second, son, as was once believed, her favourite son, the hand of the Countess did not shake, nor her eyelid twinkle, any more than upon perusal of a letter of ordinary business. Heaven only knows whether the suppression of maternal sorrow, which her pride commanded, might not have some effect in hastening her

own death. It was at least generally supposed that the apoplectic stroke, which so soon afterwards terminated her existence, was, as it were, the vengeance of outraged Nature for the restraint to which her feelings had been subjected. But although Lady Glenelg forbore the usual external signs of grief, she had caused many of the apartments, amongst others her own and that of the Earl, to be hung with the exterior trappings of woe.

The Earl of Glenelg was therefore seated in an apartment hung with black cloth, which waved in dusky folds along its lofty walls. A screen, also covered with black hain, placed towards the high and narrow window, intercepted much of the broken light which found its way through the stained glass, that represented, with such skill as the fourteenth century possessed, the life and sorrows of the prophet Jeremiah. The table at which the Earl was seated was lighted with two lamps wrought in silver, shedding that unpleasant and doubtful light which arises from the mingling of artificial lustre with that of general daylight. The same table displayed a silver crucifix, and one or two draped parchment books. A large picture, exquisitely painted by Spagnoletta, represented the martyrdom of St. Stephen, and was the only ornament of the apartment.

The inhabitant and lord of this dismal-looking chamber was a man not past the prime of life, yet so broken down with disease and mental misery, so gaunt and ghastly, that he appeared but a wreck of manhood; and when he hastily arose and advanced towards his visitor, the emotion seemed almost to overpower his marbled frame. As they met in the midst of the apartment, the contrast they exhibited was very striking. The hale cheek, firm step, erect stature, and undimmed presence and bearing of the old mendicant, indicated patience and content in the extremity of age, and in the lowest condition to which humanity can sink; while the sunken eye, pallid cheek, and tottering form of the soldierman with whom he was contrasted, showed how little wealth, power, and even the advantages of youth, have to do with that which gives repose to the mind, and firmness to the frame.

The Earl met the old man in the middle of the room, and having commanded his attendant to withdraw into the gallery, and suffer no one to enter the antechamber till he rung the bell, created, with hurried yet fearful impatience, until he heard first

the door of his apartment, and then that of the antechamber, shut and fastened by the spring-bolt. When he was satisfied with this security against being overheard, Lord Glenallan came close up to the mendicant, whom he probably mistook for some person of a religious order in disguise, and said, in a hoarse yet faltering tone, "In the name of all our religious hosts most holy, tell me, reverend father, what am I to expect from a communication opened by a token connected with such horrible recollections?"

The old man, appalled by a manner so different from what he had expected from the proud and powerful nobleman, was at a loss how to answer, and in what manner to introduce him. "Tell me," continued the Earl, in a tone of increasing trepidation and agony—"tell me, do you come to say that all that has been done to expiate guilt so horrible, has been too little and too trivial for the offence, and to point out new and more efficacious modes of severe penance?—I will not blush from it, father—let me suffer the pains of my crime here in the body, rather than hereafter in the spirit?"

Edie had now recollection enough to perceive, that if he did not interrupt the frankness of Lord Glenallan's admissions, he was likely to become the confidant of more than might be safe for him to know. He therefore uttered with a hoarse and trembling voice—"Your lordship's honour is mistaken—I am not of your penance, nor a clergyman, but, with all reverence, only your Edie Gilchrist, the king's bedchamber and your honour's."

This explanation he accompanied by a profound bow after his manner, and then, drawing himself up erect, rested his arm on his staff, threw back his long white hair, and fixed his eyes upon the Earl, as he waited for an answer.

"And you are not then," said Lord Glenallan, after a pause of surprise—"You are not then a Catholic priest?"

"God forbid!" said Edie, forgetting in his confusion to whom he was speaking; "I am only the king's bedchamber and your honour's, as I said before."

The Earl turned hastily away, and passed the room twice or thrice, as if to recover the effects of his mistake, and then, coming close up to the mendicant, he demanded, in a stern and commanding tone, what he meant by intruding himself on his privacy, and from whence he had got the ring which he had

thought proper to send him. Edie, a man of much spirit, was less daunted at this mode of interrogation than he had been confused by the tone of confidence in which the Earl had opened their conversation. To the reiterated question from whom he had obtained the ring, he answered composedly, "From one who was better known to the Earl than to him."

"Better known to me, follow!" said Lord Glenelg: "what is your meaning?—explain yourself instantly, or you shall experience the consequences of breaking in upon the hours of family distress."

"It was said Elspeth Mackintosh that sent me here," said the lawyer, "in order to say"—

"You dare, old man!" said the Earl; "I never heard the name—but this dreadful token speaks for me!"—

"I mind now, my lord," said Ochiltree, "she bade me your lordship would be made familiar wth her, if I co^{ld} her Elspeth of the Craigshanks—the had that name when she lived on your honour's land, that is, your honour's worshipful mother's that was then—Grace be wth her!"

"Ay," said the appalled nobleman, as his countenance sank, and his cheek assumed a hue yet more cadaverous; "that name is indeed written in the most tragic page of a deplorable history. But what can she desire of me? Is she dead or living?"

"Living, my lord; and anxious to see your lordship before she dies, for she has something to communicate that hangs upon her very soul, and she says she means ill in peace until she sees you."

"Not until she sees me!—what can that mean? But she is dying with age and infirmity. I tell thee, friend, I called at her cottage myself, not a twelvemonth since, from a report that she was in distress, and she did not even know my face or voice."

"If your honour w^{ld} permit me," said Edie, to whom the length of the conference restored a part of his professional anxiety and native talkativeness—"if your honour w^{ld} but permit me, I w^{ld} say, under correction of your lordship's better judgment, that said Elspeth's life some of the ancient ruined strongholds and castles that are seen among the hills. There are many parts of her mind that appear, as I may say, half waste and decayed, but then there's parts that look the stronger, and

the stronger, and the graver, because they are rising just like to fragments among the ruins of the rest. She's an awful woman."

"She always was so," said the Earl, almost unconsciously adding the observation of the merchant; "she always was different from other women—least perhaps to her who is now no more, in her temper and turn of mind.—She wishes to see me, then?"

"Before she dies," said Edie, "she earnestly desires that pleasure."

"It will be a pleasure to neither of us," said the Earl, sternly, "yet she shall be gratified. She lives, I think, on the sea-shore to the southward of Folkestone?"

"Just between Monkham and Knockelinnock Castle, but nearer to Monkham. Your lordship's honour will ken the laird and Sir Arthur, doubtless?"

A stare, as if he did not comprehend the question, was Lord Glenalva's answer. Edie saw his mind was elsewhere, and did not venture to repeat a query which was as little germane to the matter.

"Are you a Catholic, old man?" demanded the Earl.

"No, my lord," said Editha stoutly; for the remembrance of the unequal division of the dole rose in his mind at the moment; "I thank Heaven I am a good Protestant."

"He who can conscientiously call himself good, has indeed reason to thank Heaven, be his form of Christianity what it will—but who is he that shall dare to do so?"

"Not I," said Edie; "I trust to beware of the sin of presumption."

"What was your trade in your youth?" continued the Earl.

"A soldier, my lord; and many a fair day's bumping I've seen. I was to have been made a sergeant, but"—

"A soldier! then you have slain and burnt, and sacked and spoiled?"

"I wina say," replied Edie, "that I have been better than my neighbours;—it's a rough trade—war's sweet to them that never tried it."

"And you are now old and miserable, asking from piousness charity the food which in your youth you tore from the hand of the poor peasant?"

"I am a beggar, it is true, my lord; but I am now just as

miserable addition. For my sin, I have had grace to repent of them, & I might say so, and to lay them where they may be better borne than by me; and for my food, nobody grudges an old man a bit and a drink—See I live as I can, and am contented to die when I am call'd upon."

"And thus, then, with little to look back upon that is pleasant or praiseworthy in your past life—with less to look forward to on this side of eternity, you are contented to drag out the rest of your existence! Go, begone! and in your age and poverty and weakness, never envy the bed of such a man as this, either in his sleeping or waking moments—Here is something for thee."

The Earl put into the old man's hand five or six guineas. Edie would perhaps have stated his scruples, as upon other occasions, to the amount of the benefaction, but the tone of Lord Glenalva was too absolute to admit of either answer or dispute. The Earl then called his servant—"See this old man safe from the castle—let no one ask him any questions—and you, friend, begone, and forget the road that leads to my house."

"That would be difficult for me," said Edie, looking at the gold which he still held in his hand, "that would be even difficult, since your honour has given me such good cause to remember it."

Lord Glenalva stared, so hardly comprehending the old man's boldness in daring to bandy words with him, and, with his hand, made him another signal of departure, which the small-coat instantly obeyed.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINTH.

For he was one to all their life sport,
And like a monarch, ruled their little court;
The pliant bow he formed, the flying ball,
The bat, the wheel, were his become all.

CHAMBER'S WILLIAMS.

FRANCIS MARMON, agreeably to the commands of his master, attended the merchant, in order to see him fairly out of the estate, without permitting him to have conversation, or intercourse, with any of the Earl's dependants or domestics. But,

judiciously considering that the restriction did not extend to himself, who was the person entrusted with the convey, he used every measure in his power to extort from Edie the nature of his confidential and secret interview with Lord Glenalmon. But Edie had been in his time accustomed to cross-examination, and easily evaded those of his questioner's counsels. "The secrets of your life," said Odithree within himself, "are just like the wild beasts that are shut up in cages. Keep them hard and fast smacked up, and it's a' very well or better—but once let them out, they will turn and rend you. I mind how El Dagald Goss came off for letting loose his tongue about the Major's lady and Captain Basilisk."

Francis was therefore failed in his assaults upon the fidelity of the mendicant, and, like an indifferent chess-player, became, at every unsuccessful movement, more liable to the counter-stroke of his opponent.

"See ye upward, ye had nae particulars to say to my lord but about yer sin matters?"

"Ay, and about the wee bits o' things I had brought free abroad," said Edie. "I ken'd yee papist folk are mair set on the relics that are fetched free far—hairs and sue such."

"Truth, my Lord mair he turned red outright," said the domestic, "as he puts himself into sic a confuffle, for sayin'g ye could bring him, Edie."

"I doubtin' ye may say true to the mair, neighbors," replied the beggar; "but maybe he's had some hard play in his younger days, Francis, and that whiles uncooth folk say."

"Truth, Edie, and ye may say that—and since it's like ye'll no'er come back to the estate, an, if ye dee, that ye'll no find me there, I've o'er tell you he had a heart in his young time was wrecked and rent, that it's a wonder it hasn't broken outright lang afore this day."

"Ay, may ye say?" said Odithree; "that mair has been about a woman, I reckon?"

"Truth, and ye has guessed it," said Francis—"just a crack o' his ruin—Miss Bechins Norville, as they said has wad her;—there was a scugh in the country about it, but it was hushed up, as the quondam were concerned;—it's mair than twenty years syne—ay, it will be three-and-twenty."

"Ay, I was in America then," said the mendicant, "and so is the way to have the country shaken."

"There was little talk about it, man," replied Harmer; "he liked this young lady, and wold have married her, but his mother said it wot, and then the dell good o'er Jack Walsden. At last, the poor lass choked herself o'er the murr at the Cragbarnfoot into the sea, and there was an end o't."

"An end o't w'f the poor lady," said the musician, "but, as I reckon, an end o't w'f the yeel."

"Nae end o't till his life makes an end," answered the Abbotson.

"But what for did the auld Countess forbid the marriage?" continued the persevering querist.

"Fie, fie!—she maybe didna wot him for her self, for she ga'd a' hoo to her bidding, right or wrong—But it was her'd the young lady was inclined to some o' the hermes o' the country—and by takes, she was afe to him mair than our Church's rule shude o'. See the lady was driven to the desperate act, and the yeel has never since held his head up like a man."

"Wot away!" replied Ochiltree:—"It's o'm queer I ne'er heard this tale afore."

"It's o'm queer that ye heard it now, for dell me o' the servants dunt hae spoken o't had the auld Countess been living. Eh, man, Edie! but she was a trimmer—it wad hae taen a shoddy man to hae squared w'f her!—But she's in her grave, and we may loose our tongues a bit fur we meet a friend.—But here ye wot, Edie—I mean to look to the evening service. An' ye come to Inverurie maybe sax months awa, dinna forget to ask after Francis Macrae."

What one kindly pressed, the other as firmly pressed; and the friends having thus parted, with every testimony of mutual regard, the domestic of Lord Glenallan took his road back to the seat of his master, leaving Ochiltree to trace onward his habitual pilgrimages.

It was a fine summer evening, and the world—that is, the little circle which was all in all to the individual by whom it was trodden, lay before Edie Ochiltree, for the choosing of his night's quarters. When he had passed the less hospitable domains of Glenallan, he had in his option so many places of refuge for the evening, that he was able, and even fastidious in the choice. Ailie Sim's public was on the road-side about a mile before him, but there wold be a parcel of young fellows

there on the Saturday night, and that was a lot in civil conversation. Other "gubers and gubersins," as the farmers and their dames are termed in Scotland, successively presented themselves to his imagination. But one was deaf, and could not hear him; another toothless, and could not make him hear; a third had a cross temper; and a fourth an ill-natured house-dog. At Monkhouse or Knockwinnoch he was sure of a favourable and hospitable reception; but they lay too distant to be conveniently reached that night.

"I dinna ken how it is," said the old man, "but I am ayeer about my quarters this night than ever I mind having been in my life. I think, having seen o' the houses yonder, and feeling out one may be happier without them, has made me proud o' my ain bit—But I wane it looks no guid, for pride goes before destruction. At any rate, the worst here o'er man, lay he wad be a pleasanter shade than Gleanah House, wi' a' the pictures and black velvet, and ayeer bonny-wasties belonging to it—But I'll r'en attle at once, and put in for Ailie Black."

As the old man descended the hill above the little hamlet to which he was lending his course, the setting sun had relieved its inmates from their knees, and the young men, stuffing themselves of the fine evening, were engaged in the sport of long-lewis on a patch of common, while the women and children looked on. The shout, the laugh, the exclamations of winners and losers, came in blended chorus up the path which Ochiltree was descending, and awakened in his recollection the days when he himself had been a keen competitor, and frequently victor, in games of strength and agility. Those remembrances seldom fail to excite a sigh, even when the evening of life is cheered by brighter prospects than those of our poor mortals. "At that time of day," was his natural reflection, "I would have thought a little about my auld palmering body that was coming down the side of Kibblythornet, as oay o' these stalwart young chills does dounce about auld Bide Ochiltree."

He was, however, presently cheered, by finding that more importance was attached to his arrival than his modesty had anticipated. A disputed cast had occurred between the bank of plover, and as the gaffer favoured the one party, and the schoolmaster the other, the matter might be said to be taken up by the higher powers. The miller and smith, also, had opposed different sides, and, considering the vicinity of two

such disputes, there was reason to doubt whether the strife might be amicably terminated. But the first person who caught a sight of the meddler exclaimed, "Ah ! here comes old Edie, that knows the rules of a country game better than any man that ever drove a boor, or threw an ash-tree, or pulled a stone either ;—let's let me quarrelling, opponents—we'll stand by old Edie's judgment."

Edie was accordingly welcomed, and installed as umpire, with a general shout of gratulation. With all the modesty of a Bishop to whom the mitre is proffered, or of a new Speaker called to the chair, the old man declined the high trust and responsibility with which it was proposed to invest him, and, in requital for his self-denial and humility, had the pleasure of receiving the reiterated assurances of young, old, and middle-aged, that he was simply the best qualified person for the office of umpire "in the haid country-side." Thus encouraged, he proceeded gravely to the execution of his duty, and, strictly forbidding all aggravating expressions on either side, he heard the snarl and growl on one side, the snarl and schoolmaster on the other, as justice and order reigned. Edie's mind, however, was fully made up on the subject before the pleading began ; like that of many a judge, who must nevertheless go through all the forms, and measure in its full extent the disputes and argumentation of the Bar. For when all had been said on both sides, and much of it said ever oftener than once, our umpire, being well and ripe advised, pronounced the moderate and healing judgment, that the disputed coat was a down one, and should therefore count to neither party. This judicious decision restored counsel to the field of players ; they began anew to arrange their match and their bets, with the clamorous mirth usual on such occasions of village sport, and the more eager were slowly stripping their jackets, and committing them, with their coloured handkerchiefs, to the care of wives, sisters, and mistresses. But their mirth was singularly interrupted.

On the outside of the group of players began to arise sounds of a description very different from those of sport,—that sort of suppressed sigh and exclamation, with which the first news of calamity is received by the hearers, began to be heard indistinctly. A buzz went about among the women of "Ed, ah ! see young and me suddenly summoned !"—It then extended itself among the men, and allowed the sounds of sportive mirth.

All understood at once that some disaster had happened in the country, and each inquired the cause at his neighbour, who knew as little as the querist. At length the rumour reached, in a distinct shape, the ears of Edie Ochiltree, who was in the very centre of the assembly. The boat of Macklebackitt, the fisherman whom we have so often mentioned, had been swamped at sea, and four men had perished, it was affirmed, including Macklebackitt and his son. Rumour had in this, however, as in other cases, gone beyond the truth. The boat had indeed been crossed; but Stephen, as, as he was called, Steenie Macklebackitt, was the only man who had been drowned. Although the place of his residence and his mode of life removed the young man from the society of the country folks, yet they failed not to pause in their rustic mirth to pay that tribute to sudden calamity which it seldom fails to receive in cases of infrequent occurrence. To Ochiltree, in particular, the news came like a knell, the rather that he had so lately engaged this young man's assistance in an affair of sportive mischief; and though neither loss nor injury was designed to the German adept, yet the work was not precisely one in which the latter hours of life ought to be occupied.

Misfortune never comes alone. While Ochiltree, painedly leaning upon his staff, added his regrets to those of the handful which bewailed the young man's sudden death, and internally blamed himself for the transaction in which he had so lately engaged him, the old man's collar was seized by a peace-officer, who displayed his baton in his right hand, and exclaimed, "In the King's name."

The gauger and schoolmaster united their rhetoric, to prove to the constable and his assistant that he had no right to arrest the king's bedchamberman as a vagrant; and the mute eloquence of the miller and smith, which was vested in their clenched fists, was prepared to give Highland ball for their arbiter; his kilt gone, they said, was his warrant for travelling the country.

"But his kilt gone," answered the officer, "is no protection for assault, robbery, and murder; and my warrant is against him for those crimes."

"Murder!" said Edie, "murder! wha did I do murder?"

"Mr. German Deutschediel, the agent at Glas-Withershinie making works."

"Macker Donsternivvel!—look, he's living, and life-like, man."

"You thanks to you if he be; he had a sair struggle for his life, if s' he was he tells, and ye mair answer for't at the biding of the law."

The defenders of the meridianist shook back at hearing the strictness of the charges against him, but none than one: that head thrust west and broad and passed upon Edie, to maintain him in the prison, to which the officers were about to conduct him.

"Thanks to ye! God bless ye s', balms!—I've gotten out o' many a snare when I was mair deserving o' deliverance—I shall escape like a bird from the tocher. Play out your play, and never mind me—I am mair grieved for the pair but that's gone, than for naught they can do to me."

Accordingly, the wretched prisoner was led off, while he mechanically accepted and stored in his vallets the aims which poured in on every hand, and ere he left the hands, was as disciplined as a government victualer. The labour of hearing this unaccounting business was, however, abridged, by the officer procuring a cart and horse to convey the old man to a neighbour, in order to his examination and conviction.

The director of Stenale, and the arrest of Edie, put a stop to the sports of the village, the passive inhabitants of which began to speculate upon the vicissitudes of human affairs, which had so suddenly consigned one of their comrades to the grave, and placed their master of the revels in some danger of being hanged. The character of Donsternivvel being pretty generally known, which was in his case equivalent to being pretty generally detested, there were many speculations upon the probability of the accusation being malicious. But all agreed, that if Edie Ochiltree believed in all events to suffer upon this occasion, it was a great pity he had not better married his fate by killing Donsternivvel outright.

CHAPTER THIRTIETH.

Who is he?—One that for the lack of land
 Shall fight upon the water—he hath challenged
 Formerly the great whale; and by his tilts
 Of Leviathan, belcomoth, and so forth,
 He tilts with a record-ship—Merry, sir,
 Th' aquatic hath the best—the argument
 Will gild our champion's breach.

OLD PLAY.

"And the poor young fellow, Steenie Markshackit, is to be buried this morning," said our old friend the Antiquary, as he exchanged his quilted night-gown for an old-fashioned black coat in lieu of the small-coloured vestment which he ordinarily wore, "and, I presume, it is expected that I should attend the funeral?"

"Oo, ay," answered the faithful Canon, efficiently brushing the white threads and specks from his patron's habit. "The body, God help us! was was broken against the rocks that they're fain to bury the burial. The son's a little mad, as I tell my daughter, your thing, when I want her to get up her spirits; the son, says I, Jerry, is as uncertain a sailing!"

"As the sailing of an old private-captain, that's rebbed of his business by crops and the providence. Canon, the topics of conversation are as ill chosen as they are foreign to the present purpose. Qu'il soit son affaire! What have I to do with thy wretchedness, who have enough and to spare of mine own?—I pray of you again, am I expected by these poor people to attend the funeral of their son?"

"Oo, doubtless, your honour is expected," answered Canon; "weel I wot ye are expected. Ye ken, in this country like gentlemen is wanted to be as civil as to see the corpse off his grounds; ye reckon gang higher than the head-land—it's no expected your honour will leave the land; it's just a Kohn convey, a step and a half over the doortane."

"A Kohn convey?" echoed the inquisitive Antiquary; "and why a Kohn convey more than any other?"

"Dear sir," answered Canon, "how should I ken? it's just a by-word."

"Caxon," answered Oldback, "then art a mere party-maker—Had I asked Oldkitten the question, he would have had a legend ready made to my hand."

"My business," replied Caxon, with more education than he commonly displayed, "is with the outside of your honour's hand, as ye are accustomed to say."

"True, Caxon, true; and it is no reproach to a flutcher that he is not an upstaterer."

He then took out his memorandum-book and wrote down "Kilco survey—and is he a step and a half over the threshold. Authority—Caxon.—Query—Whence derived? *Mm.* To write to Dr. Grayston upon the subject."

Having made this entry, he resumed—"And truly, as to this custom of the hooded attending the body of the patient, I approve it, Caxon. It comes from ancient times, and was founded deep in the notions of mental ail and depression between the head and sublimities of the soil. And herein I must say, the feudal system—(as also in its courtesy towards womanhood, in which it excelled!)—herein, I say, the feudal images mitigated and softened the sternness of classical times. No man, Caxon, ever heard of a Spartan attending the funeral of a Helot—yet I dare be sworn that John of the Glind—ye have heard of him, Caxon?"

"Ay, ay, sir," answered Caxon; "nobody can but been long in your honour's company without hearing of that gentleman."

"Well," continued the Antiquary, "I would bet a tiffe there was not a hel hel, or bondman, or peasant, *servitus glia*, died upon the monks' territories down here, but John of the Glind saw them bury and decently interred."

"Ay, but if it like your honour, they say he had more to do with the births than the burials. Ha! ha! ha!" with a gleeful chuckle.

"Good, Caxon, very good!—why, you shine this morning."

"And besides," added Caxon, slyly, encouraged by his patron's approbation, "they say, too, that the Catholic priests in those times got something for ganging about to burials."

"Right, Caxon! right as my glove! By the by, I fancy that phrase comes from the custom of plodging a glove as the signal of irrefragable faith—right, I say, as my glove, Caxon—but we of the Protestant ascendancy have the more merit in

doing that duty for nothing, which cost money in the reign of that empire of superstition, where Spencer, Chorea, turns in his allegorical phrases,

———— The daughter of that woman Mind,
Alas, daughter of Corvus she ———

But why talk I of these things to thee!—my poor Lovel has spoiled me, and taught me to speak aloud when it is much the same as speaking to myself. Where's my nephew, Hector McIntyre?

"He's in the parlour, sir, wif the ladies."

"Very well," said the Antiquary, "I will betake me thither."

"Now, Madam," said his sister, on his entering the parlour, "ye mustn't be angry."

"My dear uncle!" began Miss McIntyre.

"What's the meaning of all this?" said Oldbuck, in alarm of some impending bad news, and arising upon the supplicating tone of the ladies, as a fortress apprehends an attack from the very first flourish of the trumpet which announces the summons—"what's all this!—what do you bespeak my patience for?"

"No particular matter, I should hope, sir," said Hector, who, with his arm in a sling, was seated at the breakfast table;—"however, whatever it may amount to I am answerable for it, as I am for much more trouble that I have occasioned, and for which I have little more than thanks to offer."

"No, no! heartily welcome, heartily welcome—only let it be a warning to you," said the Antiquary, "against your fits of anger, which is a short madness—be *far* wiser—but what is this new disaster?"

"My dog, sir, has unfortunately thrown down!"——

"If it please Heaven, not the lachrymatory from Clackabon!" interjected Oldbuck.

"Indeed, uncle," said the young lady, "I am afraid—it was that which stood upon the sideboard—the poor thing only meant to eat the pat of fresh butter."

"In which she has fully succeeded, I presume, for I see that on the table is asked. But that is nothing—my lachrymatory, the main pillar of my theory on which I relied to show, in despite of the ignominious obliquity of Miss Orisk, that the Romans had passed the defiles of these mountains, and left behind them traces of their arts and arms, is gone—sterilized

—ordered to seek fragments as might be the shreds of a broken—flowerpot!

———— Hester, I tell thee,
But never more be officer of mine."

"Why, really, sir, I am afraid I should make a bad figure in a regiment of your riding."

"At least, Hester, I would have you despatch your camp train, and travel expeditious, or rather expeditiously. You cannot conceive how I am annoyed by this beast—she commits burglary, I believe, for I found her charged with breaking into the kitchen after all the doors were locked, and eating up a shoulder of mutton."—(Our readers, if they chance to remember *Jenny Hatherstone's* precaution of leaving the door open when she went down to the fisher's cottage, will probably ascribe poor *Jana* of that aggravation of guilt which the lawyers call a *circumstanced* *fraud*, and which makes the distinction between burglary and private stealing.)

"I am truly sorry, sir," said Hester, "that *Jana* has committed so much disorder; but Jack Hatherston, the brother, was never able to bring her under command. She has never traveled than my bitch I ever knew, but"—

"Then, Hester, I wish the bitch would travel herself out of my grounds."

"We will both of us retreat to-morrow, or to-day, but I would not willingly part from my mother's brother in such a case about a paltry pupkin."

"O brother! brother!" ejaculated Miss M'Intyre, in utter despair at this responsive epithet.

"Why, what would you have me call it?" continued Hester; "it was just such a thing as they use in Egypt to cool wine, or sherbet, or water;—I brought home a pair of them—I might have brought home twenty."

"What?" said Oldbuck, "shaped such as that your dog threw down?"

"Yes, sir, much such a sort of earthen jar as that which was on the sidewalk. They are in my lodgings at Fairport; we brought a parcel of them to cool our wine on the passage—they answer wonderfully well. If I could think they would in any degree repay your loss, or rather that they could afford you pleasure, I am sure I should be much honoured by your accepting them."

"Indeed, my dear boy, I should be highly gratified by possessing them. To trace the connection of nations by their weapons, and the similarity of the implements which they employ, has been long my favourite study. Everything that can illustrate such connections is most valuable to me."

"Well, sir, I shall be much gratified by your acceptance of them, and a few trifles of the same kind. And now, am I to hope you have forgiven me?"

"O, my dear boy, you are only thoughtless and foolish."

"But Jane—she is only thoughtless too, I assure you—the broker tells me she has no vice or stubbornness."

"Well, I grant Jane also a free pardon—conditioned, that you will institute her in avoiding vice and stubbornness, and that henceforward she banish herself forth of Moschburne palace."

"Then, uncle," said the soldier, "I should have been very sorry and ashamed to propose to you anything in the way of expiation of my own sins, or those of my follower, that I thought worth your acceptance; but now, as all is forgiven, will you permit the orphan-nephew, to whom you have been a father, to offer you a trifle, which I have been assured is really curious, and which only the cross accident of my wound has prevented my delivering to you before? I got it from a French servant, to whom I rendered some service after the Alexandria affair."

The captain put a small ring-case into the Antiquary's hands, which, when opened, was found to contain an antique ring of massive gold, with a cameo, most beautifully executed, bearing a head of Cleopatra. The Antiquary broke forth into unexpressed ecstasy, shook his nephew cordially by the hand, shook him an hundred times, and showed the ring to his sister and niece, the latter of whom had the tact to give it sufficient admiration; but Miss Griselda (though she had the same affection for her nephew) had not address enough to follow the lead.

"It's a honey thing," she said, "Martha, and, I dare say, a valuable; but it's out of my way—you know I am no judge of *de matters*."

"There spoke all Fairport in one voice!" exclaimed Offback; "it is the very spirit of the borough has infused us all; I think I have smelt the smoke these two days, that the wind has stuck, like a remore, in the north-east—and its gusts blow it further than its vapours. Believe me, my dear Hunter, were I to walk up the High Street of Fairport, displaying this heart-

nable gem in the eye of each one I met, no human creature, from the peasant to the town-crier, would stop to ask me its history. But if I carried a bale of linen cloth under my arm, I could not penetrate to the Hamersmarket ere I should be overwhelmed with queries about its precise texture and price. Oh, one might parody their brutal ignorance in the words of Gray:

Where the warp and weave the wool,
The winding-sheet of wit and sense,
Dell garments of defective good,
Quaint all that dells not gather power."

The most remarkable proof of this peace-offering being quite acceptable was, that while the Antiquary was in full disquisition, Jane, who held him in awe, according to the remarkable instinct by which dogs instantly discover those who like or dislike them, had peeped several times into the room, and encountering nothing very forbidding in his aspect, had at length presumed to introduce her ball poems; and finally, becoming bold by impunity, she actually ate up Mr. Oldhead's toast, as, looking first at one then at another of his auditors, he repeated, with self-complacency,

"Where the warp and weave the toast, —"

You remember the passage in the *Painé Sisters*, which, by the way, is not so fine as in the original—*But, hey-day! my toast has vanished!*—I see which way—*Ah, those tips of woman-kind!* no wonder they take offence at the generic application!"—(He saying, he shook his fat at Jane, who scowled out of the parlor.)—"However, as Jupiter, according to Homer, could not rule Jane in heaven, and as Jack Northend, according to Hector M'Intyre, has been equally unsuccessful on earth, I suppose she must have her own way." And this mild censure the brother and sister justly accounted a full pardon for Jane's offence, and ate down well pleased to the morning meal.

When breakfast was over, the Antiquary proposed to his nephew to go down with him to attend the funeral. The soldier pleaded the want of a mourning habit.

"O, that does not signify—your presence is all that is requisite. I assure you, you will see something that will entertain—*no, that's an improper phrase—that that will interest you, from the reminiscences which I will point out betwixt popular customs on such occasions and those of the ancients.*"

"Heaven forgive me!" thought M'Tatye;—"I shall certainly misbehave, and lose all the credit I have as lately and accidentally gained."

When they set out, schooled as he was by the warning and entreating looks of his sister, the soldier made his resolution strong to give no offence by evincing inattention or impatience. But our best resolutions are frail, when opposed to our predominant inclinations. Our Antiquary,—to leave nothing unexplained, had commenced with the funeral rites of the ancient Scandinavians, when his nephew interrupted him, in a discussion upon the "age of hills," to remark that a large sea-gull, which flitted around them, had come twice within shot. This error being acknowledged and pardoned, Oldback resumed his dissertation.

"These are circumstances you ought to attend to and be familiar with, my dear Hector; for, in the strange contiguities of the present war which agitates every corner of Europe, there is no knowing where you may be called upon to serve. If in Norway, for example, or Denmark, or any part of the ancient Scania, or Scantharva, as we term it, what could be more convenient than to have at your finger's end the history and antiquities of that ancient country, the offshoot nation, the mother of modern Europe, the nursery of those heroes,

Here to inflict, and elsewhere to endure,
Who called in death!—"

How amusing, for example, at the conclusion of a weary march, to find yourself in the vicinity of a Bann monument, and discover that you have pitched your tent beside the tomb of a hero!"

"I am afraid, sir, our men would be better supplied if it chanced to be in the neighbourhood of a good poultry-yard."

"Alas, that you should say so! No wonder the days of Cressy and Agincourt are no more, when respect for ancient valour has died away in the breasts of the British soldiery."

"By no means, sir,—by no manner of means. I dare say that Edward and Henry, and the rest of those heroes, thought of their dinner, however, before they thought of consulting an old tombstone. But I assure you, we are by no means insensible to the memory of our fathers' sins; I need often of an evening to get old Bory M'Alpin to sing us songs out of Gaelic

about the battles of Fingal and Lamos. Mor, and Magnus and the Spirit of Helmsdale."

"And did you believe," asked the armed Antiquary, "did you absolutely believe that stuff of Macpherson's to be really ancient, you simple boy?"

"Believe it, sir!—how could I but believe it, when I have heard the songs sung from my infancy?"

"But not the same as Macpherson's English Odes—*you're* not absurd enough to say that, I hope!" said the Antiquary, his brow darkening with wrath.

But Hector steadily shook the storm; like many a sturdy Celt, he imagined the honour of his country and native language connected with the authenticity of those popular poems, and would have fought knee-deep, or forfeited life and land, rather than have given up a line of them. He therefore indignantly maintained, that Rory M'Alpin could repeat the whole book from one end to another;—and it was only upon cross-examination that he explained an assertion so general, by adding "At least, if he was allowed whisky enough, he could repeat as long as anybody would listen to him."

"Ay, ay," said the Antiquary; "and that, I suppose, was not very long."

"Why, we had our duty, sir, to attend to, and could not sit listening all night to a pipe."

"But do you recollect, now," said Oldhead, setting his teeth firmly together, and speaking without opening them, which was his custom when contradicted—"Do you recollect, now, any of those verses you thought so beautiful and interesting—being a capital judge, no doubt, of such things?"

"I don't pretend to much skill, uncle; but it's not *very* reasonable to be angry with me for admiring the antiquities of my own country more than those of the Harolds, Hattings, and Huns you are so fond of."

"Why, *these*, sir—these mighty and unconquered Goths—were your ancestors! The hard-browed Celts whom they subdued, and suffered only to exist, like a fearful people, in the corners of the rocks, were but their Manichs and Serfs!"

Hector's brow now grew red in his turn. "Sir," he said, "I don't understand the meaning of Manichs and Serfs, but I conceive that such names are very improperly applied to Scotch Highlanders: no man but my mother's brother dared to have

used such language in my presence; and I pray you will observe, that I consider it as neither impudent, haughty, kind, nor generous usage towards your guest and your kinsman. My ancestors, Mr. Oldbuck"—

"Were great and gallant chiefs, I dare say, Hector; and really I did not mean to give you such business offence in treating a point of remote antiquity, a subject on which I always am myself cool, deliberate, and unpassioned. But you are as hot and hasty, as if you were Hector and Achilles, and Agamemnon to boot."

"I am sorry I expressed myself as hastily, uncle, especially to you, who have been so generous and good. But my ancestors"—

"No more about it, lad; I meant them no affront—none."

"I'm glad of it, sir; for the honor of M'Intyre"—

"Pardon be with them all, every man of them," said the Antiquary. "But to return to our subject—Do you recollect, I say, any of those poems which afforded you such amusement?"

"Very hard this," thought M'Intyre, "that he will speak with such ease of everything which is ancient, excepting my family."—Then, after some efforts at recollection, he added aloud, "Yes, sir,—I think I do remember some lines; but you do not understand the Gaelic language."

"And will readily excuse hearing it. But you can give me some idea of the sense in our own vernacular idiom?"

"I shall prove a wretched interpreter," said M'Intyre, running over the original, well garnished with *spior, meile, and meile*, and similar gatties, and then coughing and hawking as if the translation stuck in his throat. At length, having promised that the poem was a dialogue between the poet Ossin, or Oshin, and Patrick, the tatarer Saint of Ireland, and that it was difficult, if not impossible, to render the exquisite felicity of the first two or three lines, he said the sense was to this purpose:

"Farewell the partings,
Since you will not listen to one of my stories,
Though you never heard it before,
I am sorry to tell you
You are little better than an ear!"——

"Good! good!" exclaimed the Antiquary; "but go on. Why, this is, after all, the most admirable feeling—I dare say the poet was very right. What says the Saint?"

"He replies in character," said M'Intyre: "but you should hear M'Alpin sing the original. The speeches of Ovidius come in upon a strong deep bass—those of Patrick are upon a tenor key."

"Like M'Alpin's drone and small pipes, I suppose," said Oldbuck. "Well! Pray, go on."

"Well then, Patrick replies to Ovidius:

Upon my word, son of Fingal,
While I am writing the psalm,
The clamour of your old women's tales
Disturbs my devotional ecstasies."

"Excellent!—why, this is better and better. I hope Saint Patrick sang better than Blatogrev's prosecutor, or it would be long-cholice between the poet and poetist. But what I admire is the courtesy of these two ancient persons towards each other. It is a pity there should not be a word of this in Macpherson's translation."

"If you are sure of that," said M'Intyre, gravely, "he must have taken very unmercantile liberties with his original."

"It will go near to be thought so shortly—but pray proceed."

"Then," said M'Intyre, "this is the answer of Ovidius:

Does you compare your psalm,
You son of a ————,

"Son of a what?" exclaimed Oldbuck.

"It means, I think," said the young soldier, with some reluctance, "son of a female dog:

Do you compare your psalm,
To the tales of the bare-ass'd Poetess?"

"Are you sure you are translating that last epithet correctly, Hector?"

"Quite sure, sir," answered Hector, doggedly.

"Because I should have thought the word might have been quoted as existing in a different part of the body."

Declining to reply to this insinuation, Hector proceeded in his translation:

"I shall think it no great harm
To bring your bald head from your chambers——"

"But what is that ponder!" exclaimed Hector, interrupting himself.

"One of the herd of Pyrene," said the Antiquary—"a glaze, or seal, lying asleep on the beach."

Upon which McIntyre, with the impetuosity of a young sportsman, totally forgot both Oonan, Patrick, his uncle, and his wound, and exclaiming—"I shall have her! I shall have her!" snatched the walking-stick out of the hand of the astonished Antiquary, at some risk of throwing him down, and set off at full speed to get between the animal and the sea, to which element, having caught the alarm, she was rapidly retreating.

But Sancho, when his master interrupted his account of the combats of Pontoporda with the seal and arm, to advance in person to the charge of the flock of sheep, stood more confounded than Okibuck at this sudden escape of his nephew.

"Is the devil in him," was his first exclamation, "to go to disturb the brute that was never thinking of him?"—Then elevating his voice, "Hush—nephew—hush—let alone the Plover—let alone the Plover!—they bite, I tell you, like flint. He mints us no more than a peat. There—there they are at it—God, the Plover has the best of it! I am glad to see it," said he, in the bitterness of his heart, though really alarmed for his nephew's safety—"I am glad to see it, with all my heart and spirit."

In truth, the seal, finding her retreat interrupted by the light-footed soldier, confronted him manfully, and having sustained a heavy blow without injury, she lashed her tail, as is the fashion of the animal when incensed, and making use at once of her fore-paws and her awfully strength, wrenched the weapon out of the soldier's hand, overturned him on the sands, and scuttled away into the sea, without doing him any further injury. Captain McIntyre, a good deal out of countenance at the issue of his exploit, just rose in time to receive the heated congratulations of his uncle, upon a single combat worthy to be commemorated by Oonan himself, "since," said the Antiquary, "your magnanimous opponent has fed, though not upon eagle's wings, from the sea that was her—Egad, she wallowed away with all the grace of triumph, and has carried my stick off also, by way of spoils of war."

McIntyre had little to answer for himself, except that a Highlander could never pass a deer, a seal, or a salmon, where there was a possibility of having a trial of skill with them, and that he had forgot one of his arms was in a sling. He also

made his fall an apology for returning back to Mordborens, and thus escape the further rebuffs of his uncle, as well as his lamentations for his wailing-stick.

"I cut it," he said, "in the classic woods of Hæthoruden, when I did not expect always to have been a bachelor—I would not have given it for an ocean of seals—O Hector! Hector! thy name was born to be the prop of Troy, and thou to be the plague of Mordborens!"

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIRST.

Tell me not of it, friends—when the young weep,
 Their tears are lake-water brine;—close your old eyes
 Sorrow falls down like hail-drops of the North,
 Chilling the bosoms of our withered steeds,
 That sit our hopes, and hardened as our feelings—
 There, as they fall, sink sightless—none heed,
 Heap the fair pile, and breathe all better on.

OLD FEAR.

THE *Antiquary*, being now alone, hastened his pace, which had been retarded by those various discussions, and the rencontre which had closed them, and soon arrived before the half-wooden cottages at Mord-crag. They had now, in addition to their usual spindly and uncomfortable appearance, the melancholy attributes of the house of mourning. The hoods were all drawn up on the bench; and, though the day was fine, and the season favourable, the chant, which is used by the Seldens when at sea, was silent, as well as the prattle of the children, and the shrill song of the mother, as she sits treading her rats by the door. A few of the neighbours, some in their antique and well-served suits of black, others in their ordinary clothes, but all bearing an expression of mournful sympathy with distress as sudden and unexpected, stood gathered around the door of Mordborens's cottage, waiting till "the body was lifted." As the Lord of Mordborens approached, they made way for him to enter, doffing their hats and bonnets as he passed, with an air of melancholy courtesy, and he returned their salutes in the same manner.

In the inside of the cottage was a scene which our Wilkie alone could have painted, with that exquisite feeling of nature that characterizes his enchanting productions.

The body was laid in its coffin within the wooden bedstead which the young fisher had occupied while alive. At a little distance stood the father, whose rugged weather-beaten countenance, shaded by his grizzled hair, had bore many a stormy night and night-like day. He was apparently reviving his loss in his mind, with that strong feeling of painful grief peculiar to harsh and rough characters, which almost breaks forth into hatred against the world, and all that remains in it, after the beloved object is withdrawn. The old man had made the most desperate efforts to save his son, and had only been withheld by male force from removing them at a moment when, without the possibility of assisting the sufferer, he must himself have perished. All this apparently was boiling in his recollection. His glance was directed sidelong towards the coffin, as to an object on which he could not steadily look, and yet from which he could not withdraw his eyes. His answers to the necessary questions which were occasionally put to him, were brief, harsh, and almost fierce. His family had not yet dared to address to him a word, either of sympathy or consolation. His maid-servant with, rings as she was, and absolute mistress of the family, as she justly boasted herself, on all ordinary occasions, was, by this great loss, terrified into silence and submission, and compelled to hide from her husband's observation the bursts of her female sorrow. As he had rejected food ever since the disaster had happened, not daring himself to approach him, she had that morning, with affectionate artifice, employed the youngest and favourite child to present her husband with some nourishment. His first action was to put it from him with an angry violence that frightened the child; his next, to snatch up the boy and scour him with blows. "Ye'll be a law' filson, an ye be spared, Fatio,—but ye'll never—never can be—what he was to me!—He has sniled the while w' me since he was ten years auld, and there waxes the life o' him dree a not bated this red Fackan-man.—They say folsie men submit—I will try."

And he had been silent from that moment until compelled to answer the necessary questions we have already noticed. Such was the disconsolate state of the father.

In another corner of the cottage, her face covered by her apron, which was hung over it, sat the mother—the nature of her grief sufficiently indicated by the wringing of her hands, and the

nerveless agitation of the bosom, which the covering could not conceal. Two of her goddaughters, affectionately whispering into her ear the commonplace topic of resignation under irreconcilable misfortune, seemed as if they were endeavouring to stave the grief which they could not console.

The sorrow of the children was mingled with wonder at the preparations they beheld around them, and at the unusual display of wheaten bread and wine, which the peasant peasant, or fisher, offers to the guests on these mournful occasions ; and thus their grief for their brother's death was almost already lost in admiration of the splendour of his funeral.

But the figure of the old grandmother was the most remarkable of the sorrowing group. Seated on her accustomed chair, with her usual air of apathy, and want of interest in what surrounded her, she seemed every now and then mechanically to resume the notion of twisting her spindle ; then to look towards her loom for the distaff, although both had been laid aside. She would then cast her eyes about, as if surprised at missing the usual implements of her industry, and appear struck by the black colour of the gown in which they had dressed her, and embarrassed by the number of persons by whom she was surrounded. Then, finally, she would raise her head with a ghastly look, and fix her eyes upon the bed which contained the coffin of her grandson, as if she had at once, and for the first time, acquired sense to comprehend her irreparable calamity. These alternate feelings of embarrassment, wonder, and grief, seemed to succeed each other more than once upon her torpid features. But she spoke not a word—neither did she shed a tear—nor did one of the family understand, either from lack of expression, or to what extent she comprehended the numerous toasts around her. Thus she sat among the funeral assembly like a connecting link between the surviving mourners and the dead corpse which they bewailed—a being in whom the light of existence was already obscured by the encroaching shadows of death.

When Oldbuck entered this house of mourning, he was received by a general and silent inclination of the head, and, according to the fashion of Scotland on such occasions, wine and spirits and bread were offered round to the guests. Eagerly, as these refreshments were presented, surprised and startled the whole company by motioning to the person who bore them to

step; then, taking a glass in her hand, she rose up, and, as the smile of derision played upon her shrivelled features, she pronounced, with a hoarse and tremulous voice, "Whisking o' your healths, sirs, and often may we hae such merry meetings!"

All shrunk from the cautious pledge, and set down the suspected liquor with a degree of shuddering horror, which will not surprise those who know how many superstitions are still common on such occasions among the Scottish vulgar. But as the old woman tasted the liquor, she suddenly exclaimed with a sort of shriek, "What's this!—this is wine—how should there be wine in my son's house!—Ay," she continued with a suppressed groan, "I mind the sorrowful cause now," and, dropping the glass from her hand, she stood a moment gazing fixedly on the bed in which the coffin of her grandson was deposited, and then sinking gradually into her seat, she covered her eyes and forehead with her withered and pallid hand.

At this moment the clergyman entered the cottage. Mr. Blathergrew, though a dreadful preacher, particularly on the subject of superstitions, localities, winds, and omens in that species of the General Assembly, to which, unfortunately for his auditors, he descended one year to act as moderator, was nevertheless a good man, in the old Scottish presbyterian phrase, God-wad and man-wad. No divine was more attentive in visiting the sick and afflicted, in visiting the youth, in instructing the ignorant, and in reproving the erring. And hence, notwithstanding impudence of his profligacy and prejudices, personal or professional, and notwithstanding, moreover, a certain habitual contempt for his understanding, especially on affairs of genius and taste, on which Blathergrew was apt to be diffuse, from his hope of one day fighting his way to a chair of rhetoric or belles lettres,—notwithstanding, I say, all the prejudices excited against him by these circumstances, our friend the Antiquary looked with great regard and respect on the said Blathergrew, though I can be could witness, even by his sense of decency and the reasonableness of his remarks, he braved out, as he called it, to hear him preach. But he regularly took shame to himself for his shame when Blathergrew came to Monkburne to dinner, to which he was always invited of a Sunday, as a mode of testifying his respect which the proprietor probably thought fully as agreeable to the clergyman, and rather more congenial to his own habits.

To return from a digression which can only serve to introduce the honest clergyman more particularly to our readers, Mr. Hatterpeck had no sooner entered the hut, and received the warm and melancholy salutations of the company whom it contained, than he edged himself towards the unfortunate father, and seemed to endeavour to slide in a few words of condolence or of consolation. But the old man was incapable as yet of receiving either; he nodded, however, gruffly, and shook the clergyman's hand in acknowledgment of his good intentions, but was either unable or unwilling to make any verbal reply.

The minister next passed to the mother, moving along the floor as slowly, silently, and gradually, as if he had been afraid that the ground would, like unto her, break beneath his feet, or that the first edge of a footstep was to dissolve some magic spell, and plunge the hut, with all its inmates, into a subterranean slay. The terror of what he had said to the poor woman could only be judged by her answers, as, half-stifled by sobs Hatterpeck, and by the covering which she still kept over her countenance, she faintly answered at such pauses in his speech—"Yes, oh, yes!—You're very good—you're very good!—Now don't, now don't!—It's our duty to submit!—But, oh dear! my poor Steute! the pride o' my very heart, that was me handsome and comely, and a help to his family, and a comfort to us a', and a pleasure to a' that lookt on him!—Oh, my hair! my hair! my hair! what for is them lying there!—and oh! what for am I left to grieve for ye!"

There was no contending with this burst of sorrow and natural affection. Oldback had repeated recourse to his snuff-box to smother the tears which, despite his shrewd and caustic temper, were apt to start on such occasions. The female assistants whimpered, the men held their heads to their faces, and spoke apart with each other. The clergyman, meantime, addressed his ghostly consolation to the aged grandmother. At first she listened, or seemed to listen, to what he said, with the apathy of her usual unconscientiousness. But as, in proving this theme, he approached so near to her ear that the sense of his words became distinctly intelligible to her, though unheard by those who stood more distant, her countenance at once assumed that stern and expressive cast which characterized her intervals of intelligence. She drew up her head and body,

shook her head in a manner that showed at least impatience, if not scorn of his counsel, and waved her hand slightly, but with a gesture so expressive, as to indicate to all who witnessed it a marked and disdainful rejection of the gloating consolation proffered to her. The minister stepped back as if repulsed, and, by lifting gently and dropping his hand, seemed to show at once wonder, sorrow, and compassion for her dreadful state of mind. The rest of the company sympathized, and a stifled whisper went through them, indicating how much her desperate and determined manner impressed them with awe, and even horror.

In the meantime, the funeral company was completed, by the arrival of one or two persons who had been expected from Fairport. The wine and spirits again circulated, and the dumb show of greeting was anew interchanged. The graduate a second time took a glass in her hand, drank its contents, and exclaimed, with a sort of laugh,—“Ha! ha! I have tasted wine twice in as day—When did I that before, think ye, common?—Never since!”—and the transient glow vanishing from her countenance, she set the glass down, and sank upon the settle from whence she had risen to snatch at it.

As the general amusement subsided, Mr. Oldcock, whose heart bled to witness what he considered as the errings of the enfeebled intellect struggling with the torpid chill of age and of sorrow, observed to the clergyman that it was time to proceed with the ceremony. The father was incapable of giving directions, but the nearest relation of the family made a sign to the carpenter, who in such cases goes through the duty of the undertaker, to proceed in his office. The crack of the screw-sails promptly announced that the lid of the last remnant of mortality was in the act of being secured above its tenant. The last act which separates us for ever, even from the mortal relics of the person we assemble to mourn, has usually its effect upon the most indifferent, selfish, and hard-hearted. With a spirit of contradiction, which we may be pardoned for extending narrow-minded, the fathers of the Scottish Kirk rejected, even on this most solemn occasion, the form of an address to the Divinity, but they should be thought to give continuance to the rituals of Rome or of England. With much better and more liberal judgment, it is the present practice of most of the Scottish clergymen to seize this opportunity of offering a prayer,

and exhortation, suitable to make an impression upon the living, while they are yet in the very presence of the relics of him whom they have but lately seen, such as they themselves, and who now is such as they must in their time become. But this devout and praiseworthy practice was not adopted at the time of which I am treating, or at least, Mr. Hattingsford did not act upon it, and the ceremony proceeded without any devotional exercises.

The coffin, covered with a pall, and supported upon hand-spoons by the nearest relatives, now only waited the father to support the head, as is customary. Two or three of these privileged persons spoke to him, but he only answered by shaking his head and his hand in token of refusal. With better intention than judgment, the friends, who considered this as an act of duty on the part of the living, and of decency towards the deceased, would have proceeded to enforce their request, had not Oldback intervened between the distressed father and his well-meaning tormentors, and informed them, that he himself, as landlord and master to the deceased, "would carry his head to the grave." In spite of the sorrowful condition, the hearts of the relatives swelled within them at so marked a distinction on the part of the laird; and old Allan Peck, who was present among other fish-women, swore almost aloud, "His honour Monkhouse should never want an iverp of system in the coffin" (of which fish he was understood to be fond), "if she should gang to sea and droop for them herseel, in the Scotch wind that ever blew." And such is the temper of the Scottish common people, that, by this instance of compliance with their customs, and respect for their person, Mr. Oldback gained more popularity than by all the same which he had yearly distributed in the parish for purposes of private or general charity.

The sad procession now moved slowly forward, preceded by the headles, or waulks, with their batons,—miscreant-looking old men, tottering as if on the edge of that grave to which they were marshalling another, and clad, according to Scottish guise, with threadbare black coats, and hunting-caps decorated with rusty crests. Monkhouse would probably have remonstrated against this expensive expense, had he been consulted; but, in doing so, he would have given more offence than he gained popularity by understanding to perform the office of chief

moment. Of this he was quite aware, and wisely withheld rebuke, where rebuke and advice would have been equally unavailing. In truth, the Scottish peasantry are still infected with that rage for funeral ornaments, which once distinguished the grandees of the kingdom so much, that a sumptuary law was made by the Parliament of Scotland for the purpose of restraining it; and I have known many in the lowest stations, who have denied themselves not merely the comforts, but almost the necessities of life, in order to save such a sum of money as might enable their warring friends to bury them like Christians, as they termed it; nor could their faithful carter be persuaded upon, though equally conscientious, to turn to the use and maintenance of the living the money vainly wasted upon the interment of the dead.

The procession to the charnelyard, at about half-a-mile's distance, was made with the mournful solemnity usual on these occasions,—the body was consigned to its parent earth,—and when the labour of the grave-diggers had filled up the trench, and covered it with fresh soil, Mr. Oldbuck, taking his hat off, saluted the assistants, who had stood by in melancholy silence, and with that adieu dispersed the mourners.

The clergyman offered our Anthony his company to walk homeward; but Mr. Oldbuck had been so much struck with the deportment of the fisherman and his mother, that, moved by compassion, and perhaps also, in some degree, by that curiosity which induces us to seek out even what gives us pain to witness, he preferred a solitary walk by the coast, for the purpose of again visiting the cottage as he passed.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SECOND.

What is this novel etc, this novel tale,
That art cannot extract, nor passion deem?
————— Her wonders told their place;
Her disappointed, her forced to death,
No sudden flaring, and no tilting up.—

Mrs. MARRIAGE MARRIAGE.

THE coffin had been borne from the place where it rested.
The mourners, in regular gradation, according to their rank or

their relationship to the deceased, had fled from the cottage, while the younger male children were led along to tether after the hire of their leather, and to view with wonder a procession which they could hardly comprehend. The female guests went rose to depart, and, with consideration for the situation of the parents, carried along with them the girls of the family, to give the unhappy pair time and opportunity to open their hearts to each other and soften their grief by communicating it. But their kind intention was without effect. The last of them had defenced the entrance of the cottage, as she went out, and drawn the door softly behind her, when the father, first ascertaining by a hasty glance that no stranger remained, started up, clasped his hands wildly above his head, uttered a cry of the despair which he had hitherto repressed, and, in all the impotent impetuosity of grief, half rushed half staggered forward to the bed on which the coffins had been deposited, threw himself down upon it, and smothering, as it were, his head among the bed-clothes, gave vent to the full passion of his sorrow. It was in vain that the wretched mother, terrified by the vehemence of her husband's affliction—affliction still more fearful as agitating a man of hardened manners and a robust frame—approached her own side and tears, and, pulling him by the skirts of his coat, implored him to rise and remember that, though one was removed, he had still a wife and children to comfort and support. The appeal came at too early a period of his anguish, and was totally unattended to; he continued to remain prostrate, indicating, by sobs so bitter and violent, that they shook the bed and partition against which it rested, by clenched hands which grasped the bed-clothes, and by the vehement and convulsive motion of his legs, how deep and how terrible was the agony of a father's sorrow.

"O, what a day is this! what a day is this!" said the poor mother, her womanish affliction already exhausted by sobs and tears, and now almost lost in terror for the state in which she beheld her husband—"O, what an hour is this! and nobody to help a poor lone woman—O, goodness! could ye but speak a word to him!—wad ye but bid him be comforted!"

To her astonishment, and even to the increase of her fear, her husband's mother heard and answered the appeal. She rose and walked across the floor without support, and without much apparent solicitude, and standing by the bed on which

her son had extended himself, she said, "Rise up, my son, and sorrow not for him that is beyond sin and sorrow and temptation. Sorrow is for those that remain in this vale of sorrow and darkness—I, wia, dress sorrow, and wia causes sorrow for any one, has mist need that ye should o' sorrow for me."

The voice of his mother, not heard for years as taking part in the active duties of life, or offering advice or consolation, produced its effect upon her son. He assumed a sitting posture on the side of the bed, and his appearance, attitude, and gestures, changed from those of angry despair to deep grief and dejection. The grandmother retired to her work, the mother mechanically took in her hand her tattered Bible, and seemed to read, though her eyes were drowned with tears.

They were thus occupied, when a loud knock was heard at the door.

"Hegh, wia?" said the poor mother, "wia is that one be coming in that gate o' now?—They canna be heard o' our misfortune, I'm sure."

The knock being repeated, she rose and opened the door, saying querulously, "Whata gait's that to disturb a sorrowin' hame?"

A tall man in black stood before her, whom she instantly recognised to be Lord Glenalvan. "Is there not," he said, "an old woman lodging in this or one of the neighbouring cottages, called Elapha, who was long resident at Cuthbertston of Glenalvan?"

"It's my gairdither, my lord," said Margaret; "but she canna we anybody o' now—Oho! we're dressing a sair weid—we hae had a heavy dispensation!"

"God forbid!" said Lord Glenalvan, "that I should on light occasion disturb your sorrow;—but my days are numbered—your mother-in-law is in the extremity of age, and, if I see her not to-day, we may never meet on this side of time."

"And what," answered the desolate mother, "wad ye see at an auld woman, broken down wi' age and sorrow and heartbreak? Gentle or simple shall not darken my door the day my hair's been carried out a corpse."

While she spoke thus, indulging the natural irritability of disposition and passion, which began to mingle itself with her grief when its first uncontrolled bursts were gone by, she held the door about one-third part open, and placed herself in

the gap, as if to render the visitor's entrance impossible. But the voice of her husband was heard from within—"What's that, Maggie! what for are ye sticking them out!—let them come in; it doesn't signify an odd rope's-end who comes in or who goes out o' this house for this time forward."

The woman stood aside at her husband's command, and permitted Lord Glenalton to enter the hut. The dejection exhibited in his broken frame and associated countenance, formed a strong contrast with the effects of grief, as they were displayed in the pale and weatherbeaten visage of the fisherman, and the masculine features of his wife. He approached the old woman as she was seated on her usual settle, and asked her, in a tone as audible as his voice could make it, "Are you Elspeth of the Craigbarriet of Glenalton?"

"What is it that asks about the unshuffled residence of that odd woman!" was the answer returned to his query.

"The unhappy Earl of Glenalton."

"Earl!—Earl of Glenalton!"

"He who was called William Lord Glenalton," said the Earl; "and whom his mother's death has made Earl of Glenalton."

"Open the hole," said the old woman firmly and hastily to her daughter-in-law, "open the hole w' speed, that I may see if this be the right Lord Glenalton—the son of my mistress—him that I received in my arms within the hour after he was born—him that has reason to curse me that I did not smother him before the hour was past!"

The window, which had been shut in order that a gloomy twilight might add to the solemnity of the funeral meeting, was opened as she commanded, and threw a sudden and strong light through the smoky and misty atmosphere of the stifling cabin. Falling in a stream upon the chimney, the rays illuminated, in the way that Rembrandt would have chosen, the features of the unfortunate nobleman, and those of the old ally, who now, standing upon her feet, and holding him by one hand, peered anxiously in his features with her light-blue eyes, and holding her long and withered fore-finger within a small distance of his face, moved it slowly as if to trace the outlines and reconcile what she recollects with that she now beheld. As she finished her scrutiny, she said, with a deep sigh, "It's a sair—sair change; and what's dead is d!—but that's written down

where it will be remembered—it's written on tablets of brass with a pen of steel, where all is recorded that is done to the flesh.—And what," she said after a pause, "what is Lord Geraldine seeking from a poor wild creature like me, that's dead already, and only belongs as far to the living that she has yet laid in the mould?"

"Nay," answered Lord Geraldine, "in the name of Heaven, why was it that you requested so urgently to see me?—and why did you back your request by sending a token which you knew well I dared not refuse?"

As he spoke thus, he took from his purse the ring which Edith Ochiltree had delivered to him at Geraldine House. The sight of this token produced a strange and instantaneous effect upon the old woman. The pale of fear was immediately added to that of age, and she began instantly to search her pockets with the tremulous and hasty agitation of one who becomes first apprehensive of having lost something of great importance;—then, as if convinced of the reality of her fears, she turned to the Earl, and demanded, "And how came ye by it then?—how came ye by it? I thought I had kept it safe securely—what will the Countess say?"

"You know," said the Earl, "at least you must have heard, that my mother is dead."

"Dead! are ye no longer upon me? has she left a' at last, lands and lordship and lineage?"

"All, all," said the Earl, "as mortals must leave all human vanities."

"I mind now," answered Elspeth—"I heard of it before; but there has been sic distress in our house since, and my memory is meikle impaired.—But ye are sure your mother, the Lady Countess, is gone home?"

The Earl again assured her that her former mistress was no more.

"Then," said Elspeth, "it shall burden my mind no longer!—When she lived, who dared to speak what it would has displeased her to have had noised abroad? But she's gone—and I will trouble a'."

Then turning to her son and daughter-in-law, she commanded them imperatively to quit the house, and leave Lord Geraldine (for so she still called him) alone with her. But Maggie Knucklebuckit, her first burst of grief being over, was by no

never disposed in her own house to pay passive obedience to the commands of her mother-in-law, an authority which is peculiarly obnoxious to persons in her rank of life, and which she was the more astonished at hearing revived, when it seemed to have been so long relinquished and forgotten.

"It was an *unse thing*," she said, in a grumbling tone of voice,—for the rank of Lord Geraldine was somewhat imposing—"it was an *unse thing* to bid a mother leave her ain house wif the tear in her ee, the nearest her eldest son had been carried a corpse out at the door o't."

The fisherman, in a stubborn and sullen tone, added to the same purpose. "This is *nae day* for your *said-waird stories*, mother. My lord, if he be a lord, may o' some other day—or he may speak out what he has gotten to say if he likes it; there's nae here will think it worth their while to listen to him or you either. But neither for laird or laess, gentle or simple, will I leave my ain house to pleasure anybody on the very day my poor"—

Here his voice choked, and he could proceed no further; but as he had risen when Lord Geraldine came in, and had where remained standing, he now threw himself duggedly upon a seat, and remained in the sullen posture of one who was determined to keep his word.

But the old woman, when this crisis seemed to repose in all those powers of mental superiority with which she had ever been abundantly gifted, arose, and advancing towards him, said, with a solemn voice, "My son, as ye wad ever hearin' o' your mother's shame—as ye wad not willingly be a witness of her guilt—as ye wad deserve her blessing and avoid her curse, I charge ye, by the body that bore and that nursed ye, to leave me at freedom to speak with Lord Geraldine, what rue mortal eers but his ain mean thers to. Obeey my words, that when ye lay the mauls on my head—and, ah that the day were come!—ye may remember this hour without the reproach of having disobeyed the last earthly command that ever your mother wared on you."

The terms of this solemn charge revived in the fisherman's heart the habit of instinctive obedience in which his mother had trained him up, and to which he had submitted implicitly while her power of exacting it remained entire. The recollection mingled also with the prevailing passion of the moment;

for, glancing his eye at the bed on which the dead body had been laid, he muttered to himself, "He never deceived me, in reason or out o' reason, and what for should I vex her?" Then, taking his reluctant spouse by the arm, he led her gently out of the cottage, and locked the door behind them as he left it.

As the unhappy parents withdrew, Lord Glenalban, to prevent the old woman from relapsing into her lethargy, again pressed her on the subject of the communication which she proposed to make to him.

"Ye will have it sure enough," she replied:—"my mind's clear enough now, and there is nae—I think there is nae—a chance of my forgetting what I have to say. My dwelling at Craighurnfoot is before my een, as it were present in reality:—the green bank, with its edwidge, just where the burn met wif the sea—the two little bories, wif their roofs darked, lying in the natural cove which it formed—the high cliff that joined it with the pleasure-grounds of the house of Glenalban, and hung right over the stream—Ah! ye—I may forget that I had a husband and have lost him—that I had but one allie of our fair ones—that misfortune upon misfortune has devoured our ill-gotten wealth—that they carried the corpse of my soul's eldest-born frae the house this morning—But I never can forget the days I spent at bonny Craighurnfoot!"

"Ye were a favourite of my mother," said Lord Glenalban, desirous to bring her back to the point, from which she was wandering.

"I was, I was,—ye naebody mind me o' that. She brought me up above my station, and wif knowledge mair than my fellows—but, like the tempter of auld, wif the knowledge of guile she taught me the knowledge of evil."

"For God's sake, Elspeth," said the astonished Earl, "proceed, if you can, to explain the dreadful hints you have thrown out! I well know you are confident in one dreadful secret, which should split this roof even to hear it named—but speak on further."

"I will," she said—"I will:—just hear wif me for a little,"—and again she seemed lost in reflection, but it was no longer tinged with incredulity or apathy. She was now entering upon the topic which had long loaded her mind, and which doubtless often occupied her whole soul at times when she seemed dead to all around her. And I may add, as a remarkable

fact, that such was the intense operation of mental energy upon her physical powers and nervous system, that, notwithstanding her infirmity of deafness, each word that Lord Glenallan spoke during this remarkable conference, although in the lowest tone of horror or agony, fell as full and distinct upon Elspeth's ear as it could have done at any period of her life. She spoke also herself clearly, distinctly, and slowly, as if anxious that the intelligence she communicated should be fully understood; coolly at the same time, and with none of the stirrings or circumlocutory additions natural to those of her sex and condition. In short, her language bespoke a better education, as well as an uncommonly firm and resolved mind, and a character of that sort from which great virtues or great crimes may be naturally expected. The tenor of her communication is disclosed in the following chapter.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THIRD.

*Remember—the we're forgotten men—
A bloodstained mantle—the tracks our rapid step
Through the wild labyrinth of youthful dream,
Unmarked, perhaps, until old age hath traced us;
Then in our late, when Time hath stifled our joints,
And withered our hope of combat, or of flight,
We hear her deep-moaned lay, announcing all
Of youth, and we, and punishment that waits us.*

OLD FLAT.

"I cannot tell you," said the old woman, addressing the Earl of Glenallan, "that I was the favourite and confidential attendant of Jeuneille, Countess of Glenallan, whom God forgive!"—(here she crossed herself)—"and I think farther, ye may not have forgotten that I shared her regard for many years. I returned it by the most devoted attachment, but I fell into disgrace thro' a trifling act of disobedience, reported to your mother by one that thought, and she was wrong, that I was a spy upon her actions and years."

"I charge thee, woman," said the Earl, in a voice trembling with passion, "name not her name in my hearing!"

"I answer," returned the patient firmly and calmly, "or how can you understand me?"

The Earl leaned upon one of the wooden chairs of the hall, drew his hat over his face, clenched his hands together, set his teeth like one who summons up courage to undergo a painful operation, and made a signal to her to proceed.

"I say, then," she resumed, "that my disgrace with my mistress was chiefly owing to Miss Evelyn Neville, then lived up in Glenallan House as the daughter of a coach-groom and intimate friend of your father that was gone. There was much mystery in her history,—but who dared to inquire further than the Countess Eliza to tell?—All in Glenallan House loved Miss Neville—all but two, your mother and myself—we both hated her."

"God! for what reason, since a creature so mild, so gentle, so formed to inspire affection, never walked on this wretched world?"

"It may have been me," rejoined Eliza, "but your mother hated a' that man of your father's family—a' but himself. Her reasons related to strife which fell between them soon after her marriage; the particulars are nothing to this purpose. But ah! doubly did she hate Evelyn Neville when she perceived that there was a growing kindness between you and that unfortunate young lady! Ye may mind that the Countess's dislike didna gang farther at first than just showing a' the could sheather—at least it wassna even farther; but at the lang run it brak out into such downright violence that Miss Neville was even fain to seek refuge at Knockvinnock Castle with Sir Arthur's lady, who (God save her!) was then wif the King."

"You read my heart by recalling these particulars—But go on,—and may my present agony be accepted as additional penance for the involuntary crime!"

"She had been absent some months," continued Eliza, "when I was so right watching in my bed the return of my husband from fishing, and shodding in private those bitter tears that my proud spirit wrung free as whenever I thought on my disgrace. The mask was drawn, and the Countess your mother entered my dwelling. I thought I had seen a spectre, for even to the height of my terror, this was an honour she had never done me, and she looked as pale and ghastly as if she had risen from the grave. She sat down, and wrung the draps from her hair and cheek,—for the sight was distressing, and her walk had been through the plantations, that were a' loaded with dew. I

only recalling those things that you may understand how real that sight lives in my memory,—and real it may. I was surprised to see her, but I durst not speak first, lest that if I had seen a phantom.—No, I doubt not, my lord, I that has seen many sights of terror, and never shook at them. See, after a silence, she said, "Elspeth Chayne (for she always gave me my maiden name), are not you the daughter of that Reginald Chayne who died to save his master, Lord Glenalva, on the field of Sheriffnuck?" And I answered her as proudly as herself nearly—"As sure as you are the daughter of that Earl of Glenalva whom my father saved that day by his own death."

Here she made a deep pause.

"And what followed?—what followed?—For Heaven's sake, good woman—but why should I ask that word?—Yet, good or bad, I command you to tell me."

"And first I should value earthly concerns," answered Elspeth, "were there not a voice that has spoken to me sleeping and waking, that drives me forward to tell this sad tale. Alas, my Lord—the Countess said to me, 'My son loves Evelyn Neville—they are agreed—they are pledged: should they have a son, my right over Glenalva ceases—I wish from that moment from a Countess into a miserable appendary dowager, I who brought lands and manors, and high blood and ancient fame, to my husband, I must come to be misters when my son has an heir-male. But I care not for that—and he married my but one of the hated Nevilles, I had been patient. But for them—that they and their descendants should enjoy the right and honours of my ancestors, pass through my heart like a two-edged dirk. And this girl—I detest her?—And I answered, for my heart kindled at her words, that her hate was equalled by mine."

"Wretch!" exclaimed the Earl, in spite of his determination to preserve silence—"wretched woman! what cause of hate could have arisen from a being so innocent and gentle?"

"I hated what my mistress hated, as was the use with the huge vassals of the house of Glenalva; for though, my Lord, I married under my degree, yet an ancestor of yours never went to the field of battle, but an ancestor of the frail, domestic, mild, useless wretch who now speaks with you, carried his shield before him. But that was not all," continued the broken, but curiously and cold passion relieving as she became heated in

her correction—"that was not it"; I hated Miss Evelyn Kestle for her sin sake. I brought her from England, and, during our whole journey, she gossiped and seemed at my northern speech and habit, as her southern ladies and gentlemen had done at the boarding-school, as they said it"—(and, strange as it may seem, the spoke of an affront offered by a headless school-girl without intention, with a degree of levity which, at such a distance of time, a mortal offence would rather have authorized or excited in any well-constituted mind)—"Yes, she scorned and jested at me—but let them that scorn the tactics bear the dish!"

She paused, and then went on—"But I deny not that I hated her more than she deserved. My mistress, the Countess, persecuted and said, 'Elspeth Chayne, this worthy boy will marry with the false English blood.' Were days as they have been, I could throw her into the Mangroves* of Glenelg, and fetter him in the Keep of Strathbarn. But those times are past, and the authority which the nobles of the land should exercise is delegated to quibbling lawyers and their base dependents. Hear me, Elspeth Chayne! if you are your father's daughter as I am mine, I will find means that they shall not marry. She walks often to that cliff that overhangs your dwelling to look for her lover's boat—ye may remember the pleasure ye then took on the sea, my Lord!—let him find her forty fathoms lower than he expects!—Yes! ye may stare and frown and clench your hand; but, so sure as I am to face the only thing I ever feared—and, oh that I had feared him near!—these were your mother's words. What avails it to me to lie to you?—but I refuse consent to stain my hand with blood.—Then she said, 'By the religion of our holy Church they are ours all together. But I expect nothing but that both will become heretics as well as dissipated republicans!—that was her solution to that argument. And then, as the Lord is ever over busy wif brains like mine, that are subtle beyond their use and station, I was unhappily permitted to add—"But they might be brought to think themselves no sill as no Christian law will punish their wickedness!"

Here the Earl of Glenelg colour'd her words, with a shrink.

* *Mangroves*, an ancient name for a swamp, derived from the Maori language, perhaps as far back as the time of the Countess.

as plying as almost to reach the roof of the cottage—"Ah! then Evelyn Neville was not the—the?"

"The daughter, ye would say, of your father?" continued Elsie. "No—in it a torment or be it a comfort to you—here the truth, she was not truly a daughter of your father's house than I am."

"Woman, do ye're me not!—make me not curse the memory of the parent I have so lately laid in the grave, the sharing in a plot the most cruel, the most infernal!"

"Fathin' ye, my Lord Geraldine, are ye sure the memory of a parent that's gone, is there none of the blood of Glencairn living, whose faults have led to this dreadful catastrophe?"

"None you my brother!—he, too, is gone," said the Earl.

"No," replied the lady, "I mean yourself, Lord Geraldine. Had you not transgressed the obedience of a son by wedding Evelyn Neville in secret while a guest at Knockbrenoch, our plot might have separated you for a time, but would have left at least your services without remorse to make them. But your sin's contact had put poison in the weapon that we threw, and it pierced you with the mark from because ye was seeking to meet it. Had your marriage been a proclaimed and acknowledged action, our stratagem to throw an obstacle into your way that neither he got over, neither we could have been practised against ye."

"Good Heaven!" said the unfortunate nobleman—"it is as if a film fell from my clouded eyes! Yes, I now well understand the doubtful hints of consultation thrown out by my wretched mother, tending indirectly to impugn the evidence of the horrors of which her arts had led me to believe myself guilty."

"She could not speak more plainly," answered Elsie, "without confessing her sin's fixed,—and she would have admitted to be torn by wild horses, rather than unfold what she had done; and if she had still lived, so would I for her sake. They were about hearts the sons of Glencairn, noble and devoted, and we were 't that in wild times cried their gathering-word of Clackadern—they stood shoulder to shoulder—our men parted from his chief for love of gold or of gain, or of sight or of wrong. The times are changed, I hear, now."

The unfortunate nobleman was too much wrapped up in his own confused and distracted reflections, to notice the noble expressions of savage fidelity, in which, even in the latest old

of life, the unhappy author of his misfortunes seemed to find a stern and stubborn source of consolation.

"Great Heaven!" he exclaimed, "I am then free from a guilt the most horrible with which man can be stained, and the source of which, however involuntary, has wrecked my peace, destroyed my health, and bowed me down to an untimely grave. Acquit," he fervently uttered, lifting his eyes upwards, "accept my humble thanks! If I live miserable, at least I shall not die stained with that unnatural guilt!—And thou—proceed if thou hast more to tell—proceed, while thou hast voice to speak it, and I have power to listen."

"Yes," answered the boldman, "the hour when you shall hear, and I shall speak, is indeed passing rapidly away. Death has crossed your brow with his finger, and I feel his grasp turning every day colder at my heart. Interrupt me now with exclamations and groans and accusations, but hear my tale to an end! And then—if ye be indeed so a Lord of Glenallan as I have heard of in my day—make your merryman gather the thorn, and the brier, and the green holly, till they heap them as high as the horse-riggin', and burn! burn! burn! the wald with Elspeth, and a' that can put ye in mind that sic a creature ever crawled upon the land!"

"Go on," said the Earl, "go on—I will not again interrupt you."

He spoke in a half-suffocated yet determined voice, resolved that no irritability on his part should deprive him of this opportunity of acquiring proofs of the wonderful tale he then heard. But Elspeth had become exhausted by a continuous narration of such unusual length; the subsequent part of her story was more broken, and though still distinctly intelligible in most parts, had no longer the bold confidence which the first part of her narrative had displayed to such an astonishing degree. Lord Glenallan found it necessary, when she had made some attempts to continue her narrative without success, to prompt her memory by demanding—"What proofs she could propose to bring of the truth of a narrative so different from that which she had originally told?"

"The evidence," she replied, "of Evelyn Nocton's real birth was in the Countess's possession, with reasons for its being for some time kept private;—they may yet be found, if she has not destroyed them, in the left hand drawer of the ebony cabinet

that stood in the dressing-room. These she meant to suppress for the time, until you went abroad again, when she trusted, before your return, to send Miss Neville back to her old country, or to get her settled in marriage."

"But did you not show me letters of my father's, which seemed to me, unless my senses altogether failed me in that hostile moment, to avow his relationship to—to the unhappy?"

"We did; and, with my testimony, how could you doubt the fact, or her either! But we suppressed the true explanation of those letters, and that was, that your father thought it right the young lady should pass for his daughter for a while, on account of some family reasons that were among them."

"But whence, when you learned our names, was this dreadful artifice perpetrated?"

"It was," she replied, "all Lady Glenelg had communicated this false tale, that she suspected ye had actually made a marriage—or even then did you avow it as we to satisfy her whether the ceremony had in verity passed between ye or no—but ye remember, O ye women, but remember well, what passed in that awful meeting!"

"Whereas! you even upon the grounds to the fact which you now discuss?"

"I did,—and I was her true and holy pledge on it, if there had been one—I was not less spared the blood of my body, or the guilt of my soul, to serve the house of Glenelg."

"Wretch! do you call that horrid perjury, attended with consequences yet more dreadful—do you esteem that a service to the house of your benefactors?"

"I served her, who was then the head of Glenelg, as she required me to serve her. The cause was between God and her conscience—the manner between God and mine—She is gone to her account, and I mean follow. Have I told you all?"

"No," answered Lord Glenelg—"you have yet more to tell—you have to tell me of the death of the angel whom your perjury drove to despair, stained, as she thought herself, with a crime so heinous. Speak truth—was that dreadful—was that horrible incident?"—he could scarcely articulate the words—"was it as reported? or was it an act of yet farther, though not more atrocious cruelty, inflicted by others?"

"I understand you," said Elspeth. "But report speaks truth;—our false witness was indeed the cause, but the deed was her sin distracted act. On that fateful disclosure, when ye rushed from the Countess's presence and saddled your horse, and left the castle like a fire-thought, the Countess haden yet discovered your private marriage; she haden find out that the union, which she had blamed this awful tale to prevent, had s'en been plain. Ye fled from the house as if the fire o' Heaven was about to fit upon it, and Miss Neville, sinners reason and the want o't, was put under care wad. But the ward sleep't, and the prisoners waked—the window was open—the way was before her—there was the cliff, and there was the sea!—O, when will I forget that!"

"And thus died," said the Earl, "even so as was reported!"

"No, my lord. I had gane out to the cove—the tide was in, and it flowed, as ye'll remember, to the foot o' that cliff—it was a great convenience that for my husband's trade—Where am I wandering?—I saw a white object dart from the top o' the cliff like a sea-trout through the mist, and then a heavy flash and sparkle of the waters showed me it was a human creature that had fl'en into the waves. I was bold and strong, and familiar with the tide. I rushed in and grasped her gown, and drew her out and carried her on my shoulders—I could hae carried ten a'do then—carried her to my hut, and laid her on my bed. Neighbours came and brought help; but the words she uttered in her ravings, when she got back the use of speech, were such, that I was fain to send them awa, and get up wad to Glenfinnan House. The Countess sent down her Spanish servant Teresa—if over there was a head on earth in human form, that woman was a'do. She and I were to watch the unhappy lady, and let no other person approach.—God knows what Teresa's part was to her born—she told it not to me—but Heaven took the conclusion in its ain hand. The poor lady! she took the pangs of travail before her time, bore a male child, and died in the arms of me—of her mortal enemy! Ay, ye may weep—she was a sightly creature to see to—but think ye, if I dhina mourn her then, that I can mourn her now! No, no, I left Teresa w' the dead corpse and new-born babe, till I gied up to take the Countess's commands what was to be done. Late as it was, I ca'd her up, and she ga'd me w' up your brother"——

"My brother?"

"Yes, Lord Glenliffe, *was* your brother, that some said the eye wished to be her heir. At any rate, he was the person most concerned in the succession and heritage of the house of Glenliffe."

"And is it possible to believe, then, that my brother, out of service to grasp at my inheritance, would lead himself to such a base and dreadful stratagem?"

"Your mother believed it," said the old woman with a fiendish laugh—"it was *me* plot of my making; but what they did or said I will not say, because I did not hear. Long and late they conspired in the black velvet dressing-room; and when your brother passed through the room where I was waiting, it seemed to me (and I have often thought me since) that the fire of hell was in his cheek and eye. But he had left some of it with his mother, at my side. She entered the room like a woman domesticated, and the first words she spoke were, 'Elizabeth Clayton, did you ever pull a new-budded flower?' I answered, as ye may believe, that I often had. 'Then,' said she, 'ye will know the better how to blight the precious and heretical blossom that has sprung forth this night to disgrace my father's noble house—*for here;*'—(and she gave me a golden bodkin)—'nothing but gold must shed the blood of Glenliffe. This child is already as one of the dead, and since then and Teren alone know that it lives, let it be death upon us ye will answer to me!' and she turned away in her fury, and left me with the bodkin in my hand.—Here it is; that and the ring of Miss Neville, are all I have preserved of my Elzabeth's gear—for muckle was the gear I got. And wad has I kept the secret, but no for the good or gear either."

Her long and bony hand held out to Lord Glenliffe a gold bodkin, down which in fancy he saw the blood of his infant trickling.

"Wretch! had you the heart?"

"I know if I could has had it or no. I returned to my cottage without feeling the ground that I trode on; but Teren and the child were gone—*that was alive was gone—nothing left but the lifeless corpse.*"

"And did you never learn my father's fate?"

"I could but guess. I have told ye your mother's purpose, and I ken Teren was a fiend. She was never mair seen in

Scotland, and I have heard that she returned to her ain land. A dark curtain has fa'en over the past, and the few that witnessed my part of it could only surmise something of seduction and suicide. You yourself?"

"I know—I know it all," answered the Earl.

"You indeed know all that I can say—And now, heir of Glenallan, can you forgive me?"

"Ask forgiveness of God, and not of man," said the Earl, turning away.

"And how shall I ask of the pure and unstained what is denied to me by a sinner like myself? If I have sinned, has I not suffered?—Has I had a day's peace or an hour's rest since those long wet looks of hair first lay upon my pillow at Craig-hurnfort?—Has not my house been burned, wif my bairn in the cradle?—Have not my boats been wrecked, when a' others weather'd the gale?—Have not a' that were near and dear to me droc'd penance for my sin?—Has not the fire had its share of them—the winds had their part—the sea had her part?—And oh!" she added, with a lengthened groan, looking first upwards towards Heaven, and then bending her eyes on the floor—"O that the earth would take her part, that's been lang lang weyryng to be joined to it!"

Lord Glenallan had reached the door of the cottage, but the generosity of his nature did not permit him to leave the unhappy woman in this state of desperate repulsion. "May God forgive thee, wretched woman," he said, "as sincerely as I do!—Turn thy merry to Him who can alone grant mercy, and may your prayers be heard as if they were mine own!—I will send a religious man."

"Na, na—nae priest! nae priest!" she ejaculated; and the door of the cottage springing as she spoke, prevented her from proceeding.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR.

Still in his dead hand clanked round the strings
 That told his father's hour—'t was on the beach,
 Lopped off and laid in grave, reclining, they tell us,
 Stronger converse with the mutilated stave,
 Whose nerves are twinging still in roused rebellion.

OLD PLAC.

THE Antiquary, as we informed the reader in the end of the thirty-first chapter, had shaken off the company of worthy Mr. Blattergrew, although he offered to entertain him with an abridgment of the oldest speech he had ever known in the total coast, delivered by the procurator for the church in the remarkable case of the parish of Gathorun. Resisting this temptation, our wanderer preferred a solitary path, which again conducted him to the cottage of Mucklebackit. When he came in front of the fisherman's hut, he observed a man working intently, as if to repair a shattered boat which lay upon the beach, and going up to him was surprised to find it was Mucklebackit himself. "I am glad," he said in a tone of sympathy—"I am glad, Saunders, that you feel yourself able to make this exertion."

"And what would ye have me to do," answered the fisher gruffly, "unless I wanted to see four children starve, because one is drowned? It's wad w' ye gairles, that can sit in the houses w' handkerchers at your own when ye lose a friend; but the like o' us mair, to our work again, if our hearts were beating as hard as my hammer."

Without taking more notice of Oldback, he proceeded in his labour; and the Antiquary, to whom the display of human nature under the influence of agitating passion was never indifferent, stood beside him, in silent attention, as if watching the progress of the work. He observed more than once the man's hard features, as if by the force of association, prepare to accompany the sound of the saw and hammer with his usual symphony of a rude tone, hummed or whistled,—and as often a slight twitch of convulsive expression showed, that ere the sound was uttered, a mass for suppressing it rushed upon his mind. At length, when he had patched a considerable rent, and was beginning to mend another, his feelings appeared

altogether to damage the power of attention necessary for his work. The piece of wood which he was about to nail on was at first too long; then he sawed it off too short, then chose another equally ill adapted for the purpose. At length, throwing it down in anger, after wiping his dim eye with his quivering hand, he exclaimed, "There is a curse either on me or on this odd black bitch of a boat, that I have hauled up high and dry, and patched and dowered me many years, that she might drown my poor Steenie at the end of them, an' be d—d to her!" and he flung his hammer against the boat, as if she had been the intentional cause of his misfortune. Then reflecting himself, he asked, "Yet what need's me to be angry at her, that has neither soul nor sense!—though I am so that needs better myself. She's but a riddle o' odd rotten deals nailed together, and warped wif the wind and the sea—and I am a poor wile, battered by foul weather at sea and land till I am madder as senseless as herself. She mairn be mended though again the morning tide—that's a thing o' necessity."

Thus speaking, he went to gather together his instruments, and attempt to resume his labour,—but Oldbuck took him kindly by the arm. "Come, come," he said, "Sanderson, there is no work for you this day—I'll send down Sharps the carpenter to mend the boat, and he may put the day's work into my account—and you had better not come out to-morrow, but stay to comfort your family under this dispensation, and the gardener will bring you some vegetables and meat from Monkburne."

"I thank ye, Monkburne," answered the poor fisher; "I am a plain-spoken man, and has little to say for myself; I might has learned fisher fashions frae my father lang syne, but I never saw muckle gude they did her; however, I thank ye. Ye were aye kind and neighbourly, whate'er folk says o' your being now and then; and I has often said, in thae times when they were gangin' to raise up the pair folk against the gaities—I has often said, w'e'r a man should cheer a haly travelling to Monkburne while Steenie and I could wag a finger—and so said Steenie too. And, Monkburne, when ye laid his head in the grave (and many thanks for the respect), ye saw the muckle hid an an honest lad that lift ye wad, though he made little phrase about it."

Oldbuck, beaten from the pride of his affected cynicism,

would not willingly have had any one by on that occasion to quote to him his favourite maxims of the Stoic philosophy. The large drops fell fast from his own eyes, as he begged the father, who was now melted at recollecting the leniency and generous sentiments of his son, to deliver useless sorrow, and led him by the arm towards his own home, where another scene awaited our Antiquary.

As he entered, the first person whom he beheld was Lord Glenallan. Mutual surprise was in their countenances as they related each other—with haughty reserve on the part of Mr. Oldbuck, and embarrassment on that of the Earl.

"My Lord Glenallan, I think!" said Mr. Oldbuck.

"Yes—much changed from what he was when he knew Mr. Oldbuck."

"I do not mean," said the Antiquary, "to intrude upon your lordship—I only came to see this distressed family."

"And you have found one, sir, who has still greater claims on your compassion."

"My compassion! Lord Glenallan cannot need my compassion. If Lord Glenallan could need it, I think he would hardly ask it."

"Our former acquaintance," said the Earl—

"Is of such ancient date, my lord—was of such short duration, and was connected with circumstances so exceedingly painful, that I think we may dispense with renewing it."

So saying, the Antiquary turned away, and left the lot; but Lord Glenallan followed him into the open air, and, in spite of a hasty "Good morning, my lord," requested a few minutes' conversation, and the favour of his advice in an important matter.

"Your lordship will find many more capable to advise you, my lord, and by whom your interference will be deemed an honour. For me, I am a man retired from business and the world, and not very fond of rousing up the past events of my useless life;—and forgive me if I say, I have particular pain in reverting to that period of it when I acted like a fool, and your lordship like"—He stopped short.

"Like a villain, you would say," said Lord Glenallan—"for such I must have appeared to you."

"My lord—my lord, I have no desire to hear your shaft," said the Antiquary.

"But, sir, if I can show you that I am more sinned against than sinning—that I have been a man miserable beyond the

power of description, and who looks forward at this moment to an untimely-grave as to a haven of rest, you will not refuse the confidence which, accepting your appearance at this critical moment as a hint from Heaven, I venture thus to press on you."

"Assuredly, my lord, I shall deem no longer the continuation of this extraordinary interview."

"I must then recall to you our occasional meetings upwards of twenty years since at Knockwinnock Castle,—and I need not remind you of a lady who was then a member of that family."

"The unfortunate Miss Evelyn Neville, my lord; I remember it well."

"Towards whom you entertained sentiments"—

"Very different from those with which I before and since have regarded her sex. Her gentleness, her facility, her pleasure in the studies which I pointed out to her, attracted my affections more than became my age—though that was not then much advanced—or the solidity of my character. But I need not remind your lordship of the various modes in which you indulged your gaiety at the expense of an awkward and retired student, unharmed by the expression of feelings so new to him, and I have no doubt that the young lady joined you in the well-deserved ridicule—it is the way of womankind. I have spoken at once to the painful circumstances of my addresses and their rejection, that your lordship may be satisfied everything is full in my memory, and may, so far as I am concerned, tell your story without scruple or needless delay."

"I will," said Lord Glenalva. "But first let me say, you do injustice to the memory of the gentlest and kindest, as well as to the most unhappy of women, to suppose she could make a jest of the honest affection of a man like you. Frequently did she blame me, Mr. Oldbuck, for indulging my levity at your expense—may I now promise you will excuse the gay freedoms which then attended you?—my state of mind has never since held me under the necessity of apologizing for the inadvertencies of a light and happy temper."

"My lord, you are fully pardoned," said Mr. Oldbuck. "You should be aware, that, like all others, I was ignorant at the time that I placed myself in competition with your lordship, and understood that Miss Neville was in a state of dependence which might make her prefer a competent independence and the hard

of an honest man—but I am wasting time—I would I could believe that the views entertained towards her by others were as fair and honest as mine !”

“Mr. Oldback, you judge hardly.”

“Not without cause, my lord. When I only, of all the magistrates of this county—having neither, like some of them, the honour to be connected with your powerful family—nor, like others, the means to fear it,—when I made some inquiry into the manner of Miss Neville’s death—I shake you, my lord, but I must be plain—I do own I had every reason to believe that she had met most unfair dealing, and had either been imposed upon by a counterfeited marriage, or that very strong measures had been adopted to stifle and destroy the evidence of a real union. And I cannot doubt in my own mind, that this cruelty on your lordship’s part, whether arising of your own free will, or proceeding from the influence of the late Countess, hurried the unfortunate young lady to the desperate act by which her life was terminated.”

“You are deceived, Mr. Oldback, into conclusions which are not just, however naturally they flow from the circumstances. Believe me, I respected you even when I was most embarrassed by your active attempts to investigate our family misfortunes. You showed yourself more worthy of Miss Neville than I, by the spirit with which you persisted in vindicating her reputation even after her death. But the firm belief that your well-meant efforts could only serve to bring to light a story too horrible to be detailed, induced me to join my unhappy mother in schemes to remove or destroy all evidence of the legal union which had taken place between Evelyn and myself. And now let us sit down on this bank,—for I feel unable to remain longer standing,—and have the goodness to listen to the extraordinary discovery which I have this day made.”

They sat down accordingly ; and Lord Glenham briefly narrated his unhappy family history—his extended marriage—the horrible intrusion by which his mother had designed to render impossible that union which had already taken place. He detailed the acts by which the Countess, having all the documents relative to Miss Neville’s birth in her hands, had produced those only relating to a period during which, for family reasons, his father had consented to own that young lady as his natural daughter, and showed how impossible it was that he could

either suspect or detect the fraud put upon him by his mother, and watched by the eyes of her attendants, Theresa and Elsie. "I left my paternal mansion," he concluded, "as if the furies of hell had driven me forth, and travelled with frantic velocity I know not whither. Nor have I the slightest recollection of what I did or whither I went, until I was discovered by my brother. I will not trouble you with an account of my sick-bed and recovery, or how, long afterwards, I ventured to inquire after the cause of my misfortune, and heard that her despair had found a dreadful remedy for all the ills of life. The first thing that roused me to thought was hearing of your inquiries into this cruel business; and you will hardly wonder, then, believing what I did believe, I should join in those expedients to stop your investigation, which my brother and mother had actively commenced. The information which I gave them concerning the circumstances and witnesses of our private marriage enabled them to baffle your soul. The deceptions, therefore, and witnesses, as persons who had acted in the matter only to please the powerful heir of Glenelg, were accessible to his promises and threats, and were so provided for, that they had no objections to leave this country for another. For myself, Mr. Oldbuck," pursued this unhappy man, "from that moment I considered myself as blotted out of the book of the living, and as having nothing left to do with this world. My mother tried to reconcile me to life by every art—even by intimations which I can now interpret as calculated to produce a doubt of the horrible tale she herself had fabricated. But I construed all she said as the fictions of maternal affection. I will forbear all approach. She is no more—and, as her wretched associate said, she knew not how the dart was poisoned, or how deep it must sink, when she threw it from her hand. But, Mr. Oldbuck, if ever, during those twenty years, there crawled upon earth a living being deserving of your pity, I have been that man. My food has not nourished me—my sleep has not refreshed me—my devotions have not comforted me—all that is cheering and necessary to man has been to me converted into poison. The rare and limited intercourse which I have held with others has been most odious to me. I felt as if I were bringing the contamination of unnatural and inexpressible guilt among the gay and the innocent. There have been moments when I had thoughts of another description—to plunge into the adventures of war, or to brave the dangers

if the traveller in foreign and barbarous climates—to engage in political intrigue, or to retire to the stern asceticism of the anchorite of our religion;—all these are thoughts which have alternately passed through my mind, but each required an energy, which was mine no longer, after the withering stroke I had received. I repented as as I could in the same spot—fancy, feeling, judgment, and health, gradually decaying, like a tree whose bark has been destroyed,—when first the blossoms fade, then the boughs, until its state resembles the decaying and dying trunk that is now before you. Do you now pity and forgive me!"

"My lord," answered the Antiquary, much affected, "my pity—my forgiveness, you have not to ask, for your dismal story is of itself not only an ample excuse for whatever appeared mysterious in your conduct, but a narrative that might move your worst enemies (and I, my lord, was never of the number) to tears and to sympathy. But permit me to ask what you now mean to do, and why you have honoured me, whose opinion can be of little consequence, with your confidence on this occasion?"

"Mr. Oldbuck," answered the Earl, "as I could never have foreseen the nature of that confusion which I have heard this day, I need not say that I had no formed plan of consulting you, or any one, upon affairs the tendency of which I could not even have suspected. But I am without friends, unused to business, and, by long retirement, unacquainted alike with the laws of the land and the habits of the living generation; and when, most unexpectedly, I find myself immersed in the matters of which I have lost, I catch, like a drowning man, at the first support that offers. You are that support, Mr. Oldbuck. I have always heard you mentioned as a man of wisdom and intelligence—I have known you myself as a man of a resolute and independent spirit;—and there is one circumstance," said he, "which ought to combine us in some degree—our having paid tribute to the same excellence of character in poor Brodie. You afforded yourself to me in my need, and you were already acquainted with the beginning of my misfortune. To you, therefore, I have recourse for advice, for sympathy, for support."

"You shall seek none of them in vain, my lord," said Oldbuck, "so far as my slender ability extends;—and I am honoured by the preference, whether it arises from choice, or is prompted by

chance. But this is a matter to be ripeely considered. May I ask what are your principal views at present?"

"To ascertain the fate of my child," said the Earl, "be the consequences what they may, and to do justice to the honour of Evelyn, which I have only permitted to be suspected to avoid discovery of the yet more horrible talent to which I was made to believe it liable."

"And the recovery of your mother?"

"Must bear its own burden," answered the Earl with a sigh: "better that she were justly convicted of deceit, should that be found necessary, than that others should be unjustly accused of crimes so much more dreadful."

"Then, my lord," said Oldback, "our first business must be to put the information of the old woman, Elipeth, into a regular and authenticated form."

"That," said Lord Glenelg, "will be at present, I fear, impossible. She is exhausted herself, and surrounded by her distressed family. To-morrow, perhaps, when she is alone—and yet I doubt, from her imperfect sense of right and wrong, whether she would speak out in my own's presence but my own. I am too surely fatigued."

"Then, my lord," said the Antiquary, whom the interest of the moment elevated above points of expense and convenience, which had generally more than enough of weight with him, "I would propose to your lordship, instead of returning, fatigued as you are, as far as to Glenelg House, or taking the more uncomfortable alternative of going to a bad inn at Fairport, to shun all the busybodies of the town—I would propose, I say, that you should be my guest at Monkham for this night. By to-morrow these poor people will have renewed their out-of-door vocation—for sorrow with them affords no respite from labour,—and we will visit the old woman Elipeth alone, and take down her examination."

After a formal apology for the encroachment, Lord Glenelg agreed to go with him, and underwent with patience in their return home the whole history of John of the Girard, a legend which Mr. Oldback was never known to spare any one who crossed his threshold.

The arrival of a stranger of such note, with two saddle-horses and a servant in black, which servant had lantern on his saddle-bow, and a concert upon the lanterns, created a general commo-

tion in the house of Montbarn. Jenny Blatherent, scarce recovered from the hysteria which she had taken on hearing of poor Hamlet's misfortune, showed about the turkeys and poultry, cackled and screamed louder than they did, and ended by killing one-half too many. Miss Griselda made many wise reflections on the hot-headed wifehood of her brother, who had condensed such devastation, by suddenly bringing in upon them a papist mobster. And she ventured to transmit to Mr. Blatherent some hint of the unusual slaughter which had taken place in the larder, which brought the honest dogman to inquire how his friend Montbarn had got home, and whether he was not the worse of being at the funeral, at a period so near the ringing of the bell for dinner, that the Antiquary had no choice left but to invite him to stay and bless the meat. Miss McIntyre had on her part some curiosity to see this mighty peer, of whom all had heard, as an eastern myth or vision is heard of by his subjects, and felt some degree of timidity at the idea of encountering a person, of whose unusual habits and stern manners so many stories were told, that her fear kept at least pace with her curiosity. The aged housekeeper was no less flustered and hurried in obeying the numerous and contradictory commands of her mistress, concerning preserves, poultry and fruit, the mode of marshaling and clothed the dinner, the necessity of not permitting the melted butter to run to oil, and the danger of allowing Jane—who, though formally banished from the parlour, failed not to marvel about the arrangements of the family—to enter the kitchen.

The only inmate of Montbarn who remained entirely indifferent on this momentous occasion was Horatio McIntyre, who cared no more for an Earl than he did for a commoner, and who was only interested in the unexpected visit, as it might afford some protection against his uncle's displeasure, if he harboured any, for his not attending the funeral, and still more against his uncle upon the subject of his gallant but unsuccessful single combat with the plover, or seal.

To these, the inmates of his household, Oldbuck presented the Earl of Glenellen, who underwent, with most unobtrusive ability, the probing speeches of the honest divine, and the lengthened apologies of Miss Griselda Oldbuck, which her brother in vain endeavored to abridge. Before the dinner hour, Lord Glenellen requested permission to retire a while to his chamber.

Mr. Oldbank accompanied his guest to the Green Room, which had been hastily prepared for his reception. He looked around with an air of painful recollection.

"I think," at length he observed, "I think, Mr. Oldbank, that I have been in this apartment before."

"You, my lord," answered Oldbank, "upon occasion of an excursion hither from Knockrisnock—and since we are upon a subject so melancholy, you may perhaps remember whose taste supplied those lines from *Clarendon*, which now form the motto of the tapestry."

"I guess," said the Earl, "though I cannot recollect. She excelled me, indeed, in literary taste and information, as in everything else; and it is one of the mysterious dispensations of Providence, Mr. Oldbank, that a creature so excellent in mind and body should have been cut off in so miserable a manner, merely from her having formed a fatal attachment to such a wretch as I am."

Mr. Oldbank did not attempt an answer to this burst of the grief which lay ever nearest to the heart of his guest, but, pressing Lord Glenallan's hand with one of his own, and drawing the other across his shaggy eyelashes, as if to brush away a mist that intercepted his sight, he left the Earl at liberty to arrange himself previous to dinner.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIFTH.

————— Lie, with you,
Glow in the beds and dance in the arteries;
"Tis this the wine whose power great hath quaffed,
That glows the heart and throves the brain;
Mine is the pure weakness of the cup,
Vapid, and dull, and tasteless, only cooling,
With its base drops, the vessel that contains it.

OLD PLAY.

"Now, only think what a man my brother is, Mr. Hattergood, for a wise man and a learned man, to bring this Yed into our house without speaking a word to a body! And think the distress of these Macklewhites—we must get a fin o' fish—and we has nae time to send over to Fairport for beef, and the

matron's hat new killed—and that silly Wednesday, Jerry Rutherford, has seen the edes, and done nothing but laugh and gloat, the child at the tail of the guffaw, for ten days success-fully—and now we must ask that strange man, thick as grout and as glib as the Yeri himself, to stand at the sideboard! and I coming into the kitchen to direct cooking, he let's hovering there, making some passowille* for my Lord, for he does not like other folk neither—And how to sort the strange servant man at dinner time—I am sure, Mr. Rutherford, a'de-gither, it passes my judgment."

"Truly, Miss Griselda," replied the divine, "Hoskins was inconsiderate. He should have taken a day to see the invitation, as they do wif the tinker's confederates in the process of valuation and sale. But the great man could not have come on a sabbath to my house in this parish where he could have been better served with viands—that I must say—and also that the steam from the kitchen is very gratifying to my nostrils;—and if ye have any household affairs to attend to, Mrs. Griselda, never make a stranger of me—I can serve myself very well with the larger copy of Hoskins's Invitations."

And taking down from the window-seat that amusing folio, (the Scottish Oaks upon Littleton), he opened it, as if instinctively, at the tenth title of Book Second, "of Trinks or Tythes," and was presently deeply wrapped up in an abstract discussion concerning the temporality of benefices.

The entertainment, about which Miss Oldbuck expressed so much anxiety, was at length placed upon the table; and the Earl of Glenelg, for the first time since the date of his calamity, sat at a stranger's board, surrounded by strangers. He seemed to himself like a man in a dream, or one whose head was not fully recovered from the effects of an intoxicating potion. Believed, as he had that morning been, from the image of guilt which had so long haunted his imagination, he felt his sinners as a lighter and more tolerable load, but was still unable to take any share in the conversation that passed around him. It was, indeed, of a cast very different from that which he had been accustomed to. The bluntness of Oldbuck, the timorous apologetic language of his sister, the politeness of the divine, and the vivacity of the young soldier, which aroused much more of the camp than of the court, were all new to a

* *Passowille*,—*Macfarlane's note.*

noblemen who had lived in a retired and melancholy state for so many years, that the manners of the world seemed to him equally strange and unpleasant. Miss M'Leire alone, from the natural politeness and unpretending simplicity of her manners, appeared to belong to that class of society to which he had been accustomed in his earlier and better days.

Nor did Lord Glenalban's department less surprise the company. Though a plain but excellent family-dinner was provided (for, as Mr. Shattergowl had justly said, it was impossible to surprise Miss Griselda when her larder was empty), and though the Antiquary boasted his best pot, and substituted it to the Palatine of Rome, Lord Glenalban was proof to the charms of both. His servant placed before him a small mess of vegetables, that very dish, the cooking of which had charmed Miss Griselda, arranged with the most delicate and scrupulous neatness. He ate sparingly of these provisions; and a glass of pure water, sparkling from the fountain-head, completed his repast. Such, his servant said, had been his lordship's diet for very many years, unless upon the high festivals of the Church, or when company of the first rank were entertained at Glenalban House, when he relaxed a little in the austerity of his diet, and permitted himself a glass or two of wine. But at Monkhouse, as another could have made a more simple and scanty meal.

The Antiquary was a gentleman, as we have seen, in feeling, but blunt and careless in expression, from the habit of living with those before whom he had nothing to suppress. He attended his noble guest without scruple on the severity of his regimen.

"A few half-cold greens and potatoes—a glass of ice-cold water to wash them down—antiquity gives no warmth for it, my lord. This house used to be accounted a *l'epitome*, a place of retreat for Christians; but your lordship's diet is that of a heathen Pythagoras, or Indian Bramin—nay, more severe than either, if you refuse these fine apples."

"I am a Catholic, you are a *straw*," said Lord Glenalban, wishing to escape from the discussion, "and you know that our church"—

"Lays down many rules of mortification," proceeded the careless Antiquary; "but I never heard that they were quite so rigorously practised—Bless whose my predecessor, John of

the Gmel, or the Jolly Abbot, who gave his name to this apple, my lord."

And as he passed the fruit, in spite of his sister's "O So, Macklarns!" and the prolonged cough of the minister, accompanied by a shake of his huge wig, the Antiquary proceeded to detail the intrigue which had given rise to the fate of the abbot's apple with more alacrity and circumstantiality than was at all necessary. His jest (as may readily be conceived) raised fire, for this assemblage of conventual gallantry failed to produce the slightest smile on the visage of the Earl. Oldmuck then took up the subject of Oakes, Macpherson, and Mac-Grith; but Lord Glenelg had never so much as heard of any of the three, for this movement had he been with modern liberators. The conversation was now in some danger of flagging, or of falling into the hands of Mr. Battersport, who had just pronounced the formidable word, "trial-free," when the subject of the French Revolution was started—a political event on which Lord Glenelg looked with all the prejudiced horror of a bigoted Catholic and avowed aristocrat. Oldmuck was the first carrying his detestation of its principles to such a length.

"There were many men in the first Constituent Assembly," he said, "who held sound Whiggish doctrines, and were for settling the Constitution with a proper provision for the liberties of the people. And if a set of fanatical madmen were now in possession of the government, it was," he continued, "what often happened in great revolutions, where extreme measures are adopted in the fury of the moment, and the state assumes an agitated position which swings from side to side for some time ere it can acquire its due and perpendicular station. Or it might be likened to a storm or hurricane, which, passing over a region, does great damage in its passage, yet sweeps away stagnant and unhealthy vapours, and repairs, in future health and fertility, its tumultuous dissipation and waste."

The Earl shook his head; but having neither spirit nor inclination for debate, he suffered the argument to pass uncontroverted.

This discussion served to introduce the young soldier's opinions; and he spoke of the action in which he had been engaged, with modesty, and at the same time with an air of spirit and zeal which delighted the Earl, who had been bred

up. The others of his house, in the opinion that the trade of arms was the first duty of man, and believed that to employ them against the French was a sort of holy warfare.

"What would I give," said he apart to Oldback, as they rose to join the ladies in the drawing-room, "what would I give to have a son of such spirit as that young gentleman!—He wants something of address and manner, something of polish, which mixing in good society would soon give him; but with what zeal and animation he expresses himself—how fond of his profession—how loud in the praise of others—how modest when speaking of himself!"

"Hector is much obliged to you, my lord," replied his uncle, gratified, yet not so much so as to suppress his consciousness of his own mental superiority over the young soldier; "I believe in my heart nobody ever spoke half as much good of him before, except perhaps the surgeon of his company, when he was wheedling a Highland recruit to enlist with him. He is a good lad notwithstanding, although he be not quite the hero your lordship supposes him, and although my commendations rather attest the kindness than the vivacity of his character. In fact, his high spirit is a sort of constitutional volence, which attends him in everything he sets about, and is often very inconvenient to his friends. I saw him to-day engage in an animated contest with a plover, or wad (as our people more properly call them, retaining the Gothic guttural *ph*), with as much volence as if he had fought against Demosides—Marry, my lord, the plover had the better, as the said Demosides had of some other fowl. And he'll talk with equal if not superiorapture of the good behaviour of a pointer bitch, as of the plan of a campaign."

"He shall have full permission to sport over my grounds," said the Earl, "if he is so fond of that exercise."

"You will bid him to you, my lord," said Moschburn, "body and soul: give him leave to crack off his hind-quarters at a poor covey of partridges or moon-hen, and let's years for ever—I will enchant him by the intelligence. But O, my lord, that you could have seen my phoenix Lord!—the very prince and chief-tain of the youth of this age; and not destitute of spirit neither—I promise you he gave my tournament knightman a good *pro quo*—a Revenant for his Oliver, as the vulgar say, affording to the two celebrated Paladins of Chaucerage."

After coffee, Lord Glenelg requested a private interview with the Antiquary, and was ushered to his library.

"I must withdraw you from your own amiable family," he said, "to involve you in the perplexities of an unhappy man. You are acquainted with the world, from which I have long been banished; for Glenelg House has been to me rather a prison than a dwelling, although a prison which I had neither fortitude nor spirit to break from."

"Let me first ask your lordship," said the Antiquary, "what are your own wishes and designs in this matter?"

"I wish most especially," answered Lord Glenelg, "to declare my husband's marriage, and to vindicate the reputation of the unhappy Evelyn—that is, if you see a possibility of doing so without making public the conduct of my mother."

"Some *enigme résolvée*," said the Antiquary; "do right to everyone. The memory of that unhappy young lady has too long suffered, and I think it might be cleared without further impeding that of your mother, than by letting it be understood in general that she greatly disapproved and bitterly opposed the match. All—forgive me, my lord—all who ever heard of the late Countess of Glenelg, will learn that without much surprise."

"But you forget one horrible circumstance, Mr. Oldbuck," said the Earl, in an agitated voice.

"I am not aware of it," replied the Antiquary.

"The fate of the infant—its disappearance with the confidential attendant of my mother, and the dreadful murder which may be drawn from my conversation with Elspeth."

"If you would have my free opinion, my lord," answered Mr. Oldbuck, "and will not catch too rapidly at it as matter of hope, I would say that it is very possible the child yet lives. For thus much I ascertained, by my former inquiries concerning the event of that deplorable evening, that a child and woman were carried that night from the cottage at the Crighnachan in a carriage and drove by your brother Edward Gordon Neville, whose journey through England with those companions I traced for several stages. I believed then it was a part of the family compact to carry a child whom you meant to stigmatize with illegitimacy, out of that country where chance might have raised protectors and proofs of its rights. But I now think that your brother, having reason, like yourself, to believe the child stolen

with shame yet more inflexible, had nevertheless withdrawn it, partly from regard to the honour of his house, partly from the risk to which it might have been exposed in the neighbourhood of the Lady Glenallan."

As he spoke, the Earl of Glenallan grew extremely pale, and had nearly fallen from his chair.—The alarmed Antiquary ran hither and thither looking for remedies; but his resources, though sufficiently well filled with a vast variety of useless notions, contained nothing that could be serviceable on the present or any other occasion. As he posted out of the room to borrow his sister's aids, he could not help giving a constitutional grovel of chagrin and wonder at the various incidents which had converted his mansion, first into an hospital for a wounded duellist, and now into the sick chamber of a dying nobleman. "And yet," said he, "I have always kept aloof from the soldiers and the pothouse. My constitution has only need to be made a lying-in hospital, and then, I trust, the transformation will be complete."

When he returned with the remedy, Lord Glenallan was much better. The new and unexpected light which Mr. Oldbuck had thrown upon the melancholy history of his family had almost overpowered him. "You think, then, Mr. Oldbuck—for you are capable of thinking, which I am not—you think, then, that it is possible—that is, not impossible—my child may yet live?"

"I think," said the Antiquary, "it is impossible that it could come to any violent harm through your brother's means. He was known to be a gay and dissipated man, but not cruel nor dishonourable; nor is it possible, that, if he had intended any foul play, he would have placed himself so forward in the charge of the infant, as I will prove to your lordship he did."

So saying, Mr. Oldbuck opened a drawer of the cabinet of his ancestor Abbotbarn, and produced a bundle of papers tied with a black ribbon, and labelled.—*Examinations, &c., taken by Jonathan Oldbuck, J. P., upon the 18th of February, 17—*; a little under was written, in a small hand, *Also Notices!* The tones dropped fast from the Earl's eyes, as he undervalued, in vain, to ascertain the knot which secured these documents.

"Your lordship," said Mr. Oldbuck, "had better not read these at present. Agitated as you are, and having much business before you, you must not exhaust your strength. Your

brother's succession is now, I presume, your own, and it will be easy for you to make inquiry among his servants and retainers, as as to how where the child is, if, fortunately, it shall be still alive."

"I dare hardly hope it," said the Earl, with a deep sigh. "Why should my brother have been silent to me?"

"Say, my lord, why should he have communicated to your lordship the existence of a being whom you must have supposed the offspring of?"—

"Most true—there is an obvious and a kind reason for his being silent. If anything, indeed, could have added to the honor of the ghostly dream that has poisoned my whole existence, it must have been the knowledge that such a child of mine existed."

"Then," continued the Antiquary, "although it would be rash to conclude, at the distance of more than twenty years, that your son must needs be still alive because he was not destroyed in infancy, I even I think you should instantly set on foot inquiry."

"It shall be done," replied Lord Glenelg, smiling eagerly at the hope held out to him, the first he had revisited for many years;—"I will write to a faithful steward of my father, who acted in the same capacity under my brother Neville—But, Mr. Oldbuck, I am not my brother's heir."

"Indeed!—I am sorry for that, my lord—it is a noble estate, and the ruins of the old castle of Neville's-Town alone, which are the most superb relics of Anglo-Norman architecture in that part of the country, are a possession much to be coveted. I thought your father had no other son or near relative."

"He had not, Mr. Oldbuck," replied Lord Glenelg; "but my brother adopted views in politics, and a form of religion, alien from those which had been always held by our house. Our tempers had long differed, nor did my unhappy mother always think him sufficiently obedient to her. In short, there was a family quarrel, and my brother, whose property was at his own free disposal, availed himself of the power vested in him to choose a stranger for his heir. It is a matter which never struck me as being of the least consequence—for if worldly possessions could alleviate misery, I have enough and to spare. But now I shall regret it, if it throws any difficulty in the way of our inquiry—and I believe me that it may; for in case of

my having a lawful son of my body, and my brother dying without issue, my father's possessions stood entailed upon my son. It is not therefore likely that this heir, be he who he may, will afford us assistance in making a discovery which may turn out so much to his own prejudice."

"And is all probability the steward your lordship mentions is also in his service," said the Antiquary.

"It is most likely; and the man being a Protestant—how far it is safe to trust him?"—

"I should hope, my lord," said Oldback gravely, "that a Protestant may be as trustworthy as a Catholic. I am doubly interested in the Protestant faith, my lord. My ancestor, Albrecht Oldenback, printed the celebrated Confession of Augsburg, as I can show by the original edition now in this house."

"I have not the least doubt of what you say, Mr. Oldback," replied the Earl, "nor do I speak out of bigotry or intolerance; but probably the Protestant steward will favour the Protestant heir rather than the Catholic—*if*, indeed, my son has been bred in his father's faith—or, alas! if indeed he yet lives."

"We must look close into this," said Oldback, "before committing ourselves. I have a literary friend at York, with whom I have long corresponded on the subject of the Saxons here that is preserved in the Minster there; we interchanged letters for six years, and have only as yet been able to settle the first line of the inscription. I will write forthwith to this gentleman, Dr. Dreyndest, and be particular in my inquiries concerning the character, etc., of your brother's heir, of the gentleman employed in his affairs, and what else may be likely to further your lordship's inquiries. In the meantime your lordship will collect the evidence of the marriage, which I hope can still be recovered!"

"Unquestionably," replied the Earl; "the witnesses, who were formerly withdrawn from your research, are still living. My tutor, who solemnized the marriage, was provided for by a living in France, and has lately returned to this country as an emigrant, a victim of his zeal for liberty, legitimacy, and religion."

"That's one lucky consequence of the French revolution, my lord—you must allow that, at least," said Oldback; "but no offence; I will act as warmly in your affairs as if I were of your own faith in politics and religion. And take my advice—if

you want an affair of consequence properly managed, put it into the hands of an antiquary; for as they are eternally exercising their genius and research upon trifles, it is impossible they can be baffled in affairs of importance;—use makes perfect—and the corps that is most frequently drilled upon the parade, will be most prompt in its exercise upon the day of battle. And, talking upon that subject, I would willingly read to your lordship, in order to pass away the time herewith and supper”——

“I beg I may not interfere with family arrangements,” said Lord Glenalbin, “but I never taste anything after sunset.”

“Nor I either, my lord,” answered his host, “notwithstanding it is said to have been the custom of the ancients. But then I dine differently from your lordship, and therefore am better enabled to dispense with those elaborate entertainments which my wantonly (that is, my sister and niece, my lord) are apt to place on the table, for the display rather of their own house-wifery than the accommodation of our wants. However, a broiled fowl, or a smoked halibut, or an oyster, or a slice of bacon of our own curing, with a toast and a tankard—or something or other of that sort, to chase the crickets of the stomach before going to bed, does not fall under my restriction, nor, I hope, under your lordship’s.”

“My messenger is here, Mr. Oliphant; but I will attend you at your meal with pleasure.”

“Well, my lord,” replied the Antiquary, “I will endeavour to entertain your ears at least, since I cannot banquet your palate. What I am about to read to your lordship relates to the spleen glass.”

Lord Glenalbin, though he would rather have returned to the subject of his own uncertainty, was compelled to make a sign of respectful civility and acquiescence.

The Antiquary, therefore, took out his portfolio of loose sheets, and after promising that the topographical details here laid down were designed to illustrate a slight essay upon superstition, which had been read with indignance at several societies of Antiquaries, he commenced as follows: “The subject, my lord, is the hill-fort of Quilcom-log, with the site of which your lordship is doubtless familiar—it is upon your stone-farm of Masterton, in the barony of Clackmannon.”

“I think I have heard the name of these places,” said the Earl, in answer to the Antiquary’s appeal.

"Hear! the name! and the firm betrays him six hundred a-year—O Lord!"

Such was the nerve-selected ejaculation of the Antiquary. But his hospitality got the better of his surprise, and he proceeded to read his essay with an audible voice, in great glee at having secured a patient, and, as he finally hoped, an interested hearer.

"Quicken-bog may at first seem to derive its name from the plant *Quicken*, by which, Scottish, we understand couch-grass, dog-grass, or the *Trifolium repens* of Linnaeus, and the common English monosyllabic *Bog*, by which we mean, in popular language, a marsh or moor—in Latin, *Palus*. But it may confound the rash adeptness of the more obvious etymological derivations, to learn that the couch-grass or dog-grass, or, to speak scientifically, the *Trifolium repens* of Linnaeus, does not grow within a quarter of a mile of this outcrop or hill-foot, whose ramparts are uniformly clothed with short verdant turf, and that we must seek a bog or pool at a still greater distance, the nearest being that of *Gird-the-moor*, a full half-mile distant. The last syllable, *bog*, is obviously, therefore, a mere corruption of the *Scots Bough*, which we find in the various transmutations of *Bough*, *Burrow*, *Brough*, *Brough*, *Bog*, and *Bog*, which last approaches very near the sound in question—since, supposing the word to have been originally *bough*, which is the genuine *Scots* spelling, a slight change, such as modern organs too often make upon ancient sounds, will produce first *bogh*, and then, after *N*, or compensating and sinking the guttural, agreeable to the common vernacular practice, you have either *Bog* or *Bog* as it happens. The word *Quicken* requires in like manner to be altered,—decomposed, as it were,—and reduced to its original and genuine sound, ere we can discern its real meaning. By the ordinary exchange of the *qu* into *wh*, familiar in the rudest *ape* who has opened a book of old Scottish poetry, we gain either *Whikens*, or *Whickensburgh*—yet we may express, by way of question, as if those who exposed the name, struck with the extreme antiquity of the place, had expressed in it an interrogation, 'To whom did this fortune belong?—Or, it might be *Whickens-bough*, from the *Scots* *Whickens*, to strike with the hand, as doubtless the shirinishes near a place of such apparent consequence must have legitimated such a derivation," &c. &c. &c.

I will be more careful to my readers than Odibuck was to his guest; for, considering his opportunities of gaining patient attention from a person of such consequence as Lord Granville were not many, he used, or rather abused, the present to the uttermost.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIXTH.

Childhood age and youth
 Cannot live together :—
 Youth is full of pleasures,
 Age is full of cares ;
 Youth like summer morn,
 Age like winter weather :
 Youth like summer leaves,
 Age like winter bare.

SHAKESPEARE.

In the morning of the following day, the Antiquary, who was something of a dabbler, was summoned from his bed a full hour earlier than his custom by Caxon. "What's the matter now?" he exclaimed, yawning and stretching forth his hand to the huge gold repeater, which, bedded upon his India silk handkerchief, was laid out by his pillow—"what's the matter now, Caxon?"

"Na, sir,—but my lord's man sought me out, for he fancies me your honour's valley-deckman,—and me I am, there's no doubt o't, both your honour's and the minister's—at least ye has nae other that I ken o'—and I gae a help to the doctor too, but that's nae in the way o' my profession."

"Well, well—never mind that," said the Antiquary—"happy is he that is his own valley-deckman, as you call it—But why disturb my morning's rest?"

"Oo, sir, the great man's been up since pass o' day, and he's stowed the town to get men an' expenses to fetch his carriage, and it will be here briefly, and he wad like to see your honour afore he goes awa."

"Gladso!" ejaculated Odibuck, "these great men use men's houses and time as if they were their own property. Well, it's oars and away. His Grace come to her senses yet, Caxon?"

"Trot, sir, but just rickling," replied the barter; "she's

been in a sweater about the jacalote this morning, and was like to have tumbled it a' cut into the ship-lane, and drunk it herself in her cotchies—but she's won over w'th, w'th the help o' Miss McIntyre."

"Then all my woman-kind are on foot and scrambling, and I must enjoy my quiet bed no longer, if I would have a well-regulated house—Lend me my gown. And what are the news at Fairport?"

"Oh, ah, what can they be about but this grand news o' my land," answered the old man, "that hasse been over the door-stone, they threep to me, for this twenty years—this grand news o' his coming to visit your honour!"

"Aha!" said Montfaucon; "and what do they say o' that, Caxon?"

"Dead, ah, they has various opinions. Some fellows, that are the democrats, as they call them, that are agin' the king and the law, and hairpowder and dressing o' gentlemen's wigs—a whole blackguardie—they say he's come down to speak w'th your honour about bringing down his bill into and Highland treasury to break up the meetings of the Friends o' the People;—and when I said your honour never meddled w'th the like o' sic things where there was like to be struffs and bloodshed, they said, if ye didna, your raver did, and that he was well lea'd to be a kingman that wad fight knee-deep, and that ye were the head and he was the hand, and that the Yel was to bring out the men and the silver."

"Come," said the Antiquary, laughing—"I am glad the war is to cost me nothing but counsel."

"Na, na," said Caxon—"nobody thinks your honour wad either fight yourself, or gie any folk o' silver in any side o' the question."

"Umph! well, that's the opinion of the democrats, as you call them—What say the rest o' Fairport?"

"In troth," said the moid reporter, "I canna say it's much better. Captain Cogget, w'th the volunteers—that's him that's to be the new collector,—and some of the other gentlemen of the Blue and o' Blue Club, are just saying it's no right to let papists, that has as many French friends as the Yel of Glen-alva, gang through the country, and—but your honour will maybe be angry?"

"Not I, Canon," said Oldbuck; "fire away as if you were Captain Coquet's whole platoon—I can stand it."

"Well then, they say, sir, that as ye dilna encourage the petition about the pence, and ye dinna petition in favour of the new tax, and as you were again' bringing in the yomansy at the meal mob, but just for settling the folk w' the constables—they say ye're no a gale friend to government; and that they sort o' meetings between sic a power's men as the Yair, and sic a wise man as you,—O! they think they wad be lookin' after; and wame say ye should bith be shuckt off till Edinburgh Castle."

"On my word," said the Antiquary, "I am infinitely obliged to my neighbours for their good opinion of me! And so I, that have never interfered with their bickering, but to recommend quiet and moderate measures, am given up on both sides as a man very likely to contrive high treason, either against King or People!—Give me my coat, Canon—give me my coat;—it's lucky I live not in their report. Have you heard anything of Taffel and his vessel?"

Canon's countenance fell.—"So, sir, and the winds has been high, and this is a frauk' coast to cruise on in fine eastern gales,—the headlands rin me far out, that a vessel's enlayed aince I could shary a razor; and then there's nae harbour or city of refuge on our coast—n' craigs and breakers;—a vessel that rin ashore w' us flows asunder like the powder when I shake the phial—and it's as ill to gather any o' again. I aye tell my daughter these things when she grows wearied for a letter frae Lieutenant Taffel—it's aye an apology for him. Ye canna blame him, says I, hinary, for ye little ken what may hae happened."

"Ay, ay, Canon, thou art as good a counsellor as a violet-dauchies.—Give me a white stock, man,—I've think I can go down with a handkerchief about my neck when I have company!"

"Dear sir, the Captain says a three-masted lumberer is the mainest fashionabill overrig, and that stocks belong to your honour and me that are wauld wauld folk. I beg pardon for mentioning an twa daghter, but it was what he said."

"The Captain's a puppy, and you are a goose, Canon."

"It's very like it may be me," replied the sceptical barber; "I am sure your honour kens best."

Before breakfast, Lord Glenelg, who appeared in better spirits than he had evinced in the former evening, went particularly through the various circumstances of evidence which the cartons of Oldbuck had formerly collected; and pointing out the means which he possessed of completing the proof of his marriage, expressed his resolution instantly to go through the painful task of collecting and restoring the evidence concerning the birth of Evelyn Neville, which Elspeth had stated to be in his mother's possession.

"And yet, Mr. Oldbuck," he said, "I feel like a man who recovers important tidings on he is yet fully awake, and doubts whether they refer to actual life, or are not rather a continuation of his dream. This woman—this Elspeth,—she is in the extremity of age, and approaching in many respects to death. Have I not—it is a known question—have I not been hasty in the admission of her present evidence, against that which she formerly gave me to a very—very different purpose?"

Mr. Oldbuck passed a moment, and then answered with firmness—"Na, my lord; I cannot think you have any reason to suspect the truth of what she has said you hear, from no apparent impulse but the urgency of conscience. Her confession was voluntary, disinterested, distinct, consistent with itself, and with all the other known circumstances of the case. I would lose no time, however, in examining and arranging the other documents to which she has referred; and I also think her own statement should be taken down, if possible in a formal manner. We thought of settling about this together. But it will be a relief to your lordship, and moreover have a more impartial appearance, were I to attempt the investigation alone in the capacity of a magistrate. I will do this—at least I will attempt it, so soon as I shall see her in a reasonable state of mind to undergo an examination."

Lord Glenelg wrung the Antiquary's hand in token of grateful acquiescence. "I cannot express to you," he said, "Mr. Oldbuck, how much your conscientious and co-operation in this dark and most tediously business gives me relief and confidence. I cannot enough applaud myself for yielding to the sudden impulse which impelled me, as it were, to drag you into my confidence, and which arose from the experience I had formerly of your firmness in discharge of your duty as a magistrate, and as a friend to the memory of the unfortunate. Whatever

the loss of these matters may prove,—and I would like hope there is a dawn breaking on the fortunes of my house, though I shall not live to enjoy its light,—but whatever be the issue, you have held my house and me under the most lasting obligation."

"My lord," answered the Antiquary, "I must necessarily have the greatest respect for your lordship's family, which I am well aware is one of the most ancient in Scotland, being certainly derived from *Aymar de Goudlin*, who sat in parliament at Perth, in the reign of Alexander II., and who by the last recorded, yet plausible tradition of the country, is said to have been descended from the Marquis of Clonabon. Yet, with all my veneration for your ancient descent, I must acknowledge that I find myself still more bound to give your lordship what assistance is in my limited power, from sincere sympathy with your sorrows, and detestation at the franks which have so long been practised upon you.—But, my lord, the matter must be, I see, now proposed.—Permit me to show your lordship the way through the intricacies of my condition, which is rather a combination of cells, jostled obliquely together, and piled one upon the top of the other, than a regular house. I trust you will make yourself some account for the spare diet of yesterday."

But this was no part of Lord Goudlin's system. Having related the company with the grave and melancholy politeness which distinguished his manner, he earnestly placed before him a slice of toasted bread, with a glass of fish water, being the fare on which he usually broke his fast. While the morning's meal of the young soldier and the old Antiquary was despatched in much more substantial manner, the noise of which was heard.

"Your lordship's carriage, I believe," said Clonabon, stepping to the window. "On my word, a handsome quadrup,—for such, according to the best definition, was the one object of the Romans for a chariot which, like that of your lordship, was drawn by four horses."

"And I will venture to say," cried Hector, eagerly going from the window, "that four handsome or better-matched large nerves were put in harness.—What fine freshets!—what capital chargers they would make!—Might I ask if they are of your lordship's own breeding?"

"I—I—rather believe so," said Lord Goudlin; "but I have

been so negligent of my domestic matters, that I am ashamed to say I must apply to Calvert" (looking at the domestic).

"They are of your lordship's own breeding," said Calvert, "got by Black Tom, out of Jennie and Yarrow, your lordship's blood mare."

"Are there more of the set?" said Lord Gleniloe.

"Two, my lord,—one riding thus, the other fine off this grass, both very handsome."

"Then let Blackie bring them down to Muckham to-morrow," said the Earl—"I hope Captain McIntyre will accept them, if they are at all fit for service."

Captain McIntyre's eyes sparkled, and he was profuse in grateful acknowledgments; while Oldbuck, on the other hand, seeing the Earl's slaves, endeavored to intercept a present which looked no good to his corn-shout and hay-loft.

"My lord—my lord—much obliged—much obliged—But Hector is a protection, and never mounts on horseback in battle—he is a Highland soldier, moreover, and his dress ill adapted for cavalry service. Even Macpherson never mounted his ancestors on horseback, though he has the impudence to talk of their being our horses—and that, my lord, is what is running in Hector's head—it is the vehicular, not the equestrian service, which he serves—

*Exit your venerable patron O'Supple
Colquhoun junior.*

His noddy is running on a curdick, which he has neither money to buy, nor skill to drive if he had it; and I assure your lordship, that the possession of two such quadrupeds would prove a greater scrape than any of his duds, whether with horses for or with my friend the plover."

"You must command us all at present, Mr. Oldbuck," said the Earl politely; "but I trust you will not ultimately prevent my gratifying my young friend in some way that may afford him pleasure."

"Anything useful, my lord," said Oldbuck, "but no conclusion—I protest he might as rationally propose to keep a panther at home—And now I think of it, what is that old post-chaise from Fairport, come jangling here for?—I did not send for it."

"I did, sir," said Hector, rather sulkily, for he was not much gratified by his uncle's interference to prevent the Earl's intended

generosity, was particularly inclined to rely either the disengagement which he cast upon his skill as a character, or the mortifying allusion to his bad success in the adventures of the dead and the soul.

"You did, sir?" asked the Antiquary, in answer to his concise information. "And pray, what may be your business with a post-chaise? Is this splendid equipage—this brio, as I may call it—to serve for an introduction to a quack or a surgeon?"

"Really, sir," replied the young soldier, "if it be necessary to give you such a specific explanation, I am going to Fairport on a little business."

"Will you permit me to inquire into the nature of that business, Hector?" assumed his uncle, who loved the exercise of a little brief authority over his relative. "I should suppose any regimental affairs might be transacted by your worthy deputy the sergeant—an honest gentleman, who is as good as to make Montbarns his home since his arrival among us—I should, I say, suppose that he may transact any business of yours, without your spending a day's pay on two dapples, and such a combination of rotten wood, cracked glass, and leather—such a skeleton of a post-chaise, as that before the door."

"It is not regimental business, sir, that calls me; and, since you insist upon knowing, I must inform you Uncle has brought word this morning that old Ouldree, the beggar, is to be brought up for examination to-day, previous to his being committed for trial; and I'm going to see that the poor old fellow gets his play—thrift all."

"Ay!—I heard something of this, but could not think it serious. And pray, Captain Hector, who are so ready to be every man's second on all occasions of strife, civil or military, by land, by water, or on the sea-board, what is your especial concern with old Edie Ouldree?"

"He was a soldier in my father's company, sir," replied Hector; "and besides, when I was about to do a very foolish thing one day, he interposed to prevent me, and gave me almost as much good advice, sir, as you could have done yourself."

"And with the same good effect, I dare be sworn for it—oh, Hector!—Come, confess it was thrown away."

"Indeed it was, sir; but I see no reason that my duty should make me less grateful for his intended kindness."

"Beano, Hester! that's the most sensible thing I ever heard you say. But always tell me your plans without reserve;—why, I will go with you myself, man. I am sure the old fellow is not guilty, and I will assist him in such a scrupulous manner effectually than you can do. Besides, it will save three half-a-guineas, my lad—a consideration which I heartily pray you to have more frequently before your eyes."

Lord Glenallan's politeness had induced him to turn away and talk with the ladies, when the dispute between the uncle and nephew appeared to grow rather too estimated to be fit for the ear of a stranger, but the Earl relapsed again in the conversation when the plausible tone of the Antiquary expressed assent. Having received a brief account of the merchandise, and of the accusation brought against him, which Oldbuck did not hesitate to ascribe to the malice of Donatservival, Lord Glenallan asked, whether the individual in question had not been a soldier formerly?—He was answered in the affirmative.

"Had he not," continued his Lordship, "a coarse blue coat, or green, with a badge?—was he not a tall, striking-looking old man, with grey beard and hair, who kept his body remarkably erect, and talked with an air of ease and independence, which formed a strong contrast to his profession?"

"All this is an exact picture of the man," returned Oldbuck.

"Why, then," continued Lord Glenallan, "although I fear I can be of no use to him in his present condition, yet I owe him a debt of gratitude for being the first person who brought me some tidings of the utmost importance. I would willingly offer him a place of comfortable retirement, when he is extricated from his present situation."

"I fear, my lord," said Oldbuck, "he would have difficulty in renouncing his vagrant habits to the acceptance of your bounty, at least I know the experiment has been tried without effect. To beg from the public at large he considers an independence, in comparison to drawing his whole support from the bounty of an individual. He is as far a true philosopher, as to be a consumer of all ordinary rules of hours and times. When he is hungry he eats; when thirsty he drinks; when weary he sleeps; and with such indifference with respect to the means and appliances about which we make a fuss, that I

suppose he was never ill, died or ill lodged in his life. Then he is, to a certain extent, the oracle of the district through which he travels—their genealogist, their newsman, their master of the novels, their doctor at a pinch, or their divine;—I presume you he has too many duties, and is too anxious in performing them, to be easily led to abandon his calling. But I should be truly sorry if they sent the poor light-hearted old man to lie for weeks in a jail. I am convinced the confinement would break his heart."

Thus finished the conference. Lord Glenalton, having taken leave of the ladies, renewed his offer to Captain McIntyre of the freedom of his manors for sporting, which was joyously accepted. "I can only add," he said, "that if your spirits are not liable to be damped by dull company, Glenalton House is at all times open to you. On two days of the week, Friday and Saturday, I keep my apartments, which will be rather a relief to you, as you will be left to enjoy the society of my chamber, Mr. Glanville, who is a scholar and a man of the world."

Next, his heart exulting at the thoughts of ranging through the preserves of Glenalton House, and over the well-protected meads of Clocharahan—my, joy of joys! the deer-forest of Strath-Bonach—made many acknowledgments of the honour and gratitude he felt. Mr. Oldbuck was sensible of the Earl's attention to his nephew; Miss McIntyre was pleased because her brother was gratified; and Miss Griselida Oldbuck looked forward with glee to the getting of whole bags of marmoset and black-gum, of which Mr. Blountgore was a professed admirer. Thus,—which is always the case when a man of rank leaves a private family where he has studied to appear obliging,—all were ready to open in praise of the Earl as soon as he had taken his leave, and was wheeled off in his chariot by the four admitted boys. But the periphrasis was not short, for Oldbuck and his nephew deposited themselves in the Fairport hack, which, with one horse trotting, and the other urged to a madder, excited, jagged, and hobbling towards that celebrated support, in a manner that formed a strong contrast to the rapidity and smoothness with which Lord Glenalton's equipage had seemed to vanish from their eyes.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVENTH.

Yes ! I love justice well—as well as you do—
 But since the good dame's bid, she shall excuse me
 If time and reason fitting, I prove dumb ;—
 The breath I utter now shall be no more
 To take away from me my breath in future.

ONE PLAT.

By dint of charity from the town's-people in aid of the lord of provisions he had brought with him into dinner, Edie Odiltree had passed a day or two's confinement without much impatience, regretting his want of freedom the less, as the weather proved briske and rainy.

"The prison," he said, "wasna ane dooms had a place as it was wad. Ye had aye a good roof over your head to find off the weather, and, if the windows werra glazed, it was the mair dry and pleasant for the summer season. And there werra folk enow to crack wi', and he had bread enow to eat, and what need he fret himself about the rest o' it ?"

The courage of our philosophical meddler began, however, to shake, when the unlookin' shoon fell on the rusty bars of his grated dungeon, and a miserable knave, whose cage some poor debtor had obtained permission to attach to the window, began to greet them with his whistle.

"Ye're in better spirits than I am," said Edie, addressing the bird, "for I can neither whistle nor sing for thinking o' the heavy burdens and green shaws that I should hae been dandling beside in weather like this. But hae—there's some cranks ye, an ye are ane merry ; and troth ye hae some reason to sing an ye hear it, for your cage comes by ane fast o' your ain, and I may thank myself that I am closed up in this weary place."

Odiltree's soliloquy was disturbed by a peace-officer, who came to summon him to attend the magistrates. As he set forth in awful procession between two poor creatures, neither of them so stout as he was himself, to be conducted into the presence of judicial justice. The people, as the aged prisoner was led along by his despoiled guards, exclaimed to each other, "Eh ! see sic a gray-haired man as that is, to hae committed a highway

robbery, will so fit in the grave!"—And the children congratulated the officers, objects of their alternate dread and sport, Puggie O'neak and Jack O'mattoe, on having a prisoner as old as themselves.

Thus manacled forward, Edie was presented (by no means for the first time) before the worshipful Bailie Littlejohn, who, contrary to what his name expressed, was a tall portly magistrate, on whom corporation crests had not been conferred in vain. He was a zealous loyalist of that zealous time, somewhat rigorous and peremptory in the execution of his duty, and a good deal inflated with the sense of his own power and importance;—otherwise an honest, well-meaning, and useful citizen.

"Bring him in! bring him in!" he exclaimed. "Upon my word these are awful and unusual times! the very bolomen and retainers of his Majesty are the first to break his laws. Here has been an old Fine-Gown committing robbery—I suppose the next will toward the royal charity which supplies him with his gosh, pennis, and bagging hose, by engaging in high-treason, or addition at least—but bring him in."

Edie made his obeisance, and then stood, as usual, firm and erect, with the side of his face turned a little upward, as if to catch every word which the magistrate might address to him. To the first general question, which respected only his name and calling, the merchant answered with readiness and accuracy; but when the magistrate, having caused his clerk to take down these particulars, began to inquire whereabouts the merchant was on the night when Downstairwell met with his misfortune, Edie demurred to the motion. "Can ye tell me now, Bailie, you that understands the law, what gale will it do me to answer any o' your questions?"

"Good!—no good certainly, my friend, except that giving a true account of yourself, if you are innocent, may enable me to set you at liberty."

"But it seems quite reasonable to me now, that you, Bailie, or anybody that has anything to say against me, should prove my guilt, and so to be bidding me prove my innocence."

"I don't sit here," answered the magistrate, "to dispute points of law with you. I ask you, if you choose to answer my question, whether you were at Eliza Alkwood, the farmer's, upon the day I have specified!"

"Easily, sir, I shall feel myself called on to remember," replied the cautious lodger.

"Or whether, in the course of that day or night," continued the magistrate, "you saw Stone, or Steenie, Macktharckit!—you know him, I suppose?"

"O, hardly did I ken Steenie, pair fellows," replied the prisoner;—"but I never considered on any particular time I have seen him lately."

"Were you at the rules of St. Ruth any time in the course of that evening?"

"Belle Littlejohn," said the mendicant, "if it be your honour's pleasure, we'll not a lang tale short, and I'll just tell ye, I am no minded to answer any o' these questions—I'm ever add a traveller to let my tongue bring me into trouble."

"Write down," said the magistrate, "that he declines to answer all interrogatories, in respect that by telling the truth he might be brought to trouble."

"Na, na," said Ochiltree, "I'll no ha'e that set down as my part o' my answer—but I just want to say, that in o' my memory and practice, I never saw any gale come o' answering life questions."

"Write down," said the Belle, "that, being acquainted with judicial interrogatories by long practice, and having sustained injury by answering questions put to him on such occasions, the declarant refuses"—

"Na, na, Belle," reiterated Edie, "ye see so to come in on me that gait neither."

"Dictate the answer yourself then, friend," said the magistrate, "and the clerk will take it down from your own mouth."

"Ay, ay," said Edie—"that's what I m' fair play; I'm da that without loss o' time. See, neighbours, ye may just write down, that Edie Ochiltree, the declarant, stands up for the liberty—na, I mean, ay that neither—I am nae liberty-boy—I hae fought again' them in the riots in Dublin—besides, I hae ate the King's bread many a day. Stay, let me see. Ay—write that Edie Ochiltree, the Blue-Gown, stands up for the prerogative—(see that ye spell that word right—it's a lang one)—for the prerogative of the subjects of the land, and wina answer a single word that will be asked at him this day, unless he sees a reason for't. Put down that, young man."

"Then, Edie," said the magistrate, "shall you will give me

no information on the subject, I must send you back to prison till you shall be delivered in due course of law."

"Awed, ah, if it's Heaven's will and man's will, no doubt I must submit," replied the merchant. "I have no great objection to the prison, only that a body means win and sit; and if it will please you as well, Bailie, I wad gie you my word to appear afore the Lords at the Circuit, or in any other court ye like, on any day ye are pleased to appoint."

"I rather think, my good friend," answered Bailie Littlejohn, "your word might be a slender security where your neck may be in some danger. I am apt to think you would suffer the pledge to be forfeited. If you could give me sufficient security, (alwe) "—

At this moment the Antiquary and Captain McIntyre entered the apartment.—"Good morning to you, gentlemen," said the magistrate; "you find me toiling in my usual vocation—looking after the hapless of the people—looking for the republic, Mr. Oldbuck—serving the King our master, Captain McIntyre,—for I suppose you know I have taken up the sword!"

"It is one of the attributes of justice, doubtless," answered the Antiquary;—"but I should have thought the scales would have suited you better, Bailie, especially as you have them ready in the wardrobe."

"Very good, Blackburn—excellent! But I do not take the sword up as justice, but as a soldier—indeed I should rather say the musket and bayonet—there they stand at the elbow of my gaiter chair, for I am scarce fit for drill yet—a slight touch of our old acquaintance perhaps; I can keep my feet, however, while our sergeant puts me through the manual. I should like to know, Captain McIntyre, if he follows the regulations exactly—he brings us but awkwardly to the point." And he hobbled towards his weapon to illustrate his doubts and display his proficiency.

"I rejoice we have such zealous defenders, Bailie," replied Mr. Oldbuck; "and I dare say Hader will gratify you by communicating his opinion on your progress in this new calling. Why, you find the Heart of the merchants, my good sir—a merchant on the Mart, a magistrate in the Townhouse, a soldier on the Links—quid nec pro patria? But my business is with the justice; so let commerce and war go shander."

"Well, my good sir," said the Balle, "and what commands have you for me?"

"Why, here's an old acquaintance of mine, called Edie Ochiltree, whom some of your superintendents have moved up in jail on account of an alleged assault on that fellow Dumstourweir, of whose assassination I do not believe one word."

The magistrates have assumed a very grave countenance. "You ought to have been informed that he is accused of robbery, as well as assault—a very serious matter indeed; it is not often such criminals come under my cognisance."

"And," replied Ochiltree, "you are conscious of the opportunity of making the very most of such an occasion. But is this poor old man's case really so very bad?"

"It is rather out of rule," said the Balle—"but as you are in the commission, Monkhouse, I have no hesitation to show you Dumstourweir's declaration, and the rest of the proceedings." And he put the papers into the Assiquary's hands, who assumed his spectacles, and sat down in a corner to peruse them.

The officers, in the meantime, had directions to remove their prisoner into another apartment; but before they could do so, McIntyre took an opportunity to greet old Edie, and to slip a guinea into his hand.

"Lord bless your honour!" said the old man; "it's a young soldier's gift, and it should surely thrive wif an auld man. I'm no refuse it, though it's beyond my rules; for if they stak me up here, my friends are like enough to forget me—*wee o' night out o' mind*, is a true proverb; and it wou'd be creditable for me, that am the king's bedfellow, and entitled to beg by word of mouth, to be faking the hawthorn out at the jail window wif the fit o' a stocking and a string." As he made this observation he was conducted out of the apartment.

Mr. Dumstourweir's declaration contained an exaggerated account of the violence he had sustained, and also of his loss.

"But what I should have liked to have asked him," said Monkhouse, "would have been his purpose in frequenting the rules of St. Ruth, as lonely a place, at such an hour, and with such a companion as Edie Ochiltree. There is no road like that way, and I do not conceive a mere passion for the picturesque would carry the Gurnea thither in such a tight of storm and

wind. Depend upon it, he has been about some robbery, and in all probability hath been caught in a trap of his own setting—*Ne ius justitiam alia.*"

The magistrate allowed there was something mysterious in that circumstance, and apologized for not proving Donasterweil, as his declaration was voluntarily omitted. But for the support of the main charge, he showed the declaration of the Affidavits concerning the state in which Donasterweil was found, and establishing the important fact that the manducari had left the barn in which he was quartered, and did not return to it again. Two people belonging to the Fairport undertaker, who had that night been employed in attending the funeral of Lady Gleanian, had also given declarations, that, being sent to pursue two suspicious persons who left the ruins of St. Both as the funeral approached, and who, it was supposed, might have been pilaging some of the ornaments prepared for the ceremony, they had lost and regained sight of them more than once, owing to the nature of the ground, which was unfavourable for riding, but had at length fully lodged them both in Muckelbach's cottage. And one of the men added, that "he, the declarant, having dismounted from his horse, and gone close up to the window of the hut, he saw the old Blue-Gown and young Steenie Muckelbach, with others, eating and drinking in the inside, and also observed the said Steenie Muckelbach show a pocket-book to the others;—and declarant has no doubt that Ochilfree and Steenie Muckelbach were the persons whom he and his comrade had pursued, as above mentioned." And being interrogated why he did not enter the said cottage, declares, "he had no warrant so to do; and that as Muckelbach and his family were understood to be rough-handed folk, he, the declarant, had no desire to meddle or make with their affairs, *Cum sitis sicca pons.* All which he declares to be truth," etc.

"What do you say to that body of evidence against your friend?" said the magistrate, when he had observed the Astorquary had turned the last leaf.

"Why, were it in the case of any other person, I own I should say it looked, *prima facie*, a little ugly; but I cannot allow myself to be in the wrong for trusting Donasterweil—Had I been an hour younger, or had but one single flash of your veridico genius, Thistle, I should have done it myself long ago. He is whole salacious, an impudent, fraudulent, mendacious

quack, that has cost me a hundred pounds by his squerry, and my neighbour Sir Arthur, God knows how much. And besides, Balke, I do not hold him to be a sound friend to Government."

"Indeed!" said Balke Littlejohn; "if I thought that, it would alter the question considerably."

"Right—do, in beating him," observed Offback, "the bodeman must have shown his gratitude to the king by thumping his money; and in robbing him, he would only have plundered an Egyptian, whose wealth it is lawful to spoil. Now, suppose this interview in the ruins of St. Bath had relation to politics,—and this story of hidden treasure, and so forth, was a bribe from the other side of the water for some great man, or the funds destined to maintain a sedition club?"

"My dear sir," said the magistrate, catching at the idea, "you hit my very thoughts! How fortunate should I be if I could become the humble means of sifting such a matter to the bottom!—Don't you think we had better call out the volunteers, and put them on duty?"

"Not just yet, while pedagra deprives them of an essential member of their body. But will you let me examine Ochitree?"

"Certainly; but you'll make nothing of him. He gave me distinctly to understand he knew the danger of a judicial declaration on the part of an accused person, which, to say the truth, has hanged many an honest man than he is."

"Well, but, Balke," continued Offback, "you have no objection to let me try him?"

"None in the world, Mouthanna. I hear the sergeant below—I'll release the animal in the meanwhile. Boldy, carry my gun and bayonet down to the room below—it makes less noise there, when we ground arms." And so said the martial magistrate, with his hand behind him beating his weapons.

"A good quack that won't for a gentry champion," observed Offback—"Hector, my lad, back on, back on—Go with him, boy—keep him employed, man, for half-an-hour or so—batter him with some warlike terms—praise his dress and address."

Captain McIntyre, who, like many of his profession, looked down with infinite scorn on those citizen soldiers who had assumed arms without any professional title to bear them, rose with great reluctance, observing that he should not know what to say to Mr. Littlejohn; and that to see an old gentry shag-

keeper attempting the exercises and duties of a private soldier, was really too ridiculous.

"It may be so, Hector," said the Antiquary, who seldom agreed with any person in the immediate proposition which was laid down—"it may possibly be so in this and some other instances; but at present the country resembles the sailors in a small-decked coast, where parties plead in person, for lack of cash to retain the professional services of the bar. I am sure in the one case we never regret the want of the assistance and eloquence of the lawyers; and so, I hope, in the other, we may manage to make shift with our hearts and muskets, though we shall lack some of the discipline of your martinets."

"I have no objection, I am sure, sir, that the whole world should fight if they please, if they will but allow me to be quiet," said Hector, rising with dogged reluctance.

"Yes, you are a very quiet personage indeed," said his uncle, "whose order for quarrelling cannot pass so much as a poor piece sleeping upon the beach."

But Hector, who saw which way the conversation was tending, and hated all allusions to the fall he had sustained from the fish, made his escape before the Antiquary concluded the sentence.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOURTH.

Well, well, at worst, 'tis neither theft nor exchange,
 Granting I knew all that you charge me with.
 What though the tooth hath borne a second birth,
 And given the wound to me that bore not it,
 Yet fair exchange was never robbery,
 For how pure honesty—

SHAKESPEARE.

THE Antiquary, in order to avoid himself of the punishment given him to question the accused party, chose rather to go to the apartment in which Odifroze was detained, than to make the examination appear formal by bringing him up into the magistrates' office. He found the old man seated by a window which looked out on the sea; and as he gazed on that prospect, large tears found their way, as if unconsciously, to his eye, and from thence trickled down his cheeks and white beard. His

features were, nevertheless, calm and composed, and his whole posture and voice indicated patience and resignation. Oldbuck had approached him without being observed, and roused him out of his musing by saying kindly, "I am sorry, Edie, to see you so much cast down about this matter."

The merchant started, dried his eyes very busily with the sleeve of his gown, and endeavoring to master his mental tone of indifference and jealousy, answered, but with a voice more tremulous than usual, "I might well have judged, Monkhouse, it was you, or the like of you, was coming in to disturb me—for life as great advantage of prizes and counts of justice, that ye may gae your own cut an ye like, and none of the folk that's concerned about them, will ever ask you what it's do."

"Well, Edie," replied Oldbuck, "I hope your present cause of distress is not so bad but it may be removed."

"And I had hoped, Monkhouse," answered the merchant, in a tone of reproach, "that ye had heard me better than to think that this bit trifling trouble of my ain wad bring tears into my auld een, that has seen the different kind of distress,—No, no!—but here's been the pale lass, Cassin's daughter, seeking comfort, and has gotten since little—there's been our speering of Taffie's gaiting since the last gale; and folk report on the bay that a king's ship had struck on the reef of Rat-tap, and a' hands lost—God forbid! for as sure as you live, Monkhouse, the pair had loved, that ye liked me wad, must have perished."

"God forbid indeed!" echoed the Antiquary, turning pale—"I would rather Monkhouse House were on fire. My poor dear friend and neighbor! I will do you the very instantly."

"I'm sure ye'll leave nothing back than I has told ye, sir," said Oldbuck, "for the officer-folk here were very civil (that is, for the like of them), and look'd up at their letters and authorities, and could drive me light on't either so way or another."

"It can't be true! it shall not be true!" said the Antiquary, "And I won't believe it if it were!—Taffie's an excellent woman, and Lovel (my poor Lovel!) has all the qualities of a safe and pleasant companion by land or by sea—was, Edie, when, from the ingenuities of his disposition, I would choose, did I ever go a sea-voyage (which I never do, unless across the ferry), I might as well choose pleasure, to be the

companion of my risk, as one against whom the elements could wreak no vengeance. No, Edie, it is not, and cannot be true—it is a fiction of the idle Jake Rammer, whom I wish hanged with his truncheon about his neck, that serves only with its smooth-edged sides to fright honest folk out of their wits.—Let me know how you got into this scrape of your own."

"Are ye using me as a magistrate, Montmaras, or is it just for your sin satisfaction?"

"For my own satisfaction solely," replied the Antiquary.

"Put up your pocket-book and your kintyrie pen then, for I down again on ye for writing materials in your hands—they're a snare to unlearned folk like me—Oh, one of the clerks in the vest room will climb down, in black and white, as muckle as weel hang a man, before we know what he's saying."

Montmaras complied with the old man's demand, and put up his memorandum-book.

Edie then went with great frankness through the part of the story already known to the reader, informing the Antiquary of the scene which he had witnessed between Duaneviolet and his patron in the ruins of St. Barth, and finally confessing that he could not resist the opportunity of decrying the adept even more to visit the tomb of Mintoak, with the purpose of taking a rustic revenge upon him for his quackery. He had easily persuaded Stennis, who was a bold thoughtless young fellow, to engage in the frolic along with him, and the jest had been inadvertently carried a great deal further than was designed. Concerning the pocket-book, he explained that he had expressed his surprise and sorrow as soon as he found it had been inadvertently brought off: and that publicly, before all the inmates of the cottage, Stennis had undertaken to return it the next day, and had only been prevented by his untimely fate.

The Antiquary pondered a moment, and then said, "Your account seems very probable, Edie, and I believe it from what I know of the parties. But I think it likely that you know a great deal more than you have thought it proper to tell me, about this matter of the treasure trove—I suspect you have noted the part of the *Las Familias* in Plaster—a sort of Brownie, Edie, to speak to your comprehension, who watched over hidden treasures.—I do believe too you were the first person to meet when Sir Arthur made his successful attack upon Mintoak's grave, and also that when the labourers began to dig, you, Edie,

were again the first to leap into the truck, and to make the discovery of the treasure. Now you must explain all this to me, unless you would have me see you as ill as Eddie does Stephen in the *Antelope*."

"Lord! oh, sir," replied the merchant, "what do I know about your Howlowater's—it's made like a dog's language than a man's."

"You know, however, of the box of treasure being there?" continued Oldback.

"Dear sir," answered Eddie, assuming a countenance of great simplicity, "what likelihood is there o' that! I've think me quite an odd creature as me and has kind o' me a like thing without getting some gale out o' it—and ye not wad I sought none and get none, like Michael Scott's man. What concern could I have wi' it?"

"That's just what I want you to explain to me," said Oldback; "for I am positive you know it was there."

"Your honour's a positive man, Macklarna—and, for a positive man, I must needs allow ye're often in the right."

"You allow, then, Eddie, that my belief is well founded?"

Eddie nodded assentuously.

"Then please to explain to me the whole affair from beginning to end," said the Antiquary.

"If it was a secret o' mine, Macklarna," replied the beggar, "ye wadna ask twice; for I have aye said alint your back, that, for a' the nonsense suggests that ye wadna take into your hand, ye are the makit wae and finest o' a' our country gentry. But I'm nae to open-hearted w' ye, and tell ye that this is a friend's secret, and that they wad draw me w' wild horses, or saw me murder, as they did the children o' Amon, sooner than I wou'd speak a word mair about the matter, excepting this, that there was nae ill intended, but manlike gale, and that the purpose was to serve them that are worth twenty hundred o' me. But there's nae law, I trow, that makes it a sin to ken where their folk's ailer is, if ye dinna pit hand t'it' yourself?"

Oldback walked once or twice up and down the room in profound thought, endeavouring to find some plausible reason for transactions of a nature so mysterious—but his ingenuity was totally at fault. He then placed himself before the prisoner,

"This story o' yours, friend Eddie, is an absolute enigma, and

would require a second Odysseus to solve it—who Odysseus was, I will tell you some other time if you wanted me—However, whether it be owing to the wisdom or to the magnets with which you compliment me, I am strongly disposed to believe that you have spoken the truth, the rather that you have not made any of those objections of the superior powers, which I observe you and your comrades always make use of when you mean to deceive Edith." (Here Edith could not suppress a smile.) "If, therefore, you will answer me one question, I will endeavour to procure your liberation."

"If ye'll let me hear the question," said Edith, with the caution of a wary Scotchman, "I'll tell you whether I'll answer it or no."

"It is simply," said the Antiquary, "Did Despatched know anything about the concealment of the chest of bullion?"

"No, the Eldest knew!" answered Edith, with much frankness of manner—"there wad hae been Edith sportings o't had Despatched here'd it was there—it wad hae been better in the black dog's house."

"I thought so much," said Oldbuck. "Well, Edith, if I procure your freedom, you must keep your day, and appear to clear me of the bullion, for there are not times for prudent men to incur difficulties, unless you can point out another *Julius* and *plena quadratura*—another *Siach, Mo, I*."

"Ah!" said the beggar, shaking his head, "I doubt the Medd's fiere that laid those golden eggs—for I wince at her goings, though that's the gold it stands in the story-book—but I'll keep my day, Monkhouse; ye're no less a penny by me—And troth I wad like to cut again, now the weather's fine—and then I hae the best chance o' hearing the first news o' my friends."

"Well, Edith, as the bounding and thumping beneath has somewhat ceased, I presume Father Laidpole has dismissed his military preceptor, and has retired from the labours of Mars to those of Theseus—I will have some conversation with him—but I cannot and will not believe any of those wretched news you were telling me."

"That need your honour may be right!" said the mendicant, as Oldbuck left the room.

The Antiquary found the magistrate, reclined with the fatigue of the drill, reposing in his gaiter chair, humming the

ah, "How neatly we live that soldierly life!" and between each bar comforting himself with a spoonful of mock-turtle soup. He ordered a similar refreshment for Oldbeck, who declined it, observing, that, not being a military man, he did not feel inclined to break his habit of keeping regular hours for meals—"Soldiers like you, Balle, must match their food as they find means and time. But I am sorry to hear of news of young Tuffin's leg."

"Ah, poor fellow!" said the belle, "he was a credit to the town—much distinguished on the first of June."

"But," said Oldbeck, "I am shocked to hear you talk of him in the protestant town."

"Truth, I fear there may be too much reason for it, Monsieur;—and yet let us hope the best. The accident is said to have happened in the Battery reef of rocks, about twenty miles to the northwest, near Gibraltar Bay—I have sent to inquire about it—and your nephew ran out himself as if he had been dying to get the Gazette of a victory."

Here Hector entered, exclaiming as he came in, "I believe it's all a damned lie—I can't find the least authority for it, but general rumour."

"And pray, Mr. Hector," said his uncle, "if it had been true, whose fault would it have been that Lovell was on board?"

"Not mine, I am sure," answered Hector; "it would have been only my misfortune."

"Indeed!" said his uncle, "I should not have thought of that."

"Why, sir, with all your inclination to find me in the wrong," replied the young soldier, "I suppose you will own my intention was not to blame in this case. I did my best to hit Lovell, and if I had been successful, his dear my snags would have been his, and his snags would have been mine."

"And whom or what do you intend to hit now, that you are lagging with you that leather magazine there, marked Gunpowder?"

"I must be prepared for Lord Glenallan's move on the twelfth, sir," said McIntyre.

"Ah, Hector! thy great chance, as the French call it, would take place last—

Come over Protest yourself eight after
 Yours mother —

Could you meet but with a martial place, instead of an unwarlike hench-kid."

"The devil take the soul, sir, or place, if you choose to call it so! It's rather hard one can never hear the end of a little piece of folly like that."

"Well, well," said Oldback, "I am glad you have the grace to be ashamed of it—as I detect the whole race of Nigroals, I wish them all as well matched. Nay, never start off at a jest, man—I have done with the place—though, I dare say, the Balle could tell us the value of seal-skins just now."

"They are up," said the magistrate, "they are well up—the fishing has been uncommon lately."

"We can bear witness to that," said the tormenting Antiquary, who was delighted with the hook this incident had given him over the young squawman: One word more, Hector, and

We'll hang a seal-skin on thy nearest kin.

Aha, my boy! Come, never mind it; I must go to business.—Balle, a word with you: you must take heed—moderate heed, you understand—for old Odilfred's appearance."

"You don't consider what you ask," said the Balle; "the offence is assault and robbery."

"Hush! not a word about it," said the Antiquary. "I gave you a hint before—I will possess you more fully hereafter—I promise you, there is a secret."

"But, Mr. Oldback, if the state is concerned, I, who do the whole drudgery business here, really have a title to be consulted, and until I am"—

"Hush! hush!" said the Antiquary, winking and putting his finger to his nose,—“you shall have the full weight, the active management, whenever matters are ripe. But this is an obstinate old fellow, who will not hear of two people being as yet let into his mystery, and he has not fully acquainted me with the clue to Donatourstra's device."

"Aha! as we must tip that fellow the alien act, I suppose!"

"To my truth, I wish you would."

"Say no more," said the magistrate; "it shall forthwith be done—he shall be removed to prison suspect—I think that's one of your own phrases, Monkhouse?"

"It is divided, Balle—you improve."

"Why, public business has of late pressed upon me so much, that I have been obliged to take my foreman into partnership. I have had two several correspondences with the Under Secretary of State—one on the proposed tax on High Legation, and the other on putting down political societies. So you might as well communicate to me as much as you know of this old fellow's discovery of a plot against the state."

"I will, instantly, when I am master of it," replied Oldback—"I hate the trouble of managing such matters myself. Remember, however, I did not say decidedly a plot against the state—I only say I hope to discover, by this man's means, a bad plot."

"If it be a plot at all, there must be treason in it, or sedition at least," said the Duke—"Will you bail him for four hundred marks?"

"Four hundred marks for an old Blue-Gown? Think on the act 1794 regulating bail-bonds!—Strike off a cipher from the sum—I am content to bail him for forty marks."

"Well, Mr. Oldback, everybody in Fairport is always willing to oblige you—and besides, I know that you are a prudent man, and one that would be as unwilling to lose forty, as four hundred marks. So I will accept your bail, *one period*—what say you to that last phrase again? I had it from a learned counsel. I will vouch it, my lord, he said, *one period*."

"And I will vouch for Edie Ochiltree, *one period*, in like manner," said Oldback. "So let your clerk draw out the bail-bond, and I will sign it."

When this ceremony had been performed, the Antiquary communicated to Edie the joyful tidings that he was once more at liberty, and directed him to make the best of his way to Monkham House, to which he himself returned with his nephew, after having perfected their good work.

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINTH.

Tell of this scene and modern business.

As YOU LEAVE IT.

"I want to Heaven, Hector," said the Antiquary, soon morning after breakfast, "you would spare our nerves, and not be keeping snapping that mysterious of yours."

"Well, oh, I'm sure I'm sorry to disturb you," said his nephew, still handling his fowling-piece;—"but it's a capital gun—it's a Fox Blunder, that cost forty guineas."

"A fool and his money are soon parted, nephew—there is a Joe Miller for you Joe Blunder," answered the Antiquary; "I am glad you have so many guineas to throw away."

"Every one has their funny, uncle,—you are fond of books."

"Ay, Hector," said the uncle, "and if my collection were yours, you would make it fly to the gunsmith, the horse-market, the dog-breeder,—*Compter antique melle three—melle deinde deinde*."

"I could not use your books, my dear uncle," said the young soldier, "that's true; and you will do well to provide for their being in better hands. But don't let the fads of my head fall on my heart—I would not part with a Cardery that belonged to an old friend, to get a set of letters like Lord Glendish's."

"I don't think you would, but—I don't think you would," said his softening relative. "I love to tease you a little sometimes; it keeps up the spirit of discipline and habit of subordination—You will pass your time happily here having me to command you, instead of Captain, or Colonel, or 'Knight in Arms,' as Milton has it; and instead of the French," he continued, relapsing into his ironical humour, "you have the Great British poet—for, as Virgil says,

Strenuus in armis duxus in Eboracæ,

which might be rendered,

Here please dwell on the beach,

Within our Highland Hector's reach.

Nay, if you grow angry, I have done. Besides, I see old Edie in the court-yard, with whom I have business. Good-bye,

Hector—Do you remember how she splashed into the sea like her master Proteus, at *ex facto dedit opus* in about 17

M'Intyre,—waiting, however, till the door was shut,—then gave way to the natural impatience of his temper.

"My uncle is the best man in the world, and in his way the kindest; but rather than hear any more about that cursed place, as he is pleased to call it, I would exchange for the West Indies, and never see his face again."

Miss M'Intyre, gratefully attached to her uncle, and passionately fond of her brother, was, on such occasions, the usual enemy of reconciliation. She hastened to meet her uncle on his return, before he entered the parlour.

"Well, now, Miss Wemmelsdell, what is the meaning of that imploring countenance!—has Jane done any more mischief?"

"No, uncle; but Jane's master is in such fear of your telling him about the seal—I assure you, he stole it much more than you would wish;—it's very silly of him, to be sure; but then you can turn everybody so sharply into ridicule!"—

"Well, my dear," answered Oldback, gratified by the compliment, "I will run in my native, and, if possible, speak no more of the place—I will not even speak of sending a letter, but my word, and give a nod to you when I want the sun-light—I am not weather-wise now, but Heaven knows, the most mild, quiet, and easy of human beings, whom sister, slave, and nephew, guide just as best pleases them."

With this little panegyric on his own facility, Mr. Oldback entered the parlour, and proposed to his nephew a walk to the Marsh-crag. "I have some questions to ask of a woman at Mackblackie's cottage," he observed, "and I would willingly have a sensible witness with me—no, for fear of a better, Hector, I must be contented with you."

"There is old Edie, sir, or Caxxon—could not they do better than me?" answered M'Intyre, feeling somewhat alarmed at the prospect of a long sit-d-d-its with his uncle.

"Upon my word, young man, you turn me over to pretty companions, and I am quite sensible of your politeness," replied Mr. Oldback. "No, sir, I intend the old Blue-Gown shall go with me—not as a competent witness, for he is at present, as our friend Balle Littlejohn says (blessings on his learning!) *anyways suspectus*, and you are *explicite* major, as our law has it."

"I wish I was a major, sir," said Hector, catching only the last, and, to a soldier's ear, the most impressive word in the sentence,—"*but, without money or interest, there is little chance of getting the step.*"

"Well, well, most doughty son of Priam," said the Antiquary, "be ruled by your friends, and there's no saying what may happen—Come away with me, and you shall see what may be useful to you should you ever sit upon a court-martial, sir."

"I have been on many a regimental court-martial, sir," snarled Captain McIntyre. "But here's a new case for you."

"Much obliged, much obliged."

"I thought it were our drum-major," added McIntyre, "who came into our regiment from the Bengal army when it came down the Red Sea. It was cut on the banks of the Indus, I assure you."

"Upon my word, 'tis a fine man, and well replaces that which the pl——lisk! what was I going to say!"

The party, consisting of the Antiquary, his nephew, and the old beggar, now took the roads towards Mussel-crag—the former in the very highest mood of communicating information, and the others, under a sense of former obligation, and warm hope for future favour, devoutly attentive to receive it. The uncle and nephew walked together, the grandfather about a step and a half behind, just near enough for his patron to speak to him by a slight inclination of his neck, and without the trouble of turning round. (Peculiar to his House on Good-breeding, dedicated to the magistrates of Edinburgh, recommends, upon his own experience, no tutor in a family of distinction, this attitude to all his captives, tutors, dependants, and bottle-holders of every description.) Thus escorted, the Antiquary moved along full of his harping, like a lordly man of war, and every now and then yawning to starboard and larboard to discharge a broadside upon his followers.

"And so it is your opinion," said he to the grandfather, "that this windfall—this oven-cake, as Flaxton has it, will not greatly avail Sir Arthur in his necessities?"

"Unless he could find ten times as much," said the beggar, "and that I am not doubtful of;—I heard Faggie Crook, and the tither thief of a sheriff-officer, or messenger, speaking about it—and things are ill off when the like o' them can speak crossly about any gentleman's affairs. I doubt Sir Arthur

will be in state we's for debt, unless there's with help and certain."

"You speak like a fool," said the Antiquary.—"Nephew, it is a remarkable thing, that in this happy country no man can be legally imprisoned for debt."

"Indeed, sir?" said M'Intyre; "I never knew that before—that part of our law would suit some of our men well."

"And if they were confined for debt," said Ochiltree, "what isn't that temple our money pair creatures to hide in the cellbooth o' Paisport powder!—they'd say they were put there by their creditors—Oh! they mean like it better than I do, if they're there o' free will."

"A very natural observation, Edie, and many of your letters would make the same; but it is founded entirely upon ignorance of the feudal system. Hector, be so good as to attend, unless you are looking out for another—*Alas!*" (Hector compelled himself to give attention at this hint.) "And you, Edie, it may be useful to you *versus capere causas*. The nature and origin of warrant for caption is a thing hard almost a *Socratica stultitia*.—You must know then, once more, that nobody can be arrested in Scotland for debt."

"I haena much concern w' that, Mackburn," said the old man, "for nobody wad treat a baillie to a gaolhouse."

"I prythee, peace, man!—As a compulsion, therefore, of payment, that being a thing to which no debtor is naturally inclined, as I have too much reason to warrant from the experience I have had with my own,—we had first the letters of four forms, a sort of gentle invitation, by which our sovereign had the king, interesting himself, as a monarch should, in the regulation of his subjects' private affairs, at first by mild exhortation, and afterwards by letters of more strict exhortation and more hard compulsion.—What do you see extraordinary about that baill, Hector!—it's but a summons."

"It's a piteousie, sir," said Edie.

"Well, what an if it were—what does that signify at present?—But I see you're impatient; so I will waive the letters of four forms, and come to the modern process of diligence.—You suppose, now, a man's committed to prison because he cannot pay his debt? Quite otherwise; the truth is, the king is so good as to interfere at the request of the creditor, and to send the debtor his royal command to do him justice within a certain time—

fifteen days, or six, as the case may be. Well, the man resists and disobeys: what follows? Why, that he be lawfully and rightfully declared a rebel to our gracious sovereign, whose command he has disobeyed, and that by three blasts of a horn at the market-place of Edinburgh, the metropolis of Scotland. And he is then legally imprisoned, not on account of any civil debt, but because of his ungrateful contempt of the royal mandate. What say you to that, Hector?—there's something you never knew before."^a

"No, uncle; but, I own, if I wanted money to pay my debts, I would rather thank the king to send me some, than to declare me a rebel for not doing what I could not do."

"Your situation has not led you to consider these things," replied his uncle; "you are incapable of estimating the elegance of the legal fiction, and the manner in which it remedies that defect, which, for the protection of commerce, it has been found necessary to extend towards voluntary debtors, with the most scrupulous attention to the liberty of the subject."

"I don't know, sir," answered the much-ignored Hector; "but if a man must pay his debt or go to jail, it signifies but little whether he goes as a debtor or a rebel, I should think. But you say this command of the king's gives a license of so many days—Now, good, were I in the scrape, I would hunt a march and leave the king and the creditor to settle it among themselves before they came to extremities."

"Be wad I," said Edie; "I wad gie them leg-bail to a certainty."

"True," replied Monckhous; "but those whom the law suspects of being unwilling to abide her formal visit, she proceeds with by means of a shorter and more unceremonious call, so dealing with persons on whom patience and favour would be utterly thrown away."

"Ay," said Oodhree, "that will be what they of the dog-lawmarks—I has some doot in them. There's border-warmaks too in the south country, mair rash uncourty things;—I was

^a The doctrine of Monckhous on the origin of imprisonment for civil debt in Scotland, may appear somewhat whimsical, but was referred to, and admitted to be correct, by the Bench of the Supreme Scottish Court, on 25th December 1822, in the case of *Thorn v. Black*. In fact, the Scottish law in this particular more justifies the personal liberty of the subject than any other code in Europe.

been upon me at Saint James's Park, and kept it the odd blink at Kake the bull dog and night; and a coddle gentle place it was, I'm assure ye.—But whatin with this, wif her cowl on her back! It's poor Maggie herself, I'm thinking."

It was so. The poor woman's sense of her loss, if not diminished, was become at least mitigated by the heartless necessity of attending to the means of supporting her family; and her salutation to Oldbuck was made in an odd mixture between the usual language of solicitation with which she plied her customers, and the tone of lamentation for her recent calamity.

"Here's a' wif ye the day, Mankburn! I harena had the grace yet to come down to thank your honour for the credit ye did poor Stronach, wif laying his head in a rath grave, yae fellow."—Here she whinged and wiped her eyes with the corner of her blue apron—"But the fishing comes on so that I, though the gentlemen harena had the heart to gang to sea himself—Aweel I would fain tell him it wad do him gude to put hand to oar—but I'm naist faw'd to speak to him—and it's an awry thing to hear one o' us speak that gae's a man—However, I hae some duty ocher haddies, and they will be but three shillings the dozen, for I hae nae gill to dave a bargain o'now, and mair just tak what any Christian body will gie, wif few work and nae fytting."

"What shall we do, Hector?" said Oldbuck, pausing; "I get into diaphan with my wumankind for making a bad bargain with her before. These maritime winds, Hector, are unfavour to our family."

"Pish, sir, what would you do?—give poor Maggie what she asks, or allow me to send a dish of fish up to Mankburn."

And he held out the money to her; but Maggie drew back her hand. "Na, na, Captain; ye're ower young and ower fine o' your self—you should never tak a fish-wif's first hoke; and truth I think maybe a fyft of the odd housekeeper at Monk-burn, or Miss Gaird, wuld do me some gude.—And I want to see what that ballade queen Jenny Kilbowie's doing—bilk said she wraug wool—She'll be vying herself about Stronach, the silly tawpie, as if he wad ever hae latht ower his shoulders at the like o' her!—Wad, Mankburn, they've haur ocher haddies, and they'll bid me once little haled at the house if ye want crappie-heads the day."

And so on she paced with her burden,—grief, gratitude for

the sympathy of her brothers, and the habitual love of trouble and of pain, chasing each other through her thoughts.

"And now that we are before the door of their hut," said Oshinwa, "I wad telt her, Muckbarn, what haser'd ye plannet yourself wif me o' this length! I tell ye already I has me pleasure in ganging in there. I daren't bide to think how the young has th'en as a' sides o' me, and left me an widdow wad stamp wif hardly a green leaf on't."

"This old woman," said Oshinwa, "sent ye on a message to the Earl of Glenelg, did she not?"

"Ay!" said the surprised merchant; "how has ye that an' weel?"

"Lord Glenelg told me himself," answered the Antiquary; "as there is no delusion—no breach of trust on your part; and as he wishes me to take her evidence down on some important family matters, I chose to bring you with me, because in her situation, hovering between deluge and consciousness, it is possible that your voice and appearance may awaken trains of recollection which I should otherwise have no means of evoking. The human mind——what are you about, Hector?"

"I was only whistling for the dog, sir," replied the Captain; "she always runs too wild—I know I should be troublesome to you."

"Not at all, not at all," said Oshinwa, resuming the subject of his dissertation—"the human mind is to be treated like a chain of revealed silk, where you must continually remove one fray and before you can make any progress in disentangling it."

"I has naething about that," said the gentleman; "but as my mild acquaintance be herself, or anything like herself, she may come to wind us a pira. It's fearous hard to see and hear her when she waspates about her wame, and gets to her English, and speaks as if she were a great book, let a-be an mild fisher's wife. For, indeed, she had a great education, and was muckle taeer and ather she married an once his bonnie barrell. She's aulder than me by half a score years—but I mind weel enough they made as muckle work about her making a half-wort's marriage wif Thomas Muckbarnick, this Farmer's father, as if she had been one o' the gentry. But she got into fever again, and then she lost it again, as I has heard her son say, when he was a muckle child; and then they got muckle siller, and left the Courtland's land, and settled here. But things never dreave wif

them. Nevertheless, she's a well-schooled woman, and as she wins to her English, as I have heard her do at an even time, she may come to ditch us all."

CHAPTER FORTIETH.

Life stole from each old age, unthought and silent,
As the clear popple leaves you crowded galaxy—
Late she looked slowly at the last impulse
That wind or wave could give; but now her feet
Is settling on the sand, her heart has to're
An angle with the sky, from which it drifts not.
Each wave reaching closer her toes and hair,
Till, looking on the strand, she shall count
Unseen an oblivion.

OLD PLAY.

As the Antiquary lifted the latch of the last, he was surprised to hear the shrill tremulous voice of Elspeth chanting forth an old ballad in a wild and delightful modulation.

"The harrow leaves the merry moonlight,
The wheelbarrow leaves the wheel,
But the water leaves the sleeping reed,
For they come of a gentle kind."

A diligent collector of those legendary scraps of ancient poetry, his feet refused to cross the threshold when his ear was thus arrested, and his hand instinctively took pencil and memorandum-book. From time to time the old woman spoke as if to the children—"Oh ay, humphs, whisks! whisks! and I'll begin a sonnet as then that—"

"How hard your tongue, both wife and maid,
And how, great and small,
And I will sing of Chaucer's Book
That laughs on the red leather.

"The woman's wrist on Chaucer's,
And down the line and o',
And 'bowed and bowed' may search' in
For the air left of Marlow.—"

I clung round the night verse well—my memory's failed, and there's more thoughts come over me—God keep us from temptation!"

Here her voice sunk in indignant muttering.

"It's a historical belief," said Osford, eagerly, "a genuine and unadorned fragment of antiquity! Percy would admire its simplicity—Helen could not improve its authenticity."

"Ay, but life's a sad thing," said Osford, "to see human nature use for evidence as to be skirling at wild songs on the back of a bonnie lass."

"Hush! hush!" said the Antiquary—"she has gotten the germ of the story again,"—and as he spoke, she sang—

"They scolded a hundred willow-leafed shrubs,
They has belted a hundred larks,
With a shabron of steel on each lass's head,
And a good knight upon his back."—

"Chaffin!" exclaimed the Antiquary,—"equivalent, perhaps, to *chance*—the woman's worth a dollar,"—and down it went in his red book.

"They haden ridden a mile, a mile,
A mile, but hasty too,
Then down came bounding down
the lass
Wi' twenty thousand men.

"Their horses they were warbling
wile,
Their plumes were glancing
down,
Their plumes rang frae side to
side,
Would daunt ye to face.

"The great Earl in his stirrups
stood,
That mightest last to us:
How have a knight that's stout
and good
May give a joustle!

"What wouldst thou do, my
squire wight,
That rides beside my eyes,
Was ye thine own's Earl the
day,
And I were Roland Chayne!

"To turn the rids were on and down,
Ye fight were wonderous good,
What would ye do now, Roland Chayne,
Was ye thine own's Earl?"

Ye mean her, likewise, that this Roland Chayne, so so poor and cold as I sit in the chimney-seat, was my forerun, and an uncle man he was that day in the fight, but specially after the Earl had been, for he killed himself for the reward he gave, to fight before Mar came up w/ Marra, and Aberdeen, and Angus."

Her voice rose and became more animated as she related the warlike career of her ancestor—

" ' Were I Glenelg's Earl this tide,
And ye were Fife's Chapin,
The spear should be in my hand's side,
And the battle upon his name.

" ' If they has twenty thousand blades,
And we twine ten times ten,
Yet they has but their better blades,
And we are mair-dal men.

" ' My horse shall ride through mair an rode,
As through the moorland fern,
Then ye'er let the gentle Norman Mode
Draw sword for Highland ken."

" Do you hear that, nephew ?" said Oldbuck ;—" you observe your Gaelic ancestors were not held in high repute formerly by the Lowland warriors."

" I hear," said Hector, " a silly old woman sing a silly old song. I am surprised, sir, that you, who will not listen to Oudea's songs of Balaan, can be pleased with such trash. I vow, I have not seen or heard a wame halfpenny ballad ; I don't believe you could watch it in any pedlar's pack in the country. I should be ashamed to think that the honour of the Highlands could be affected by such doggerel."—And, tossing up his head, he snuffed the air indignantly.

Apparently the old woman heard the sound of their voices ; for, ceasing her song, she called out, " Come in, sirs, come in—good-will never halted at the door-stane."

They entered, and found to their surprise Elspeth alone, sitting " glantly on the hearth," like the personification of Old Age in the Hunter's song of the Owl,* " wrinkled, tattered, vile, dimpled, discoloured, torpid."

" They're a' out," she said, as they entered ; " but as ye will sit a blink, somebody will be in. If ye has business of my gude-daughter, or my son, they'll be in belyve.—I never speak on business myself. Belyve, gie them seats—the ladies are a' gane out, I trow,"—looking around her ;—" I was awaking to keep them quiet a wee while stee ; but they has crappin' out some gae. Sit down, sirs, they'll be in belyve ;" and she dismissed her spindle from her hand to twirl upon the floor, and soon seemed exclusively occupied in regulating its motion, as

* See Mrs. Grant on the Highland Superstitions, vol. ii. p. 200, for this fine translation from the Gaelic.

unconscious of the presence of the stranger as she appeared indifferent to their rank or business there.

"I wish," said Oldbuck, "she would resume that candid, or legendary fragment. I always suspected there was a diminish of novelty before the main battle of the Haidie!"*

"If your honour please," said Edie, "had ye not better proceed to the business that brought us a' here? I'm engaged to get ye the sang any time."

"I believe you are right, Edie—do nae—do I submit. But how shall we manage! She sits there, the very image of dotage. Speak to her, Edie—try if you can make her recollect having sent you to Ghazalton House."

Edie rose accordingly, and, crossing the floor, placed himself in the same position which he had occupied during his former conversation with her. "I'm fain to see ye looking so woe, summer; the mair, that the black ox has tramped on ye since I was a month your mother."

"Ay," said Hepath; but rather from a general idea of misfortune, than any exact recollection of what had happened,—"there has been distress among us of late—I wonder how younger folk bide it—I bide it ill. I canna hear the wind whistle, and the sea roar, but I think I see the eddies whorled here up, and some o' them struggling in the waves!—We, sir, sit woeey drowsy as folk has between sleeping and waking, before they win to the long sleep and the sunset! I could almost think whiles my wee, or dear Stroud, my we, was dead, and that I had seen the burial. I canna that a queer dream for a daft auld carline! What for should any o' them dee before us?—It's out o' the course o' nature, ye ken."

"I think you'll make very little of this stupid old woman," said Hector,—who still nourished, perhaps, some feelings of the dislike excited by the disparaging mention of his countrymen in her lay—"I think you'll make but little of her, sir; and it's wasting our time to sit here and listen to her dotage."

"Hector," said the Antiquary, indignantly, "if you do not respect her misfortune, respect at least her old age and grey hairs: this is the last stage of existence, so kindly treated by the Latin poet—

Omnis

Senectutem decem major decrevit, que nec

* Note B. Battle of Haidie.

*Quam quædam, non vultis aperire, sed
Quam quædam, non vultis aperire, sed
Quam quædam, non vultis aperire, sed*

"That's Latin!" said Elmyra, reading herself as if she attended to the lines, which the Andagony recited with great pomp of diction—"that's Latin!" and she cast a wild glance around her—"Has there a poet died and not at last?"

"You see, my dear, her comprehension is almost equal to your own of that fine passage."

"I hope you think, sir, that I know it to be Latin as well as she did?"

"Why, as to that——That stay, she is about to speak."

"I will have no poet—none," said the beldam, with impotent volubility; "as I have lived I will die—none shall say that I betrayed my mistress, though it were to save my soul!"

"That bespeaks a full confidence," said the merchant;—"I wish she would make a clean breast, as it were, but for her she asks," and he again avoided her.

"Well, gadswill, I did your errand to the Earl."

"To what Earl? I know not Earl;—I know'd a Countess once—I wish to Heaven I had never know'd her! for by that negotiation, neighbors, their own,"—and she counted her withered fingers as she spoke—"first Pride, then Malice, then Revenge, then False Witness; and Murder did'd at the doomsday, if he came too. And woeen these pleasant guests, think ye, to take up their quarters in an woman's heart! I trow there was south of company."

"But, mamma," continued the beggar, "it wasn't the Countess of Glendine I meant, but her son, him that was Lord Gendine."

"I mind it now," she said; "I saw him as that hungry, and we had a heavy speech together. Ah, sir! the comely young lord is turned as wild and frail as I am: it's woeen that sorrow and heartbreak, and crossing of true love, will do wif young blood. But woeen his mother has look'd to that herself!—we were but to do her bidding, ye know. I am sure there's nobody can blame me—the woeen my son, and she was my mistress. Ye know how the rhyme says—I have mist forgoten how to sing, as she the time's left my wild head—"

*"He turn'd his right and round again,
And, there as at my sister;*

*Right here I may get money & see,
But outside never neither.*

Then he was but of the half blade, ye ken, and her's was the right Glenalvan after a'. Na, na, I mean never more doing and suffering for the Countess Jacobine—never will I mean for that."

Then dashing her hat from the distaff, with the dogged air of one who is resolved to conquer nothing, she resumed her interrupted occupation.

"I has heard," said the mendicant, taking his cue from what Oldbuck had told him of the family history—"I has heard, cummar, that some ill tongue wad has come between the Earl, that's Lord Glenalva, and his young bride."

"Ill tongue!" she said in hoarse shriek; "and what had she to fear frae an ill tongue!—she was gaue and his enough—at least a' body wad see. But had she kept her ain tongue off their folk, she might has been living like a lady for a' that's come and gane yet."

"But I has heard say, gauewih," continued Cokithren, "there was a clatter in the country, that her husband and her were over a'ld when they married."

"Who daunt speak a' that?" said the old woman hoarsely; "who daunt say they were married!—who ken'd a' that!—Not the Countess—not I. If they walked in secret, they were covered in secret—They drink of the fountain of their ain doot."

"No, wretched villain!" exclaimed Oldbuck, who could keep silence no longer, "they drink the poison that you and your wicked mistress prepared for them."

"Ha, ha!" she replied, "I aye thought it would come to this. It's but sitting about when they examine me—there's nae torture in our days; and if there is, let them read me!—It's ill a' the vassal's mouth that betrays the lord it obe."

"Speak to her, Edie," said the Antiquary; "she knows your voice, and answers to it most readily."

"We shall mark nothing more out o' her," said Cokithren. "When she has shifted herself down that way, and folded her arms, she wince speak a word, they say, for woeke shapiller. And besides, to my thinking, her face is aye changed since we cam in. However, I'll try her once more to satisfy your honour.—So ye mean keep in mind, cummar, that your wad mistress, the Countess Jacobine, has been removed?"

"Reserved!" she exclaimed; for that name never failed to produce its usual effect upon her; "then we must *a' follow*;—*a' mean* ride when she is in the saddle. Tell them to let Lord Geraldin know we're on before them. Bring my hood and scarf—ye wuldn' lose me gang in the carriage wth my kolly, and my hair in this fashion?"

She raised her shivering arms, and seemed banded like a woman who puts on her cloak to go abroad, then dropped them slowly and stiffly; and the same idea of a journey still floating apparently through her head, she proceeded, in a hurried and interrupted manner,—"*Call Miss Scuttle*—What do you mean by Lady Geraldin? I said Evelyn Scuttle, not Lady Geraldin—Geraldin no Lady Geraldin; tell her that, and bid her change her wet gown, and no' look me pale. Extra! what should she do wth a hair?—wuldn' her name, I trow,—*Teresa*—*Teresa*—my lady calls me!—Bring a candle;—the grand staircase is as white as a York midnight!—We are coming, my lady!"—With these words she sank back on the settle, and from thence sliding to the floor."

Edie was to support her, but hardly got her in his arms, before he said, "It's *a' over*—she has passed away even with that last word."

"Impossible," said Ollivock, hastily advancing, as did his nephew. But nothing was more certain. She had expired with the last hurried word that left her lips; and all that remained before them were the mortal relics of the creature who had so long struggled with an internal sense of concealed guilt, joined to all the distresses of age and poverty.

"God grant that she be gone to a better place!" said Edie, as he looked on the lifeless body; "but oh! there was something lying hard and heavy at her heart. I have seen many a war dog, bled in the field o' battle, and a hideous death at home; but I wad rather see them *a' over* again, as she's death' lifting us here!"

"We must call in the neighbours," said Ollivock, when he had somewhat recovered his senses and astonishment, "and give warning of this additional calamity. I wish she could have been brought to a confession. And, though of far less consequence, I could have wished to transcribe that satirical fragment. But Heaven's will must be done!"

Part I. Edie's death.

They left the last accordingly, and gave the alarm in the hospital, where matrons instantly assembled to compose the limbs and arrange the body of her who might be considered as the mother of their settlement. Oldback promised his assistance for the funeral.

"Your honour," said Alice Brack, who was next in age to the deceased, "will send down something to us for keeping up our hearts at the lychevalts, for if Scander's gin, pale man, was drucken out at the burial of Blanche, and we'll no get mung to sit dry-tipped outside the corpse. Blanche was once clever in her young days, as I can riled right well, but there was aye a word o' her no being that clumsy. And seldom speak ill o' the dead—nair by token, o' one's manner and neighbour—but there was queer things said about a body and a bairn or she left the Orphanage. And nae, in gude truth, it will be a pair lychevalts, unless your honour sends us something to keep us cracking."

"You shall have some whisky," answered Oldback, "the rather that you have preserved the proper word for that ancient custom of watching the dead.—You observe, Hector, this is genuine Testudo, from the Gothic *Leidwas*, a corpse. It is quite erroneously called *Leichvalts*, though Brack favours that modern corruption and derivation."

"I believe," said Hector to himself, "my uncle would give away Mackburns to any man who would come to ask it in genuine Testudo! Not a drop of whisky would the old customs have got, had their president asked it for the use of the *Leichvalts*."

While Oldback was giving some further directions, and promising assistance, a servant of Sir Arthur's came riding very hard along the sands, and stopped his horse when he saw the Antiquary. "There had something," he said, "very particular happened at the Castle"—(he could not, or would not, explain what)—"and Miss Warden had sent him off express to Mackburns, to beg that Mr. Oldback would come to them without a moment's delay."

"I am afraid," said the Antiquary, "his course also is drawing to a close. What can I do?"

"Do, sir?" exclaimed Hector, with his characteristic impetuosity,—"*get on the horse, and turn his head homeward—you will be at Knockvinnock Castle in ten minutes.*"

"He is quite a free gear," said the servant, dissenting to adjust the girths and stirrups,— "he only pulls a little if he feels a dead weight on him."

"I should soon be a dead weight off him, my friend," said the *Antiquary*.—"What the devil, nephew, are you weary of me? or do you suppose me weary of my life, that I should get on the back of such a Boregholme as that? No, no, my friend, if I am to be at Knockwinnoch to-day, it must be by making quietly forward on my own feet, which I will do with as little delay as possible. Captain McIntyre may ride that animal himself, if he please."

"I have little hope I could be of any use, uncle, but I cannot think of their distress without wishing to show sympathy at least—as I will ride on before, and announce to them that you are coming.—I'll trouble you for your spurs, my friend."

"You will scarce need them, sir," said the man, taking them off at the same time, and buckling them upon Captain McIntyre's heels, "he's very frank to the road."

Oldback stood astonished at this last act of severity. "Are you mad, Hector?" he cried, "or have you forgotten what is said by Quintus Curtius, with whom, as a soldier, you must needs be familiar.—*Nobilis equus unde pulchre virescitur; Quoniam ex coloris pulchre coloris pulchre; quibus plerumque coloris sunt equi in omni tempore, et, I may add, dangerous in most.*"

But Hector, who cared little for the opinion of either Quintus Curtius or of the *Antiquary*, upon such a topic, only answered with a laugh—"Never fear—scarce fear, sir."

With that he gave his able horse the lead,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade,
Up to the rivet-hole; and standing still,
His armed is running to devour the way,
Saying no longer question.

"There they go, well matched," said Oldback, looking after them as they started—"a mad horse and a wild boy, the two most unruly creatures in Christendom! and all to get half an hour sooner to a place where nobody wants him; for I doubt Mr Arthur's guests are beyond the care of our light horsemen. It must be the village of Doubtswrith, for whom Mr Arthur has done so much; for I cannot help observing, that, with some nature, Tacton's maxim holdeth good: *Beneficis ex opere detra-*

must show valour *enabel* *gaur*; all *maiden* *entervore*, *pro* *gratia* *often* *valdine*,—*fray* which a wise man might take a caution, not to oblige any man beyond the degree in which he may expect to be repaid, but he should make his debtor a benefactor in gratitude."

Remembering to himself such scraps of cynical philosophy, our Antiquary passed the words towards Knockrisnock; but it is necessary we should strip him, for the purpose of explaining the reasons of his being so anxiously summoned thither.

CHAPTER FORTY-FIRST.

He, while the Queen, of whom the fable tell,
Innocent, brook'd o'er her eyes of gold,
With hand unsatisfied, impatient to destroy,
Stole on her secret nest the cruel boy,
Whose greedy raptures changed her agonised dream,
—For things this dawning, and for dying scenes.

THE LINES OF THE SHAKESPEARE.

FROM the time that Sir Arthur Winkles had become possessor of the treasure found in Maitland's grave, he had been in a state of mind more resembling ecstasy than sober sense. Indeed, at one time his daughter had become seriously apprehensive for his intellect; for, as he had no doubt that he had the secret of possessing himself of wealth to an unbounded extent, his language and carriage were those of a man who had acquired the philosopher's stone. He talked of buying magnificent estates, that would have led him thus one side of the island to the other, as if he was determined to break no neighbour save the sea. He corresponded with an architect of eminence, upon a plan of renovating the castle of his forefathers in a style of extended magnificence that might have rivalled that of Windsor, and laying out the grounds on a suitable scale. Troops of liveried menials were already, in fussy, marshalled in his hall, and—for what may not unbounded wealth authorize his possessor to aspire to!—the coronet of a marquis, perhaps of a duke, was glimmering before his imagination. His daughter—in what matches might she not look forward! Even an alliance with the blood-royal was not beyond the sphere of his hopes.

His son was already a general—and he himself whatever magnitude could dream of in the wildest visions.

In this mood, if any one undertook to bring Sir Arthur down to the regions of common life, his replies were in the vein of Ancient Pistol—

*A fine for the world, and worldings here !
I speak of Africa and golden joys !*

The reader may conceive the amazement of Miss Worsley, when, instead of undergoing an investigation concerning the address of Lovell, as she had expected from the long conference of her father with Mr. Oldbuck, upon the morning of the fated day when the treasure was discovered, the conversation of Sir Arthur assumed an imagination haunted with the hopes of possessing the most unbounded wealth. But she was seriously alarmed when Donstersviere was sent for to the Castle, and was directed with her father—his misings concluded with—his part taken, and his loss compensated. All the suspicions which she had long entertained respecting this man became strengthened, by observing his pains to keep up the golden dreams of her father, and to secure for himself, under various pretence, as much as possible out of the windfall which had so strangely fallen to Sir Arthur's share.

Other evil symptoms began to appear, following close on each other. Letters arrived every post, which Sir Arthur, as soon as he had looked at the directions, flung into the fire without taking the trouble to open them. Miss Worsley could not help suspecting that these epistles, the contents of which seemed to be known to her father by a sort of intuition, came from passing creditors. In the meanwhile, the temporary aid which he had received from the treasure dwindled that away. By far the greater part had been swallowed up by the necessity of paying the bill of six hundred pounds, which had threatened Sir Arthur with instant distress. Of the rest, some part was given to the adept, some wasted upon extravagances which seemed to the poor knight fully justified by his half-blown hopes,—and some went to stay for a time the mouths of such claimants as, being weary of fair promises, had become of opinion with Harpagon, that it was necessary to touch something substantial. At length circumstances answered but too plainly, that it was all expended within two or three days after

his discovery; and there appeared no prospect of a supply. Sir Arthur, naturally impatient, now taxed Donatowivred more with breach of those promises through which he had hoped to convert all his lead into gold. But that worthy gentleman's turn was now served; and as he had grace enough to wish to avoid witnessing the fall of the house which he had undermined, he was at the trouble of bestowing a few learned terms of art upon Sir Arthur, that at least he might not be tormented before his time. He took leave of him, with assurance that he would return to Knockwinock the next morning, with such information as would not fail to relieve Sir Arthur from all his distresses.

"For, since I have consulted in such matters, I can never," said Mr. Herman Donatowivred, "approach so near to *avances*, what you call *de grant mystery*,—*de Pandore*—*de Polydore*—I do know as much of it as *Peluse de Turante*, or *Basiline*—and either I will bring you in two and two days *de No. III.* of *Mr. Haddogot*, or you shall call me one *knave myself*, and never look me in *de face* again so long as I live."

The adept departed with this assurance, in the firm resolution of making good the latter part of the proposition, and never again appearing before his injured patron. Sir Arthur remained in a doubtful and anxious state of mind. The positive assurances of the philosopher, with the hard words *Pandore*, *Basiline*, and so forth, produced some effect on his mind. But he had been too often deluded by such jargon, to be absolutely relieved of his doubts, and he retired for the evening into his library, in the fearful state of one who, hanging over a precipice, and without the means of retreat, perceives the stone on which he rests gradually parting from the rest of the crag, and about to give way with him.

The vision of hope decayed, and then increased in proportion that feverish agony of anticipation with which a man, educated in a sense of consequence, and possessed of splendour,—the supporter of an ancient name, and the father of two promising children,—foresees the hour approaching which should deprive him of all the splendour which time had made familiarly necessary to him, and send him forth into the world to struggle with poverty, with rapacity, and with scorn. Under these dire forebodings, his temper, exhausted by the sickness of delayed hope, became peevish and frothy, and his words and actions sometimes expressed a reckless desperation, which alarmed Miss Warlock

extremely. We have seen, on a former occasion, that Sir Arthur was a man of passionate lively and quick, in proportion to the weakness of his character in other respects; he was unused to contradiction, and if he had been kinder, in general, good-humoured and cheerful, it was probably because the course of his life had afforded so much frequent provocation as to render his irritability habitual.

On the third morning after Donatowicz's departure, the servant, as usual, laid on the breakfast table the newspaper and letters of the day. Miss Worsley took up the former to avoid the continued ill-humour of her father, who had wrought himself into a violent passion, because the toast was over-browned.

"I perceive how it is," was his concluding speech on this interesting subject,—"my servants, who have had their share of my fortune, begin to think there is little to be made of me in future. But while I am the countess's master I will be so, and permit no neglect—no, nor endure a hair's-breadth diminution of the respect I am entitled to exact from them."

"I am ready to leave your honour's service this instant," said the domestic upon whom the fault had been charged, "as soon as you order payment of my wages."

Sir Arthur, as if stung by a serpent, thrust his hand into his pocket, and instantly drew out the money which it contained, but which was short of the man's claim. "What money have you got, Miss Worsley?" he said, in a tone of affected volubility, but which succeeded violent agitation.

Miss Worsley gave him her purse; he attempted to count the bank notes which it contained, but could not reckon them. After twice miscounting the sum, he threw the whole to his daughter, and saying, in a stern voice, "Pay the man, and let him leave the house instantly!" he strode out of the room.

The mistress and servant stood alike astonished at the agitation and vehemence of his manner.

"I am sure, mother, if I had thought I was particularly wrong, I would have made my answer when Sir Arthur challenged me. I have been long in his service, and he has been a kind master, and you a kind mistress, and I wd like ill ye should think I wd start for a hasty word. I am sure it was very wrong o' me to speak about wages to his honour, when maybe he has something to say him. I had no thoughts o' leaving the family in this way."

"Go down stairs, Robert," said his mistress—"something has happened to fret my father—go down stairs, and let Allick answer the bell."

When the man left the room, Sir Arthur re-entered, as if he had been watching his departure. "What's the meaning of this?" he said loudly, as he observed the notes lying still on the table—"Is he not gone? Am I neither to be obeyed as a master or a father?"

"He is gone to give up his charge to the housekeeper, sir,—I thought there was not such instant haste."

"There is haste, Miss Wardour," answered her father, interrupting her;—"What I do herewith in the house of my forefathers, must be done speedily, or never."

He then sat down, and took up with a trembling hand the book of ten prepared for him, protruding the swallowing of it, as if to delay the necessity of opening the post-letters which lay on the table, and which he eyed from time to time, as if they had been a nest of adders ready to start into life and spring upon him.

"You will be happy to hear," said Miss Wardour, willing to withdraw her father's mind from the gloomy reflections in which he appeared to be plunged, "you will be happy to hear, sir, that Lieutenant Tuffin's gun-brig has got safe into Loch Broom—I observe there had been apprehensions for his safety—I am glad we did not hear them till they were contradicted."

"And what is Tuffin and his gun-brig to me?"

"Sir!" said Miss Wardour in astonishment; for Sir Arthur, in his ordinary state of mind, took a filigree sort of interest in all the gossip of the day and country.

"I say," he repeated in a higher and still more impatient key, "what do I care who is saved or lost! It's nothing to me, I suppose!"

"I did not know you were busy, Sir Arthur; and thought, as Mr. Tuffin is a brave man, and from our own country, you would be happy to hear"—

"Oh, I am happy—as happy as possible—and, to make you happy too, you shall have some of my good news in return." And he caught up a letter. "It does not signify which I open first—they are all to the same time."

He broke the seal hastily, ran the letter over, and then threw

it is his daughter. "Ay—I could not have lighted more happily!—this places the question."

Miss Wardour, in silent terror, took up the letter. "Read it—read it aloud!" said her father; "it cannot be read too often; it will serve to break you in for other good news of the same kind."

She began to read with a faltering voice, "Dear Sir."

"He shews me too, you see, this impudent drudge of a writer's office, who, a twelvemonth since, was not fit company for my social table—I suppose I shall be 'dear Knight' with him by and by."

"Dear Sir," resumed Miss Wardour; but, interrupting herself, "I see the contents are unpleasant, sir—it will only vex you my reading them aloud."

"If you will allow me to know my own pleasure, Miss Wardour, I entreat you to go on—I promise, if it were unnecessary, I should not ask you to take the trouble."

"Having been of late taken into confidence," continued Miss Wardour, reading the letter, "by Mr. Gilbert Greenham, one of your late correspondents and man of business, George Greenham, Esq., writer to the signet, whose business I conducted as parliament-house clerk for many years, which business will in future be carried on under the firm of Greenham and Orinderson (which I recommend for the sake of accuracy in addressing your future letters), and having had of late favours of yours, directed to my absent partner, Gilbert Greenham, in consequence of his absence at the Lamberton race, have the honour to reply to your said favours."

"You see, my friend is methodical, and commences by explaining the causes which have procured me so modest and elegant a correspondent. Go on—I can bear it."

And he laughed that bitter laugh which is perhaps the most fearful expression of mental misery. Trembling to proceed, and yet afraid to desist, Miss Wardour continued to read—"I am for myself and partner, sorry we cannot oblige you by looking out for the same you mention, or applying for a suspension in the case of Goldschmidt's bond, which would be more inconsistent, as we have been employed to act as the said Goldschmidt's procurators and attorneys, in which capacity we have taken out a charge of harras against you, as you must be aware by the mistake left by the messenger, for the sum of four thousand

seven hundred and fifty-six pounds five shillings and sixpence one-fourth of a penny sterling, which, with interest and expenses affording, we presume will be settled during the currency of the charge, to prevent further trouble. Some time, I am under the necessity to abstract our own account, amounting to seven hundred and sixty-nine pounds ten shillings and sixpence, is also due, and settlement would be agreeable; but as we hold your rights, title-deeds, and documents in together, shall have no objection to give reasonable time—say till the next money term. I am, for myself and partner, constrained to add, that Messrs. Goldfist's instructions to us are to proceed promptly and also more, of which I have the pleasure to advise you, to prevent future mistakes, reserving to ourselves otherwise to opt as we wish. I am, for self and partner, dear sir, your obliged humble servant, Gilbert Greenhorn, for Greenhorn and Greenhorn."

"Ungrateful villain!" said Miss Wadlow.

"Why, no—it's in the usual rule, I suppose; the blow would not have been perfect if dealt by another hand—it's all just as it should be," asserted the poor Baronet, his affected composure easily belied by his quivering lip and willing eye—"But here's a postscript I did not notice—come, fetch the paper."

"I have to add (not for self but partner) that Mr. Greenhorn will accommodate you by taking your service of plate, or the bag boxes, if wound in wind and flesh, at a fair appreciation, in part payment of your account."

"G—I confused him!" said Sir Arthur, looking all amazed of himself at this condescending proposal: "his grandfather stole my father's horses, and this descendant of a second-rate blacksmith proposes to amuse me out of mine! But I will write him a proper answer."

And he sat down and began to write with great vehemence, then stopped and read aloud:—"Mr. Gilbert Greenhorn,—in answer to two letters of a late date, I received a letter from a person calling himself Greenhorn, and designing himself as your partner. When I address any one, I do not usually expect to be answered by deputy—I think I have been useful to your father, and friendly and civil to yourself, and therefore am now surprised—And yet," said he, stopping short, "why should I be surprised at that or anything else? or why should I take up my time in writing to such a scoundrel?—I don't be always

kept in prison, I suppose; and to teach that puppy's lesson when I get out, shall be my first employment."

"In prison, sir?" said Miss Warburton, faintly.

"Ay, in prison to be sure. Do you make any question about that? Why, Mr. what's his name's fine letter for self and partner seems to be thrown away on you, or else you have got four thousand or many hundred pounds, with the due proportion of shillings, pence, and half-pence, to pay that enormous demand, as he calls it."

"I, sir! O if I had the money!—But where's my brother!—why does he not come, and as long in Scotland? He might do something to assist us."

"Who, Hoginail?—I suppose he's gone with Mr. Gilbert Greenhorn, or some such respectable person, to the Lamberton mine—I have expected him this week past; but I cannot wonder that my children should neglect me as well as every other person. But I should beg your pardon, my love, who never either neglected or offended me in your life."

And kissing her cheek as she threw her arms round his neck, he experienced that consolation which a parent feels, even in the most distressed state, in the assurance that he possesses the affection of a child.

Miss Warburton took the advantage of this revulsion of feeling, to endeavour to soothe her father's mind to composure. She reminded him that he had many friends.

"I had many ones," said Sir Arthur; "but of some I have exhausted their kindness with my frantic projects; others are unable to assist me—others are unwilling. It is all over with me. I only hope Hoginail will take example by my folly."

"Should I not send to Monkhouse, sir?" said his daughter.

"To what purpose? He cannot lend me such a sum, and would not if he could, for he knows I am otherwise drowned in debt; and he would only give me scraps of misanthropy and quaint ends of Latin."

"But he is shrewd and sensible, and was bred to business, and, I am sure, always loved this family."

"Yes, I believe he did. It is a fine man we are come to, when the affection of an Oldbuck is of consequence to a Warburton! But when matters come to extremity, as I suppose they presently will—it may be as well to send for him. And now go take your walk, my dear—my mind is more composed than when I

had this cruel disclosure to make. You know the worst, and may duly or heavily expect it. Go take your walk—I would willingly be alone for a little while."

When Miss Warbur left the apartment, her first occupation was to avail herself of the half permission granted by her father, by despatching to Monticorno the messenger, who, as we have already seen, met the Antiquary and his nephew on the embank.

Little recking, and indeed scarce knowing, where she was wandering, chance directed her into the walk beneath the Briery Bank, as it was called. A brook, which in former days had supplied the castle-moat with water, here descended through a narrow dell, up which Miss Warbur's taste had directed a natural path, which was rendered neat and easy of ascent, without the air of being artificially made and preserved. It suited well the character of the little glen, which was overhung with thickets and underwood, chiefly of hush and hazel, intermixed with the usual varieties of the thorn and hrier. In this walk had passed that scene of explanation between Miss Warbur and Lovel which was overheard by old Edie Oxcliffe. With a heart softened by the distress which approached her family, Miss Warbur now recalled every word and argument which Lovel had urged in support of his suit, and could not help confessing to herself, it was no small subject of pride to have inspired a young man of his talents with a passion so strong and disinterested. That he should have left the pursuit of a profession in which he was said to be rapidly rising, to bury himself in a disagreeable place like Fairport, and lived over an unrequited passion, might be ridiculed by others as romantic, but was naturally forgiven as an excess of affection by the person who was the object of his attachment. Had he possessed an independence, however moderate, or ascended a clear and unobscured scale in the rank in society he was well qualified to ascend, she might now have had it in her power to offer her father, during his misfortune, an asylum in an establishment of her own. These thoughts, so favourable to the absent lover, crowded in, one after the other, with such a minute recapitulation of his words, looks, and actions, so plainly indicated that his former ardour had been dictated rather by duty than inclination. Isabella was wandering alternately upon this subject, and upon that of her father's misfortune, when, as the path wound

round a little hillock covered with brushwood, the old Elm Grove suddenly met her.

With an air as if he had something important and mysterious to communicate, he doffed his hat, and assumed the cautious step and voice of one who would not willingly be overheard. "I have been wishing much to meet wif your lordship—for ye ken I daurna come to the house for Dousterswivel."

"I heard indeed," said Miss Warburton, dropping an elan into the haquet—"I heard that you had done a very foolish, if not a very bad thing, Elio—and I was sorry to hear it."

"Hark, my honey lordy—falsely! A' the world's false—and how should auld Elio Gildilston be any wiser?—And for the aw—let them who deal wif Dousterswivel tell whether he got a grain mair than his deserts."

"That may be true, Elio, and yet," said Miss Warburton, "you may have been very wrong."

"Weel, weel, we're no disputa that s'now—It's about yourself I'm gae to speak. Dye ye ken what's hanging over the house of Knockdrumoch?"

"Great distress, I fear, Elio," answered Miss Warburton; "but I am surprised it is already so public."

"Public!—Conscience, the messenger, will be there the day wif a' his tackle. I ken it frae one o' his conversations, as they ca' them, that's warned to meet him; and they'll be about their work to-day; where they cly, there needs nae haste—they shan' durn enough."

"Are you sure this bad hour, Elio, is so very near?—come, I know, it will."

"It's e'en as I tell you, lordy. But durn be cast down—there's a hostess over your head here, as well as in that fearful night storm the Bullyburghness and the Halfet-head. Dye think Elio, who rebuked the vipers, canna protect you against the wrath of men, though they be armed with human authority?"

"It is indeed all we have to trust to."

"Ye durn ken—ye durn ken: when the night's darkest, the demon's nearest. If I had a gale horse, or could ride him when I had him, I reckon there wad be help yet. I wanted to hae gotten a coat wif the Royal Charlotte, but she's coapt powder, it's like, at Kirtling. There was a young gentleman on the box, and he believed to drive; and Tam Sang, that auld

has made sense, he believed to let him, and the debt collector couldna tak the turn at the corner o' the brig; and a' he took the cushion, and he's wheeled her as I wad wheele a toon basket—it was a look I hadna gotten on the tap o' her. See I came down sixteen steps and deapth, to see if ye wad send me on."

"And, Elsie—where would ye go?" said the young lady.

"To Tannenberg, my laddy" (which was the first stage from Fairport, but a good deal nearer to Knocterranoch), "and that without delay—life a' on your ain business."

"Our business, Elsie! Alas! I give you all credit for your good meaning; but"—

"There's nae hie about it, my laddy, for gang I mean," said the persevering Blue-Flower.

"But what is it that you would do at Tannenberg?—or how can your going there benefit my father's affairs?"

"Indeed, my sweet laddy," said the galskinkie, "ye mean just trust that his secret to send Elsie's grey paw, and mak me questions about it. Certainly if I wad hae wared my life for you you right, I can hae nae reason to play an ill piddle's eye in the day o' your distress."

"Well, Elsie, follow me then," said Miss Warkour, "and I will try to get you sent to Tannenberg."

"Mak haste then, my bonny laddy—mak haste, for the love o' goodness!"—and he continued to exhort her to expedition until they reached the Castle.

CHAPTER FORTY-SECOND.

Let them go on who will—I like it not—
For, say he was a slave to such and such,
And all the while he is now divorced from
By the hand down of stern necessity:
Yet it is not to make his absent true,
Where Faithy adjusts her stony veil
O'er the deep wrinkles of repentant anguish.

ONE PART.

WHEN Miss Warkour arrived in the court of the Castle, she was apprised by the first glance that the visit of the officers of the law had already taken place. There was confusion, and

gleam and arrow, and velocity among the domestics, while the retainers of the law went from place to place, making an inventory of the goods and chattels falling under their warrant of distress, or pointing, as it is called in the law of Scotland, Captain McIntyre flew to her, as, struck dumb with the miserably conviction of her father's ruin, she passed upon the threshold of the gateway.

"Dear Miss Warden," he said, "do not make yourself uneasy; my uncle is coming immediately, and I am sure he will find some way to clear the house of these rascals."

"Alas! Captain McIntyre, I fear it will be too late."

"No," answered Rida, impatiently—"could I but get to Tannockburgh. In the name of Heaven, Captain, contrive some way to get me on, and you'll do this poor ruined family the best day's doing that has been done there since Redhead's days—for as sure as e'er an auld cow came true, Knockbrecken's house and land will be lost and was this day."

"Why, what good can you do, gill man?" said Hector.

But Robert, the domestic with whom Sir Arthur had been so much displeased in the morning, as if he had been watching for an opportunity to display his zeal, stopped hastily forward and said to his mistress, "If you please, ma'am, this auld man, Ochiltree, is very shoddy and wild-farant about many things, as the distress of cows and huns, and sic like, and I am sure he duns want to be at Tannockburgh this day for nothing, since he insists on't this gate; and, if your ladyship please, I'll drive him there in the taxed-cart in an hour's time. I wad fain be of some use—I could bide my very tongue out when I think on this morning."

"I am obliged to you, Robert," said Miss Warden; "and if you really think it has the best chance of being useful"—

"In the name of God," said the old man, "pake the cart, Rida, and if I can no o' some use, less or mair, I'll gie ye leave to fling me over Kirkcaldy as ye come back again. But, O man, haste ye, for time's precious this day."

Robert looked at his mistress as she retired into the house, and seeing he was not prohibited, flew to the stable-yard, which was adjacent to the court, in order to yoke the carriage; but, though an old haggis was the pounce most likely to render efficient assistance in a case of pecuniary distress, yet there was among the common people of Rida's stable, a general idea of Sir

prudence and sagacity, which authorized Robert's conclusion that he would not so earnestly have urged the necessity of this expedition had he not been convinced of its utility. But so soon as the servant took hold of a horse to harness him for the two-wheeler, an officer touched him on the shoulder—"My friend, you must let that beast alone—he's down in the wheels."

"What?" said Robert, "am I not to take my master's horse to go my young lady's errand?"

"You must remove nothing here," said the man of office, "as you will be liable for all consequences."

"What the devil, sir," said Hector, who having followed to examine Oakthorne more closely on the nature of his hopes and expectations, already began to bristle like one of the barbers of his own native mountain, and sought but a decent pretext for venting his displeasure, "have you the impudence to prevent the young lady's servant from stopping her errand?"

There was something in the air and tone of the young soldier, which seemed to argue that his interference was not likely to be confined to mere expostulation; and which, if it promised finally the advantage of a process of battery and detournment, would certainly commence with the unpleasant circumstances necessary for founding such a complaint. The legal officer, confronted with him of the military, grasped with one doubtful hand the greasy budgeon which was to enforce his authority, and with the other produced his short official baton, tipped with silver, and having a morsel ring upon it—"Captain McIntyre,—Sir, I have no quarrel with you,—but if you interrupt me in my duty, I will break the wand of peace, and declare myself inferior."

"And who the devil cares," said Hector, totally ignorant of the words of judicial action, "whether you declare yourself divorced or married? And as to breaking your wand, or breaking the peace, or whatever you call it, all I know is, that I will break your bones if you prevent the lad from harnessing the horse to drag his mistress's chaise."

"I take all who stand here to witness," said the messenger, "that I showed him my bones, and explained my character. He that will to Caper more to Caper,"—and he did his original ring from one end of the bone to the other, being the

appropriate symbol of his having been speedily interrupted in the discharge of his duty.

Robert Hector, better accustomed to the artillery of the fold than to that of the law, saw this optical ceremony with great indifference; and with Theo unconcern beheld the messenger sit down to write out an execution of delinquency. But at this moment, to prevent the well-meaning hot-headed Highlander from running the risk of a severe penalty, the Antiquary arrived puffing and blowing, with his handkerchief crumpled under his hat, and his wig upon the end of his stick.

"What the deuce is the matter here?" he exclaimed, hastily adjusting his hand-gear; "I have been following you in fear of finding your life hypothesized hunched against one rock or other, and here I find you parted with your Philosophy, and quarrelling with Sleeplessness. A messenger, Hector, is a worse foe than a phox, whether it be the phox heliotro, or the phox vesivius of your late conflict."

"D—in the phox, ah," said Hector, "whether it be the one or the other—I say d—in them both particularly! I think you would not have me stand quietly by and see a seconded like this, because he calls himself a king's messenger, forsooth—I hope the king has many better for his meanest errands)—hault! a young lady of family and fashion like Miss Warden?"

"Highly argued, Hector," said the Antiquary; "but the king, like other people, has now and then shabby errands, and, in your ear, must have shabby fellows to do them. But even supposing you unacquainted with the statutes of William the Lion, in which *capit quere* were pains, this crime of delinquency is termed *delictus Delicti*—a contempt, to wit, of the king himself, in whose name all legal diligence issues,—could you not have inferred, from the information I took so much pains to give you to-day, that those who intercept officers who come to execute letters of capture, are *captives* particeps criminis rebellis? seeing that he who aids a rebel, is himself, *guiltimus*, an accessory to rebellion—But I'll bring you out of this scrape."

He then spoke to the messenger, who, upon his arrival, had held aside all thoughts of making a good by-job out of the delinquency, and accepted his, Galloway's assurance that the horse and taxed-cart should be safely returned in the course of two or three hours.

"Very well, sir," said the Antiquary, "since you are disposed to be so civil, you shall have another job in your own best way—a little out of state politics—a crime punishable by *Lapin Julien*, Mr. Sireypleau—Hush! then hither."

And after a whisper of five minutes, he gave him a slip of paper, on receiving which, the messenger mounted his horse, and, with one of his assistants, rode away pretty sharply. The fellow who remained seemed to delay his operations purposely, proceeded in the rest of his duty very slowly, and with the caution and precision of one who feels himself overlooked by a skilful and severe inspector.

In the meantime, Oldbuck, taking his nephew by the arm, led him into the house, and they were ushered into the presence of Sir Arthur Warburton, who, in a shelter between wounded pride, agonised apprehension, and vain attempts to disguise both under a show of indifference, exhibited a spectacle of painful interest.

"Happy to see you, Mr. Oldbuck—always happy to see my friends in fair weather or foul," said the poor Baronet, struggling not for composure, but for gaiety—an effort which was strongly contrasted by the nervous and protracted grasp of his hand, and the agitation of his whole demeanour—"I am happy to see you. You are riding, I see—I hope in this confusion your horses are taken good care of—I always like to have my friend's horses looked after—Equal! they will have all my own care, for you see they are like to have no more of my own—he! he! he! oh, Mr. Oldbuck!"

This attempt at a jest was attended by a hysterical giggle, which poor Sir Arthur intended should sound as an indifferent laugh.

"You know I never ride, Sir Arthur," said the Antiquary.

"I beg your pardon; but now I saw your nephew arrive on horseback a short time since. We must look after officers' horses, and his was as handsome a grey charger as I have seen."

Sir Arthur was about to ring the bell, when Mr. Oldbuck said, "My nephew came on your own grey horse, Sir Arthur."

"Mine!" said the poor Baronet; "mine was it! then the man had been in my eye. Well, I'm not worthy having a horse any longer, since I don't know my own when I see him."

"Good Heaven!" thought Oldbuck, "how is this man altered.

from the formal stolidity of his usual manner!—he grew wistful under adversity—*Sol parenti mille fletus*.”—He then proceeded aloud—“Sir Arthur, we must necessarily speak a little on business.”

“To be sure,” said Sir Arthur; “but it was so good that I should not know the horse I have ridden these five years—ha! ha! ha!”

“Sir Arthur,” said the Antiquary, “don’t let us waste time which is precious; we shall have, I hope, many better reasons for jesting—dispute in law is the maxim of Florence. I more than suspect this has been brought on by the villainy of Donatomedes.”

“Don’t mention his name, sir!” said Sir Arthur; and his manner entirely changed from a flattered affectation of gaiety to all the agitation of fury; his eyes sparkled, his mouth flamed, his hands were clenched—“Don’t mention his name, sir,” he reiterated, “unless you would see me go mad in your presence! That I should have been such a miserable dupe—such an infatuated idiot—such a beast endowed with twice a beast’s stupidity, to be led and driven and spurned by such a rascal, and under such ridiculous pretences!—Sir. Oldback, I could tear myself when I think of it.”

“I only meant to say,” answered the Antiquary, “that this fellow is like to meet his reward; and I cannot but think we shall frighten something out of him that may be of service to you. He has certainly had some unlawful correspondence on the other side of the water.”

“Has he?—has he?—has he indeed?—then d—n the household gods, horses, and so forth—I will go to prison a happy man, Mr. Oldback. I hope in heaven there’s a reasonable chance of his being hanged!”

“Why, pretty fair,” said Oldback, willing to encourage this diversion, in hopes it might mitigate the feelings which seemed like to overcast the poor man’s understanding; “homoties men have stretched a rope, or the law has been easily cheated—But this unhappy business of yours—can nothing be done? Let me see the charge.”

He took the papers; and, as he read them, his countenance grew hopelessly dark and disconsolate. Miss Wardour had by this time entered the apartment, and fixing her eyes on Mr. Oldback, as if she meant to read her fate in his looks, easily

perceived, from the change in his eye, and the dropping of his mother-jaw, how little was to be hoped.

"We are then immediately raised, Mr. Olbeck!" said the young lady.

"Irretrievably!—I hope not—but the instant demand is very large, and others will, doubtless, pour in."

"Ay, never doubt that, Monkiana," said Sir Arthur; "where the daughter is, the eagles will be gathered together. I am like a sheep which I have seen fall down a precipice, or drop down from sickness—if you had not seen a single raven or hooded crow for a fortnight before, he will not be on the heath ten minutes before half-a-dozen will be picking out his eyes (and he draws his head over his ears), and tearing at his hearings before the poor devil has time to die. But that I—d long-accursed vultures that dogged me so long—you have got him fast, I hope!"

"That enough," said the Antiquary; "the gentlemen wished to take the wings of the morning, and both in the what d'ye call it,—the coach and four there. But he would have found twigs lined for him at Edinburgh. As it is, he never got so far, for the coach being overladen—as how could it go safe with such a Jonah!—he has had an infernal tumble, is carried into a cottage near Kilschreib, and to prevent all possibility of escape, I have sent your friend Monckiana to bring him back to Falk-park in native style, or to act as his sick-nurse at Kilschreib, as is most fitting. And now, Sir Arthur, permit me to have some conversation with you on the present unpleasant state of your affairs, that we may see what can be done for their extinction;" and the Antiquary led the way into the library, followed by the unfortunate gentleman.

They had been shut up together for about two hours, when Miss Warden interrupted them with her cloak on as if prepared for a journey. Her countenance was very pale, yet expressive of the composure which characterized her disposition.

"The messenger is returned, Mr. Olbeck."

"Returned!—What the devil! he has not let the fellow go?"

"No—I understood he has carried him to confinement; and now he is returned to attend my father, and says he can wait no longer."

A loud wrangling was now heard on the staircase, in which the voice of Hector predominated. "You an officer, sir, and

these ragamuffins a party! a parcel of laggardly tailor fellows—tell yourselves off by name, and we shall know your effective strength."

The growling voice of the man of law was then heard indistinctly uttering a reply, to which Hector retorted:—"Come, come, sir, this won't do;—march your party, as you call them, out of this house directly, or I'll send you and them to the right about presently."

"The devil take Hector," said the Antiquary, hastening to the scene of action; "his Highland blood is up again, and we shall have him fighting a duel with the bailiff. Come, Mr. Swainslow, you must give us a little time—I know you would not wish to hurry Sir Arthur."

"By no means, sir," said the messenger, putting his hat off, which he had thrown on to testify defiance of Captain McIntyre's threats; "but your nephew, sir, looks very unwell, and I have borne too much of it already; and I am not justified in leaving my prisoner any longer after the instructions I received, unless I am to get payment of the sums contained in my diligence." And he held out the caption, pointing with the sword truncheon, which he held in his right hand, to the formidable line of figures jotted upon the back thereof.

Hector, on the other hand, though silent from respect to his uncle, answered this posture by shaking his clenched fist at the messenger with a frown of Highland wrath.

"Foolish boy, be quiet," said Oldback, "and come with me into the room—the man is doing his miserable duty, and you will only make matters worse by opposing him.—I fear, Sir Arthur, you must accompany this man to Falmouth; there is no help for it in the first instance—I will accompany you, to consult what further can be done.—My nephew will escort Miss Warden to Monkham, which I hope she will make her residence until these unpleasant matters are settled."

"I go with my father, Mr. Oldback," said Miss Warden freely—"I have prepared his clothes and my own—I suppose we shall have the use of the carriage?"

"Anything in reason, madam," said the messenger; "I have ordered it out, and it's at the door—I will go on the box with the coachman—I have no desire to intrude—but two of the gentlemen must attend on horseback."

"I will attend too," said Hector, and he ran down to secure a horse for himself.

"We must go then," said the Antiquary.

"To jail," said the Baronet, sighing ironically. "And what of that?" he continued, in a tone affectingly cheerful—"It is only a house we can't get out of, after all—Suppose a fit of the gout, and Knockwinnock would be the same—Ay, ay, Mackburn—we'll call it a fit of the gout without the d-d pain."

But his eyes swelled with tears as he spoke, and his faltering voice marked how much this assumed gaiety cost him. The Antiquary wrung his hand, and, like the Indian Business, who defines the real terms of an important bargain by signs, while they are apparently talking of indifferent matters, the hand of Sir Arthur, by its convulsive return of the grasp, expressed his sense of gratitude to his friend, and the real state of his internal agony.—They stepped slowly down the magnificent staircase—every well-known object seeming to the unfortunate father and daughter to assume a more prominent and distinct appearance than usual, as if to prove themselves as their action for the last time.

At the first looking-place, Sir Arthur made an agonized pause; and as he observed the Antiquary look at him anxiously, he said with assumed dignity—"Yes, Mr. Oldbuck, the descendant of an ancient line—the representative of Hieland Redhead and Garslyn de Garsdower, may be pardoned a sigh when he leaves the castle of his fathers thus poorly escorted. When I was sent to the Tower with my late father, in the year 1745, it was upon a charge becoming our birth—upon an accusation of high treason, Mr. Oldbuck;—we were escorted from Highgate by a troop of Lifeguards, and committed upon a secretary of state's warrant; and now, here I am, in my old age, dragged from my household by a miserable creature like that" (pointing to the messenger), "and for a paltry concern of pounds, shillings, and pence."

"At least," said Oldbuck, "you have now the company of a devoted daughter, and a sincere friend, if you will permit me to say so, and that may be some consolation, even without the certainty that there can be no hanging, drawing, or quartering, on the present occasion. But I hear that choleric boy is loud

as ever. I hope to God he has got into no new trail!—it was an amazing chance that brought him here at all."

In fact, a sudden chamber, in which the loud voice and somewhat northern accent of Hector was again prominently distinguished, broke off this conversation. The scene we must refer to the next chapter.

CHAPTER FORTY-THIRD.

*Perhaps, you say, this from me—like hot steam,
Like the first sea-bird round the breaker's rim—
Lost in the mist our moment, and the next
Bouncing the white sail with her white wing,
As if to court the sun,—Egbert's waters,
And her bar on the wheel.*—

OUR FIRST.

THE shout of triumph in Hector's warlike tones was not easily distinguished from that of battle. But as he rushed up stairs with a packet in his hand, exclaiming, "Long life to an old soldier! here comes Edie with a whole budget of good news!" it became obvious that his present cause of chamber was of an agreeable nature. He delivered the letter to Oldbank, shook Sir Arthur heartily by the hand, and wished Miss Warden joy, with all the frankness of Highland congratulation. The messenger, who had a kind of instinctive terror for Captain McIntyre, drew towards his prisoner, keeping an eye of caution on the soldier's motions.

"Don't suppose I shall trouble myself about you, you dirty fellow," said the soldier; "there's a guinea for the fight I have given you; and here comes an old forty-two man, who is a fitter match for you than I am."

The messenger (one of those dogs who are not too scared to eat dirty puddings) caught in his hand the guinea which Hector clucked at his face; and shook warily and carefully the turn which matters were now to take. All voices ceased while were heard his inquiries, which no one was in a hurry to answer.

"What is the matter, Captain McIntyre?" said Sir Arthur.

"Ask old Edie," said Hector;—"I only know a's and well."

"What is all this, Edie?" said Miss Warburton to the man-servant.

"Your lordship means old Munkburn, for he has gotten the veterinary correspondence."

"God save the King!" exclaimed the Antiquary at the first glance at the contents of his packet, and, surprised at once out of common, philosophy, and phlegm, he skinned his coat-lap in the air, from which it descended not again, being caught in its fall by a branch of the chandelier. His next, looking joyously round, laid a grasp on his wig, which he perhaps would have sent after the bearer, had not Edie stopped his hand, exclaiming "Lorblows! he's gatta gie!—mind Oursen's no how to repair the damage."

Every person now needed the Antiquary, desirous to know the cause of so sudden a transport, when, somewhat ashamed of his capture, he fairly turned tail, like a fox at the cry of a pack of hounds, and ascending the stair by two steps at a time, gained the upper landing-place, where, turning round, he addressed the assembled audience as follows:—

"My good friends, first thanks—To give you information, I must first, according to logistics, be possessed of it myself; and, therefore, with your leave, I will retire into the library to examine these papers—Sir Arthur and Miss Warburton will have the goodness to step into the parlour—Mr. Greenock, much obliged, or, in your own language, grant as a suspension of diligence for five minutes—Hector, draw off your boots, and make your hearthside flourish chamber—and, finally, be all of good cheer till my return, which will be instant."

The contents of the packet were indeed so little expected, that the Antiquary might be pardoned, first his consternation, and next his desire of delaying to communicate the intelligence they conveyed, until it was arranged and digested in his own mind.

Within the envelope was a letter addressed to Jonathan Oldbuck, Esq. of Munkburn, of the following purport:—

"DEAR SIR,—To you, as my father's proved and valued friend, I venture to address myself, being detained here by military duty of a very pressing nature. You must by this time be

acquainted with the entangled state of our affairs; and I know it will give you great pleasure to learn, that I am as fortunately as unexpectedly placed in a situation to give effectual assistance for extricating them. I understand Sir Arthur is threatened with severe measures by persons who acted formerly as his agents; and, by advice of a creditable man of business here, I have procured the enclosed writing, which I understand will stop their proceedings until their claim shall be legally discussed, and brought down to its proper amount. I also enclose bills to the amount of one thousand pounds to pay any other pressing demands, and request of your friendship to apply them according to your discretion. You will be surprised I give you this trouble, when it would seem more natural to address my father directly in his own affairs. But I have yet had no assurance that his eyes are opened to the character of a person against whom you have often, I know, warned him, and whose baneful influence has been the occasion of these distresses. And as I owe the means of relieving Sir Arthur to the generosity of a matchless friend, it is my duty to take the most certain measures for the supplies being devoted to the purpose for which they were destined,—and I know your wisdom and kindness will see that it is done. My friend, as he claims an interest in your regard, will explain some views of his own in the enclosed letter. The state of the post-office at Fairport being rather notorious, I must send this letter to Tansborough; but the old man Chilivree, whose particular circumstances have recommended as trustworthy, has information where the packet is likely to reach that place, and will take care to forward it. I expect to have soon an opportunity to apologise in person for the trouble I now give, and have the honour to be your very faithful servant,

"REGINALD GARDINER WARDON."

"Edinburgh, 6th August, 1793—."

The Antiquary hastily broke the seal of the enclosure, the contents of which gave him equal surprise and pleasure. When he had in some measure composed himself after such unexpected tidings, he inspected the other papers carefully, which all related to business—put the bills into his pocket-book, and wrote a short acknowledgment to be despatched by that day's post, for he was extremely methodical in money matters—and lastly,

frught with all the importance of dispatch, he descended to the parlour.

"Sweepings," said he, as he entered, to the officer who stood respectfully at the door, "you must sweep yourself clean out of Rindcrinock Castle, with all your followers, tugging and hollal. Escort them this paper, man!"

"A shet on a bill o' suspension," said the messenger, with a disappointed look;—"I thought it would be a queer thing if ultimate diligence was to be done against sic a gentleman as Sir Arthur—Wad, sir, Iae go my ways with my party—And wha's to pay my charges?"

"They who employed thee," replied Oldbuck, "as thou fail we'll dost know.—But here comes another express: this is a day of news, I think."

This was Mr. Mallowater on his mare from Falkner, with a letter for Sir Arthur, another to the messenger, both of which, he said, he was directed to forward instantly. The messenger opened his, observing that Greenhorn and Grinderson were good enough men for his expenses, and here was a letter from them desiring him to stop the diligence. Accordingly, he immediately left the apartment, and saying no longer than to gather his posse together, he did then, in the phrase of Hector, who watched his departure as a jealous mastiff upon the retreat of a repulsed hound, *evanesce Flinders*.

Sir Arthur's letter was from Mr. Greenhorn, and a curiosity in its way. We give it, with the worthy Baronet's comments.

"Sir,—[Oh! I am dear sir no longer; folks are only dear to Messrs. Greenhorn and Grinderson when they are in adversity]—Sir, I am much concerned to hear, on my return from the country, where I was called on particular business [a lot on the ewesputches, I suppose], that my partner had the impropriety, in my absence, to undertake the concerns of Messrs. Goldschmidt in preference to yours, and had written to you in an unfavourable manner. I beg to make my most humble apology, as well as Mr. Grinderson's—[come, I see he can write for himself and partner too]—and trust it is impossible you can think me forgetful of, or ungrateful for, the constant patronage which my family [his family! curse him for a puppy!] have uniformly experienced from that of Rindcrinock. I am sorry to find, from an interview I had this day with Mr. Warden, that he

is much irritated, and, I must own, with apparent reason. But in order to remedy as much as in me lies the mistake of which he complains [pretty mistakes, indeed! to clap his patron into jail], I have sent this express to discharge all proceedings against your person or property; and at the same time to transmit my respectful apology. I have only to add, that Mr. Grindstone is of opinion, that if restored to your confidence, he could point out circumstances connected with Messrs. Goldblacks' present claim which would greatly reduce its amount [so, so, willing to play the rogue on either side]; and that there is not the slightest anxiety in settling the balance of your account with us; and that I am, for Mr. G. as well as myself, Dear Sir [O up, he has written himself into an approach to familiarity], your much obliged and most humble servant,

"GILBERT GRINDSTONE."

"Well said, Mr. Gilbert Grindstone," said Monkhouse; "I see now there is some use in having two attorneys in one firm. Their movements resemble those of the men and women in a Dutch holy-house. When it is fair weather with the client, out comes the professional partner to fawn like a spaniel; when it is foul, forth bolts the operative brother to pin like a bull-dog. Well, I thank God that my man of business still wears an equilateral cocked hat, has a house in the Old Town, is as much afraid of a horse as I am myself, plays at golf on a Saturday, goes to the Kirk on a Sunday, and, in respect he has no partner, hath only his own folly to apologise for."

"There are some wiser very honest fellows," said Hector; "I should like to hear any one say that my cousin, Donald McIntyre, Scotchman's seventh son (the other six are in the army), is not as honest a fellow!"

"No doubt, no doubt, Hector, all the McIntyres are so; they have it by patent, man.—But I was going to say, that in a profession where unbounded trust is necessarily required, there is nothing surprising that fools should neglect it in their ill-nature, and treachery since it is their hobby. But it is the more to the honour of those (and I will vouch for many) who unite integrity with skill and attention, and walk honestly upright where there are so many pitfalls and stumbling-blocks for those of a different character. To such men their fellow citizens may safely entrust the care of protecting their patrimonial rights,

and their country the more sacred charge of her laws and privileges."

"They are best off, however, that have least to do with them," said Cædmon, who had stretched his neck into the parlour-door; for the general confusion of the family not having yet subsided, the domestics, like waves after the fall of a hurricane, had not yet exactly regained their due limits, but were running wildly through the house.

"Alas, old Trespence, art thou there!" said the Antiquary. "Sir Arthur, let me bring in the messenger of good luck, though he is but a lame one. You talked of the mare that wanted out the slaughter from afar; but here's a blue pigeon (somewhat of the oldest and toughest, I grant) who wanted the good news six or seven miles off, flew thither in the twinkling, and returned with the above branch."

"Ye owe it all to pair Robie that dures me;—pair filer," said the haggard, "he dures he's in disgrace wif my lordy and Sir Arthur."

Robert's repentant and beseeching face was seen over the innkeeper's shoulder.

"In disgrace with me!" said Sir Arthur—"how so?"—for the illusion into which he had worked himself on occasion of the toast had been long forgotten. "O, I recollect—Robert, I was angry, and you were wrong;—go check your work, and never answer a master that speaks to you in a passion."

"Nor any one else," said the Antiquary; "for a soft answer turneth away wrath."

"And tell your mother, who is so ill with the rheumatism, to come down to the breakfast-table to-morrow," said Miss Worsley; "and we will see what can be of service to her."

"God bless your ladyship," said poor Robert, "and his honour Sir Arthur, and the young lady, and the house of Knockwinnoch in all its branches, far and near!—it's been a kind and good house to the pair this many hundred years."

"There!"—said the Antiquary to Sir Arthur—"we won't dispute—but there you see the gratitude of the poor people naturally turns to the civil virtues of your family. You don't hear them talk of Rolland, or Roll-in-Barnum. For me, I must say, Old scribbles got anger wif in crime—so let us eat and drink in peace, and be joyful, Sir Knight."

A table was quickly covered in the parlour, where the party

sat joyously down to some refreshment. At the request of Oldbuck, Miss Ockliffe was permitted to sit by the sideboard in a great leather chair, which was placed in some measure behind a screen.

"I accede to this the more readily," said Sir Arthur, "because I remember in my father's days that chair was occupied by Alice Gourlay, who, for aught I know, was the last privileged fool, or jester, maintained by any family of distinction in Scotland."

"Aye, Sir Arthur," replied the beggar, who never hesitated an instant between his friend and his jest, "many a wise man sits in a fool's seat, and many a fool in a wise man's, especially in families of distinction."

Miss Warlock, fearing the effect of this speech (however worthy of Alice Gourlay, or any other privileged jester) upon the nerves of her father, hastened to inquire whether she and her staff should not be distributed to the servants and people whom the weeds had assembled round the Castle.

"Surely, my love," said her father; "when was it ever otherwise in our families when a sleep had been roused?"

"Ay, a sleep laid by Saunders' Sleepyheads the bellie, and raised by Miss Ockliffe the gabblehead, *per mille fratres*," said Oldbuck, "and well pitted against each other in respectability. But never mind, Sir Arthur—there are such sleeps and such rallies as our time of day admits of—and our escape is not less worth commemorating in a glass of this excellent wine—Upon my credit, it is Burgundy, I think."

"Were there anything better in the cellar," said Miss Warlock, "it would be all too little to regale you after your friendly exertions."

"Say you so?" said the Antiquary: "why, then, a cup of thanks to you, my fair enemy, and soon may you be besieged as ladies love best to be, and sign terms of capitulation in the chapel of Saint Winona!"

Miss Warlock blushed—Hector coloured, and then grew pale.

Sir Arthur answered, "My daughter is much obliged to you, Monksbarrow; but unless you'll accept of her yourself, I really do not know where a poor knight's daughter is to seek for an alliance in these necessary times."

"Me, mean ye, Sir Arthur? No, not I! I will claim the

privilege of the duello, and, as being unable to accompany my fair enemy myself, I will appear by my champion—but of this matter hereafter. What do you find in the papers there, Hector, that you hold your head down over them as if your nose were bleeding?”

“Nothing particular, sir; but only that, as my arm is now almost quite well, I think I shall relieve you of my company in a day or two, and go to Edinburgh. I see Major Neville is arrived there. I should like to see him.”

“Major whom?” said his uncle.

“Major Neville, sir,” answered the young soldier.

“And who the devil is Major Neville?” demanded the Antiquary.

“O, Mr. Oldbuck,” said Sir Arthur, “you must remember his name frequently in the newspapers—a very distinguished young officer indeed. But I am happy to say that Mr. McIntyre need not have blackbarns to see him, for my son writes that the Major is to come with him to Kewdoonoch, and I need not say how happy I shall be to make the young gentlemen acquainted,—unless, indeed, they are known to each other already.”

“No, not personally,” answered Hector, “but I have had occasion to hear a good deal of him, and we have several mutual friends—your son being one of them. But I must go to Edinburgh; for I see my uncle is beginning to grow tired of me, and I am afraid”——

“That you will grow tired of him!” interrupted Oldbuck.—

“I fear that’s past praying for. But you have forgotten that the autumn twelfth of August approaches, and that you are engaged to meet one of Lord Glenalton’s gamekeepers, God knows where, to persecute the powerful feathered creation.”

“True, true, uncle—I had forgot that,” exclaimed the volatile Hector; “but you said something just now that put everything out of my head.”

“As it like your honour,” said old Edie, thrusting his white head from behind the screen, where he had been plentifully regaling himself with ale and cold meat—“as it like your honour, I can tell ye something that will keep the Captain w’ us as long as weel as the posting—How ye na the French are coming?”

“The French, you blackhead?” answered Oldbuck.—“Tah!”

"I have not had time," said Sir Arthur Wansley, "to look over my Lieutenant's correspondence for the week—indeed, I generally make a rule to read it only on Wednesdays, except in pressing cases,—for I do everything by method; but from the glance I took of my letters, I observed some alarm was entertained."

"Alarm?" said Edie, "with French alarm, for the proverbial gal'd the house light on the Hallow-head be sorted up (that will has been sorted half a year since) in an race hurry, and the council has named me how a man that said Oron himself to watch the light. Some say it was out of compliment to Lieutenant Tuffin,—for it's said to certify that he'll marry Jenny Oron,—some say it's to please your honour and Monkburne that wear wigs—and some say there's some wild story about a porridge that one of the ladies got and w'er paid for—Oursay, there he is, sitting cock'd up like a shart upon the top of the arid, to skid when foul weather comes."

"On mine honour, a pretty warter," said Monkburne; "and what's my wig to do all the while?"

"I asked Oron that very question," answered Oubitzer, "and he said he could look in the morning, and gie's a touch afore he paid to his bed, for there's another man to watch in the day-time, and Oron says he'll fix your honour's wig as wad sleeping or waking."

This news gave a different turn to the conversation, which ran upon national defence, and the duty of fighting for the land we live in, until it was time to part. The Antiquary and his nephew resumed their walk homeward, after parting from Knechtswand with the warmest expressions of mutual regard, and an agreement to meet again as soon as possible.

CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR.

May, if she love me not, I care not for her !
 Still I look pale because the maiden blooms !
 Or sigh because she smiles, and smiles on others !
 Not I, by Heaven !—I hold my peace too close,
 To let it, like the plume upon her cap,
 Shake at each nod that her caprice shall denote.

THE POET.

"Harvon," said his uncle to Captain McIntyre, in the course of their walk homeward, "I am sometimes inclined to suspect that, in one respect, you are a fool."

"If you only think me so in one respect, sir, I am sure you do me more grace than I expected or deserve."

"I mean in one particular *per excellence*," answered the Antiquary. "I have sometimes thought that you have cast your eyes upon Miss Warden."

"Well, sir," said McIntyre, with much composure.

"Well, sir," resumed his uncle—"Dinner takes the fellow ! he answers me as if it were the most reasonable thing in the world, that he, a captain in the army, and nothing at all besides, should marry the daughter of a baronet."

"I presume to think, sir," said the young Highlander, "there would be no degradation in Miss Warden's part in point of family."

"O, Harvon forbid we should come on that topic !—No, no, equal both—both on the tableland of gentility, and qualified to look down on every viceroy in Scotland."

"And in point of fortune we are pretty even, since neither of us have got any," continued Hector. "There may be an error, but I cannot plead guilty to presumption."

"But have *she* the error, then, if you call it so," replied his uncle : "she won't have you, Hector."

"Indeed, sir ?"

"It is very sure, Hector ; and to make it double sure, I must inform you that she likes another man. She misunderstood some words I once said to her, and I have since been able to guess at the interpretation she put on them. At the time I was unable to account for her hesitation and

blushing; but, my poor Hector, I now understand there is a death-signal in your hopes and pretensions. So I advise you to hasten your retreat and draw off your forces as well as you can, for the fort is too well garrisoned for you to storm it."

"I have no occasion to hasten my retreat, uncle," said Hector, holding himself very upright, and marching with a sort of dogged and offended solemnity; "no man needs to retreat that has never advanced. There are women in Scotland besides Miss Warden, of as good family"—

"And better taste," said his uncle; "doubtless there are, Hector; and though I cannot say but that she is one of the most accomplished as well as sensible girls I have met, yet I doubt much of her merit would be cast away on you. A sherry figure, now, with two cross fathoms above her middle—no green, no blue; who would wear a riding-habit of the regimental complexion, drive a gig one day, and the next review the regiment on the grey trotting pony which dragged that vehicle, her coat is white;—these are the qualities that would seduce you, especially if she had a taste for natural history, and loved a specimen of a pheasant."

"It's a little hard, sir," said Hector. "I must have that sword and thrown into my face on all occasions—but I care little about it—and I shall not break my heart for Miss Warden. She is free to choose for herself, and I wish her all happiness."

"Magnanimously resolved, then, poor boy of Troy! Why, Hector, I was afraid of a scene. Your sister told me you were desperately in love with Miss Warden."

"Sir," answered the young man, "you would not have me desperately in love with a woman that does not care about me?"

"Well, nephew," said the Antigony, more seriously, "there is doubtless much sense in what you say; yet I would have given a good deal, some twenty or twenty-five years since, to have been able to think as you do."

"Anybody, I suppose, may think as they please on such subjects," said Hector.

"Not according to the old school," said Oldbrook; "but, as I said before, the practice of the moderns seems in this case the most prudent, though, I think, scarcely the most interesting. But tell me your ideas now on this prevailing subject of an invasion. The cry is still, *They come*."

Hector, swallowing his mortification, which he was proudly anxious to conceal from his uncle's satirical observation, readily entered into a conversation which was to turn the Antiquary's thoughts from Miss Warlock and the seal. When they reached Monkham, the communicating to the ladies the events which had taken place at the castle, with the counter-information of how long dinner had waited before the woman-kind had ventured to eat it in the Antiquary's absence, averted those delicate topics of discussion.

The next morning the Antiquary arose early, and, as Capen had not yet made his appearance, he began mentally to feel the absence of the petty news and small talk of which the newspaper was a faithful reporter, and which habit had made so necessary to the Antiquary as his occasional pluck of snuff, although he held, or affected to hold, both to be of the same intrinsic value. The feeling of vanity peculiar to such a deprivation, was alleviated by the appearance of old Crabtree, mastering beside the clipped yew and holly hedges, with the air of a person quite at home. Indeed, so familiar had he been of late, that even Jemie did not bark at him, but contented herself with watching him with a close and vigilant eye. Our Antiquary stepped out in his night-gown, and instantly received and returned his greeting.

"They are coming now, in good earnest, Monkham. I just came from Fairport to bring ye the news, and then I'll step away back again. The Search has just come into the bay, and they say she's been chased by a French frigate."

"The Search?" said Oldbuck, reflecting a moment. "Oho!"

"Ay, ay, Captain Tuffin's gun-barge, the Search."

"What! any relation to Search, No. 33?" said Oldbuck, catching at the light which the name of the vessel seemed to throw on the mysterious chest of treasure.

The merchant, like a man deterred in a frolic, put his hands before his face, yet could not help laughing heartily.—
"The doll's in you, Monkham, for gartering odds and ends most. Who thought ye was her bid, that and that begotten? Oh, I am clean madd'd now."

"I see it all," said Oldbuck, "as plain as the legend on a medal of high preservation—the box in which the ballion was found belonged to the gun-barge, and the treasure to my

planch?" (Edie nodded assent),—"and was buried there that Sir Arthur might receive relief in his difficulties?"

"By me," said Edie, "and two o' the brig's men—but they didna ken the contents, and thought it some bit smugging concern o' the Captain's. I watched day and night till I saw it in the right hand; and then, when that German devil was glowing at the hel o' the hist (they liked scottish word that liked where the yowse lay), I think some Scottish devil put it into my head to play him vonither contrip. Now, ye see, if I had said nae or less to Bessie Littlejohn, I believed till her come out w' a' this story; and vaxed would Mr. Lowel has been to have it brought to light—see I thought I would stand to anything rather than that."

"I must say he has chosen his confidant well," said Oldback, "though somewhat strangely."

"I'll say this for myself, Markham," answered the merchant, "that I am the fittest man in the haill country to trust w' a'lier, for I neither want it, nor wish for it, nor could use it if I had it. But the lad hadna nauckle shales in the matter, for he thought he was leaving the country for ever (I trust he's mistaken in that thought); and the night was set in when we learned, by a strange chance, Sir Arthur's sair distress, and Lowel was obliged to be on board as the day dawned. But five nights afterwards the brig stood into the bay, and I met the boat by appointment, and we buried the treasure where ye find it."

"This was a very romantic, foolish exploit," said Oldback; "why not trust me, or any other friend?"

"The blood o' your sister's son," replied Edie, "was on his hands, and him maybe dead outright—what then had he to take counsel?—or how could he ask it o' you, by anybody?"

"You are right. But what if Donatowried had come before you?"

"There was little fear o' his coming there without Sir Arthur: he had gotten a sair giff the night afore, and never intended to look near the place again, unless he had been brought there sting and bag. He kin'd wad the first pose was o' his ain hiding, and how could he expect a second? He just tavered an about it to make the mair o' Sir Arthur."

"Then how," said Oldback, "should Sir Arthur have come there unless the German had brought him?"

"Tough?" answered Edie dully. "I had a story about Minton and how he brought him thirty miles, or you either. Besides, it was to be thought he would be for visiting the place he had the first offer in—he had'n no the secret o' that job. In short, the offer being in this shape, Mr Arthur in utter diffidence, and Lord determined he should never lose the hand that helped him,—for that was what he insisted must upon,—we couldn't think o' a better way to fling the gear in his gale, though we skinned it and skinned it o'er and o'er. And if by any queer mischance Dunderdell had got his share o'er, I was instantly to be informed you or the Sheriff o' the ball story."

"Well, notwithstanding all these wise precautions, I think your confidence succeeded better than such a clumsy one deserved, Edie. But how the deuce came Lord by such a mass of silver ingots?"

"That's just what I mean to tell ye—but they were put on board wif his things at Fairport, like like, and we stowed them into one o' the ammunition-boxes o' the brig, both for concealment and convenience o' carriage."

"Lord!" said Oldbuck, his recollection returning to the earlier part of his acquaintance with Lord; "and this young fellow, who was getting hundreds on so strange a harvest, I must be recommending a subscription to him, and paying his bill at the Ferry! I never will pay any power's bill again, that's certain.—And you kept up a constant correspondence with Lord, I suppose?"

"I just got an ink-scape o' a pen from him, to say there was, as yesterday fell, be a packet at Tarnmouth, wif letters o' great consequence to the Keadwinnock folk; for they pleased the opening of our letters at Fairport—and that's certain; I hear Mrs. Maffatter is to lose her office for looking after other folk's business and neglecting her ain."

"And what do you expect now, Edie, for being the driver, and messenger, and guard, and confidential person in all these matters?"

"Well, hast do I expect—excepting that o' the gaudies will come to the gablehouse's burial; and maybe ye'll carry the hand yourself, as ye did pair Steenie Macintosh's. —What trouble was't to me! I was gauging about at myrate—Oh, but I was wylie when I got out of prison, though; for I thought, what if that werry letter should come when I am dead up here like an

opier, and a' should gang wrong for want o' it and while I thought I wass rank a clean breast and tell you a' about it; but then I coultna weel do that without contravening Mr. Lovel's positive orders; and I reckon he had to see somebody at Edinburgh afore he could do what he wassed to do for Sir Arthur and his family."

"Well, and to your public news, Edie—So they are still coming are they?"

"Truth they say so, sir; and there's come down strict orders for the forces and volunteers to be alert; and there's a clever young officer to come here forthwith, to look at our means o' defence—I saw the Herald's lass cleaning his boots and white breeks—I gas her a hand, for ye mair think she wass ower clever at it, and see I got a' the news for my pains."

"And what think you, as an old soldier?"

"Truth I know—as they come so many as they speak o', they'll be able against us. But there's many good chieks among these volunteers; and I wass my neckle about them that's no weel and no very able, because I am something that gae myself—but we'll do our best."

"What! so your martial spirit is rising again, Edie?"

Even in our sleep glow their martial fires!

I would not have thought you, Edie, had so much to fight for?"

"It's no neckle to fight for, sir!—less there the country to fight for, and the barnacles that I gang clambering beside, and the hearths o' the gablesties that gie me my bit bread, and the bits o' women that wass tattling to play w' me when I come about a hundred towns!—Dad!" he continued, grasping his pipe-staff with great emphasis, "as I had as gude pith as I hae gude-will, and a gude cause, I should gie some o' them a day's kemping."

"Bravo, bravo, Edie! The country's in little ultimate danger, when the beggar's as ready to fight for his dish as the lord for his head."

Their further conversation reverted to the particulars of the night passed by the merchant and Lovel in the ruins of St. Ruth; by the details of which the Antiquary was highly amused.

"I would have given a guinea," he said, "to have seen the secondally German under the agonies of those terrors, which it is part of his own quackery to inspire into others; and trembling

alternately for the fury of his patron, and the apparition of some hobgoblin."

"Truth," said the beggar, "there was time for him to be cowed; for ye wad hae thought the very spirit of Hallow-*Een* had taken possession o' the body o' Sir Arthur. But what will come o' the land-louper?"

"I hae had a letter this morning, from which I understand he has acquitted yon o' the charge he brought against yon, and offers to make such discoveries as will render the settlement of Sir Arthur's affairs a mere easy task than we apprehended—So writes the Sheriff; and adds, that he has given some private information of importance to Government, in consideration of which, I understand, he will be sent back to play the knave in his own country."

"And o' the bonny engines, and wheels, and the cranes, and sleighs, down at Glenwithershin yonder, what's to come o' them?" said Edie.

"I hope the men, before they are dispersed, will make a bonfire of their gimcracks, as an army destroy their artillery when forced to raise a siege. And as for the hoies, Edie, I shewen them as rat-traps, for the benefit of the next wise man who may choose to drop the substance to catch at a shadow."

"Hoah, ah! guide us o'! to burn the engines! that's a great waste—Had ye no better try to get back part o' your hundred pounds w' the sale o' the materials?" he continued, with a tone of affected confidence.

"Not a farthing," said the Antiquary, positively, taking a turn from him, and making a step or two away. Then returning, half-smiling at his own pettishness, he said, "Get thee into the house, Edie, and remember my counsel, never speak to me about a mine, nor to my nephew Hector about a place, that is a scotch, as ye call it."

"I mean be gauging my ways back to Fairport," said the wanderer; "I want to see what they're saying there about the invasion;—but I'll mind what your honour says, as to speak to you about a scotch, or to the Captain about the hundred pounds that you gied to Hector!"

"Confound thee!—I desired thee not to mention that to me."

"Dear me!" said Edie, with affected surprise; "weel, I thought there was naething but what your honour could hae guiden in the way o' a possible conversation, unless it was about

the Protestant yowles, or the holes that the postmen would lay for an odd note."

"Pshaw! pshaw!" said the Antiquary, turning from him hastily, and retreating into the house.

The mendicant looked after him a moment, and with a chuckling laugh, such as that with which a magpie or parrot applauds a successful exploit of mimicry, he resumed once more the road to Fairport. His habits had given him a sort of restlessness, much increased by the pleasure he took in gathering news; and in a short time he had regained the town which he left in the morning, for no reason that he knew himself, unless just to "have a bit crack w' Monkton."

CHAPTER FORTY-FIFTH.

Red glared the beacon on Fowell,

On Skidlar there were three;

The hagle bore on wings and tail

Was heard continually.

JOHN BROWN.

THE watch who kept his watch on the hill, and looked towards Broom, probably conceived himself dreaming when he first beheld the fatal grave put itself into motion for its march to Dunsinane. Broom so old Canon, as perched in his hut, he qualified his thoughts upon the approaching marriage of his daughter, and the dignity of being father-in-law to Lieutenant Tuffil, with an occasional peep towards the signal-post with which his own correspondence, was not a little surprised by observing a light in that direction. He rubbed his eyes, looked again, adjusting his observation by a cross-staff which had been placed so as to bear upon the point. And behold, the light increased, like a comet to the eye of the astronomer, "with fear of change perplexing notions."

"The Lord preserve us!" said Canon, "what's to be done now! But there will be wiser heads than mine to look to that, and I've s'v'd the beacon."

And he lighted the beacon accordingly, which threw up to the sky a long wavering train of light, startling the owls from their nests, and reflected far beneath by the reflecting

billows of the sea. The brother warriors of Ocean, being equally diligent, caught, and repeated his signal. The lights glowed on headlands and capes and inland hills, and the whole district was alarmed by the signal of invasion.*

Our Antiquary, his head wrapped warm in two double night-caps, was quietly enjoying his repose, when it was suddenly broken by the screams of his sister, his niece, and two maid-servants.

"What the devil is the matter?" said he, starting up in his bed—"womankind in my room at this hour of night!—are ye all mad?"

"The heacon, mads!" said Miss McIntyre.

"The French coming to murder us!" screamed Miss Gleditch.

"The heacon! the heacon!—the French! the French!—murder! murder! and worse than murder!"—cried the two handmaids, like the chorus of an opera.

"The French?" said Oldbuck, starting up;—"get out of the room, womankind! that ye are, till I get my things on—And hark ye, bring me my sword."

"Which o' them, Maithwa?" cried his sister, offering a Roman fibbion of brass with the one hand, and with the other an Andros Fomara without a handle.

"The longest, the longest," cried Jenny Erskine, dragging in a two-handed sword of the twelfth century.

"Womankind," said Oldbuck in great agitation, "be composed, and do not give way to vain terror—are ye sure they are come?"

"Sure, sure!" exclaimed Jenny—"ever sure!—o' the sea-fenibles, and the land-fenibles, and the volunteers and poor-mary, are on li, and driving to Fairport as hard as horse and man can gang—and auld Mackladdie's gus o' the lave—maithwa gals he'll do!—Hock, aye!—he'll be missed the morn when wad hae served king and country wad!"

"Give me," said Oldbuck, "the sword which my father wore in the year forty-five—it hath no belt or baldric—but we'll make shift."

In saying he thrust the weapon through the cover of his brother's pocket. At this moment Hector entered, who had been to a neighbouring height to ascertain whether the alarm was raised.

* Note J. Alarm of invasion.

"Where are your arms, nephew?" exclaimed Oldback—"where is your double-barrelled gun, that was never out of your hand when there was no occasion for such trappings?"

"Pack! pack! sir," said Hector, "who ever took a feeling-piece on action! I have got my uniforms on, yet too—I hope I shall be of some use if they will give me a command that I could be with two double-barrels. And you, sir, must get to Fairport, to give directions for quartering and maintaining the men and horses, and preventing confusion."

"You are right, Hector,—I believe I shall do as much with my head as my hand too. But here comes Sir Arthur Wainwright, who, between ourselves, is not fit to accomplish much either one way or the other."

Sir Arthur was probably of a different opinion; for, dressed in his military uniform, he was also on the road to Fairport, and called in his way to take Mr. Oldback with him, having had his original opinion of his nephew much confirmed by his events. And in spite of all the estimation of the wounded that the Antiquary would stay to garrison Hockburn, Mr. Oldback, with his nephew, instantly accepted Sir Arthur's offer.

Those who have witnessed such a scene can alone conceive the state of bustle in Fairport. The windows were glowing with a hundred lights, which, appearing and disappearing rapidly, indicated the confusion within doors. The women of lower rank assembled and dispersed in the marketplace. The yeomanry, pouring from their different glens, galloped through the streets, some individually, some in parties of five or six, as they had met on the road. The drums and fife of the volunteers beating to arms, were blended with the voice of the officers, the sound of the bugles, and the tolling of the bells from the steeples. The ships in the harbour were lit up, and boats from the armed vessels added to the bustle, by landing men and guns destined to assist in the defence of the place. This part of the preparations was superintended by Taffel with much activity. Two or three light vessels had already slipped their cables and stood out to sea, in order to discover the supposed enemy.

Such was the scene of general confusion, when Sir Arthur Wainwright, Oldback, and Hector, made their way with difficulty into the principal square, where the town-house is situated. It was lighted up, and the magistrates, with many of the neighbouring gentlemen, were assembled. And here, as upon other

occasions of the like kind in Scotland, it was remarkable how the good sense and firmness of the people supplied almost all the deficiencies of inexperience.

The magistrates were lent by the quarter-masters of the different corps for billets for men and horses. "Let us," said Ralph Littlejohn, "take the horses into our stables, and the men into our parlours—share our supper with the one, and our forage with the other. We have made ourselves wealthy under a free and paternal government, and now is the time to show we know its value."

A loud and cheerful asplendour was given by all present, and the substance of the wealthy, with the persons of those of all ranks, were unanimously devoted to the defence of the country.

Captain McIntyre acted on this occasion as military adviser and aide-de-camp to the principal magistrate, and displayed a degree of presence of mind, and knowledge of his profession, totally unexpected by his uncle, who, recollecting his usual dissoluteness and impetuosity, gazed at him with astonishment from time to time, as he remarked the calm and steady manner in which he explained the various measures of preparation that his experience suggested, and gave directions for executing them. He found the different corps in good order, considering the irregular materials of which they were composed. In great force of numbers and high confidence and spirits. And so much did military experience at that moment overbalance all other claims to consequence, that even old Edie, instead of being left, like Diogenes at Sinope, to roll his tub when all around were preparing for defence, had the duty assigned him of superintending the moving out of the ammunition, which he executed with much discretion.

Two things were still anxiously expected—the presence of the Glenafian volunteers, who, in consideration of the importance of that family, had been formed into a separate corps, and the arrival of the officer before announced, to whom the measures of defence on that coast had been committed by the commander-in-chief, and whose commission would enable him to take upon himself the full degree of the military trust.

At length the bugles of the Glenafian yeomanry were heard, and the Earl himself, to the surprise of all who knew his habits and state of health, appeared at their head in uniform.

They formed a very handsome and well-mounted squadron, formed entirely out of the Kaffa Levies' tenants, and were followed by a regiment of five hundred men, completely equipped in the Highland dress, whom he had brought down from the upland glens, with their pipes playing in the van. The dash and serviceable appearance of this band of Scotch dependants called forth the admiration of Captain McIntyre; but his mind was still more struck by the manner in which, upon this crisis, the ancient military spirit of his house seemed to animate and invigorate the degraded frame of the Kaff, their leader. He claimed, and obtained for himself and his followers, the post most likely to be that of danger, displayed great dexterity in making the necessary dispositions, and showed equal assiduousness in discussing their propriety. Morning broke in upon the military council at Fairport, while all concerned were still eagerly engaged in taking precautions for their defence.

At length a cry among the people answered, "There's the brave Major Neville come at last, with another officer;" and their post-chores and four drove into the square, amidst the houses of the volunteers and inhabitants. The magistrates, with their successors of the townsmen, hastened to the door of their town-house to receive him; but what was the surprise of all present, but most especially that of the Antiquary, when they became aware, that the handsome uniform and military cap disclosed the person and features of the pacific Lovell! A warm embrace, and a hearty shake of the hand, were necessary to assure him that his eyes were doing him justice. Sir Arthur was no less surprised to recognise his son, Captain Warden, in Lovell's, or rather Major Neville's company. The first words of the young officers were a positive assurance to all present, that the courage and zeal which they had displayed were entirely thrown away, unless in so far as they afforded an acceptable proof of their spirit and promptitude.

"The watchman at Hallow-hood," said Major Neville, "as we discovered by an investigation which we made in our route hither, was most naturally misled by a beacon which some idle people had made on the hill above Glenkilshanna, just in the line of the beacon with which he corresponded."

Oldback gave a conscious look to Sir Arthur, who returned it with one equally sheepish, and a drag of the shoulders.

"It must have been the machinery which we condemned to

the flames in our wrath," said the Antiquary, plucking up heart, though not a little ashamed of having been the cause of so much disturbance—"The devil take Donatello with all my heart!—I think he has bequeathed us a legacy of misdeeds and mischief, as if he had lighted some train of fireworks at his departure. I wonder what crater will go off next among our sires. But you are the prudent Cæsar.—Hold up your head, you are—your bottom must bear the blame for you.—And here, take this what-d'you-call it"—(giving him his sword).—"I wonder what I would have said yesterday to any man that would have told me I was to stick such an appendage to my tail."

Here he found his son gently pressed by Lord Glenalva, who dragged him into a separate apartment. "For God's sake, who is that young gentleman who is so strikingly like?"

"Like the unfortunate Evelyn," interrupted Oldbuck. "I felt my heart warm to him from the first, and your lordship has suggested the very name."

"But who—who is he?" continued Lord Glenalva, holding the Antiquary with a convulsive grasp.

"Formerly I would have called him Lavel, but now he turns out to be Major Neville."

"Whom my brother brought up as his natural son—whom he made his heir—Gracious Heaven! the child of my Evelyn!"

"Hold, my lord—hold!" said Oldbuck, "do not give too hasty way to such a presumption,—what probability is there?"

"Probability! none! There is certainty! absolute certainty! The agent I mentioned to you wrote me the whole story—I received it yesterday, not sooner. Bring him, for God's sake, that a father's eyes may bless him before he departs."

"I will; but for your own sake and his, give him a few moments for preparation."

And, determined to make still further investigation before yielding his entire conviction to so strange a tale, he sought out Major Neville, and found him expediting the necessary measures for disposing of the form which had been assembled.

"Pray, Major Neville, leave this business for a moment to Captain Wadswort and to Hector, with whom, I hope, you are thoroughly reconciled." (Neville laughed, and shook hands with Hector across the table), "and grant me a moment's audience."

"You have a claim on me, Mr. Oldbuck, were my business more urgent," said Neville, "for having passed myself upon you under a false name, and rewarding your hospitality by injuring your nephew."

"You served him as he deserved," said Oldbuck—"though, by the way, he showed as much good sense as spirit to-day—Egad! if he would only up his learning, and read *Cæsar* and *Polybius*, and the *Stoicopæia* *Polyperi*, I think he would rise in the army—and I will certainly lend him a lib."

"He is heartily deserving of it," said Neville; "and I am glad you esteem me, which you may do the more frankly, when you know that I am so unfortunate as to have no better right to the name of Neville, by which I have been generally distinguished, than to that of Lovel, under which you know me."

"Indeed! then, I trust, we shall find out one for you to which you shall have a firm and legal title."

"Sir!—I trust you do not think the misfortune of my birth a fit subject?"

"By no means, young man," answered the Antiquary, interrupting him;—"I believe I know more of your birth than you do yourself—and, to convince you of it, you were educated and known as a natural son of Gwendolen Neville of Neville's-Bargh, in Yorkshire, and I presume, as his destined heir!"

"Pardon me—no such views were held out to me. I was liberally educated, and pushed forward in the army by money and interest; but I believe my supposed father long entertained some ideas of marriage, though he never carried them into effect."

"You say your supposed father!—What leads you to suppose Mr. Gwendolen Neville was not your real father?"

"I know, Mr. Oldbuck, that you would not ask these questions on a point of such delicacy for the gratification of idle curiosity. I will therefore tell you exactly, that last year, while we occupied a small town in French Flanders, I found in a convent, near which I was quartered, a woman who spoke remarkably good English—She was a Spaniard—her name Teresa D'Aranda. In the process of our acquaintance, she discovered who I was, and made herself known to me as the person who had charge of my infancy. She dropped more than one hint of rank to which I was entitled, and of injuries done to me, promising a more full disclosure in case of the death of a lady in Scotland,

during whose lifetime she was determined to keep the secret. She also intimated that Mr. Oswald Neville was not my father. We were attacked by the enemy, and driven from the town, which was pillaged with savage ferocity by the republicans. The religious orders were the particular objects of their hate and cruelty. The convent was burned, and several nuns perished—among others Teresa; and with her all chance of knowing the story of my birth: tragic by all accounts it must have been."

"Are anticlerical notions, or, as I may here say, notions," said Oldbuck, "descent passed—even Episcopians admitted that. And what did you do upon this?"

"I communicated with Mr. Neville by letter, and to no purpose. I then obtained leave of absence, and threw myself at his feet, conjuring him to complete the disclosure which Teresa had begun. He refused, and, on my importunity, indignantly upbraided me with the fervour he had already conferred. I thought he abused the power of a benefactor, as he was compelled to admit he had no title to that of a father, and we parted in mutual displeasure. I resumed the name of Neville, and assumed that under which you know me. It was at this time, when travelling with a friend in the north of England who favoured my digging, that I became acquainted with Miss Waverley, and was romantic enough to follow her to Scotland. My mind wandered on various plans of life, when I resolved to apply once more to Mr. Neville for an explanation of the mystery of my birth. It was long ere I received an answer; you were present when it was put into my hands. He informed me of his bad state of health, and counselled me, for my own sake, to inquire no further into the nature of his connection with me, but to rest satisfied with his declaring it to be such and so intimate, that he designed to constitute me his heir. When I was preparing to leave Fairport to join him, a second express brought me word that he was no more. The possession of great wealth was unable to suppress the remorseful feelings with which I now regarded my conduct to my benefactor, and some lines in his letter appearing to intimate there was on my birth a deeper stain than that of ordinary illegitimacy, I remembered certain prophecies of Sir Arthur."

"And you brooded over those melancholy lines until you were ill, instead of coming to me for advice, and telling me the whole story!" said Oldbuck.

"Exactly: then came my quarrel with Captain McIntyre, and my compelled departure from Fairport and its vicinity."

"From love and from poetry—Miss Wadlow and the Old maid?"

"Most true."

"And since that time you have been occupied, I suppose, with plans for Sir Arthur's relief?"

"Yes, sir; with the assistance of Captain Wadlow at Edinburgh."

"And Edie Ochiltree here—you see I know the whole story. But how came you by the treasure?"

"It was a quantity of plate which had belonged to my uncle, and was left in the custody of a person at Fairport. Some time before his death he had sent orders that it should be melted down. He perhaps did not wish me to see the Old maid come upon it."

"Well, Major Neville—as let me say, Lord, being the name in which I rather delight—you must, I believe, exchange both of your offices for the style and title of the Honourable William Groucher, commonly called Lord Groucher."

The Antiquary then went through the strange and melancholy circumstances concerning his mother's death.

"I have no doubt," he said, "that your uncle wished the report to be believed, that the child of this unhappy marriage was no more—perhaps he might himself have an eye to the inheritance of his brother—he was then a gay wild young man—But of all intentions against your person, however much the evil consequence of Elspeth might lead her to suspect him from the agitation in which he appeared, Torran's story and your own fully accept him. And now, my dear sir, let me leave the pleasure of introducing a son to a father."

We will not attempt to describe such a meeting. The proofs on all sides were found to be complete, for Mr. Neville had left a distinct account of the whole transaction with his confidential steward in a sealed packet, which was not to be opened until the death of the old Countess; his motive for preserving secrecy so long appearing to have been an apprehension of the effect which the discovery, fraught with so much disgrace, must necessarily produce upon her haughty and violent temper.

In the evening of that day, the pecuniary and voluntary of Groucher drew prosperity to their young master. In a month

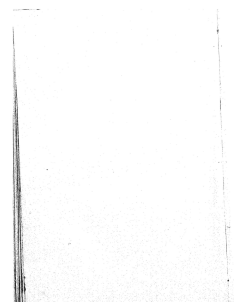
afterwards Lord Genslin was married to Miss Wardour, the Antiquary making the lady a present of the wedding ring—a mazy circle of antique chasing, bearing the motto of Albrecht Dürer's seal, *Non est macula*.

Old Edie, the most important man that ever wore a blue gown, looks away easily from one friend's house to another, and boasts that he never travels unless on a sunny day. Latterly, indeed, he has given some symptoms of becoming stationary, being frequently found in the corner of a snug cottage between Mackbarn and Knockrinnoch, to which Camp retreated upon his daughter's marriage, in order as he is in the neighbourhood of the three paralytic wigs, which he continues to keep in repair, though only for amusement. Edie has been heard to say, "This is a gay life place, and it's a comfort to hae sic a runner to sit in in a bad day." It is thought, as he grows stiffer in the joints, he will finally settle there.

The bounty of such wealthy patrons as Lord and Lady Genslin flowed copiously upon Mrs. Hadaway and upon the Mackbuckins. By the former it was well employed, by the latter wasted. They continue, however, to receive it, but under the administration of Miss Ockiltree; and they do not accept it without grumbling at the channel through which it is conveyed.

Hunter is rising rapidly in the army, and has been more than once mentioned in the Gazette, and rises proportionally high in his uncle's favour; and what sorely pleases the young soldier less, he has also shot two seals, and thus put an end to the Antiquary's perpetual harping upon the story of the plover. People talk of a marriage between Miss M'Intyre and Captain Wardour; but this wants confirmation.

The Antiquary is a frequent visitor at Knockrinnoch and Genslin House, ostensibly for the sake of completing two maps, one on the mail-shirt of the Great Earl, and the other on the left-hand garter of Holm-Hamsey. He regularly inquires whether Lord Genslin has commenced the Calabrian, and shakes his head at the answer he receives. So situated, however, he has completed his notes, which, we believe, will be at the service of any one who chooses to make them public without risk or expense to THE ANTIQUARY.



NOTES TO THE ANTIQUARY.

NOTE A, p. 1.—*Illustration.*

[It was in consulting the possibility of this wood that Scott first took to engraving his chapters with letters of his own Abbotsford. On one occasion he happened to see John Ballantyne, who was sitting by him, he lent for a particular passage to Thomson and Fletcher. John said as he was lent, but did not succeed in discovering the line. "King is Johnnie," cried Scott, "I believe I can make a motto better than you will find one." He did so accordingly; and from that hour, whenever memory failed to suggest an appropriate epigraph, he had recourse to the inexhaustible mines of "old play" or "old rhyme," in which he was some of the most regular miners that ever turned from his pen. —J. G. Anderson.

See also the Introduction to "Chronicles of the Canongate," vol. viii.]

NOTE B, p. 16.—*James Gordon's Introduction.*

[This well-known work, the "Illustrations of Scotland, or a Journey thro' most of the Counties of Scotland, and thro' the North of England," was published at London in 1797, 4to. The author states, that in preparing his work, he "made a pretty accurate progress through almost every part of Scotland for three years successively." Gordon was a native of Aberdeenshire, and had previously spent some years in travelling abroad, probably in a vessel. He became Secretary to the Family Society of Antiquaries in 1798. This office he resigned in 1841, and soon after went out to South Carolina with Governor Pickens, where he obtained a considerable grant of land. On his death, about the year 1798, he is said to have left "a handsome estate to his family." —*The History and Antiquities of Glasgow*, by John Nichols, vol. ii., p. 325, etc.]

NOTE C, p. 44.—*Introduction.*

It may be worth while to mention that the incident of the supposed Frenchman actually happened to an antiquary of great learning and enterprise, Sir John Clerk of Penicuik, one of the Barons of the Scottish Court of Exchequer, and a parliamentary commissioner for the arrangement of the Union between England and Scotland. As many of his writings show, Sir John was much attached to the study of Scottish antiquities. He had

a small property in Dorsetshire, near the Bournemouth station, on the hill called Bournemouth. Here he received the distinguished English antiquarian Roger Gale, and at various intervals him to see this remarkable spot, where the lords of the world have left such decisive marks of their mental labours.

An aged shepherd whom they had used as a guide, or who had approached them from curiosity, listened with mouth agape to the dissertations on fens and vallies, parts deserts, plains, and deserts, which Mr John Clark delivered as oracles, and his learned visitor listened with the deference to the dignity of a conscience on his own ground. But when the discourse proceeded to point out a small hill-top near the centre of the upland to the Protestants, Charles's patience could hold no longer, and, like little children, he forgot all reverence, and broke in with nearly the same words—"Protestants here, Protestants there, I make the bonnet myself with a slaughter-pen." The effect of this unbecoming evidence on the two learned eyes may be left to the reader's imagination.

The late modest and reasonable John Clark of Bide, the celebrated author of *Small Fictions*, used to tell this story with glee, and being a younger son of the John's was perhaps present on the occasion.

NOTE D, p. 55.—MR. RUTHERFORD'S DEEDS.

The legend of Mrs. Ormel Othwick was partly taken from an extraordinary story which happened about seventy years since, in the north of Scotland, so peculiar in its circumstances that it merits being mentioned in this place. Mr. Rutherford of Dornoch, a possessor of landed property in the north of Scotland, was prosecuted for a very considerable sum, the accumulated arrears of land (or title) for which he was said to be indebted to a noble family, the trustees (or representatives) of the family. Mr. Rutherford was strongly impressed with the belief that his father had, by a form of process peculiar to the law of Scotland, purchased these lands from the trustees, and therefore that the present prosecution was groundless. But, after an exhaustive search among his father's papers, an investigation of the public records, and a careful inquiry among all persons who had transacted law business for his father, no evidence could be recovered to support his defence. The period was now near at hand when he completed the term of his indenture to be inherited, and he had formed his determination to ride to Edinburgh next day, and make the best bargain he could in the way of compromise. He went to bed with this resolution, and, with all the circumstances of the case flitting upon his mind, had a dream to the following purpose:—His father, who had been many years dead, appeared to him, he thought, and asked him why he was distressed in his mind. In dream men are not surprised at such apparitions. Mr. Rutherford thought that he informed his father of the nature of his distress, adding that the payment of a considerable sum of money was the more unpleasant to him, because he had a strong consciousness that it was not due, though he was unable to recover any evidence in support of his belief. "You are right, my son," replied the paternal shade; "I did acquire right to these lands, the payment of which you are now prosecuted. The papers relating to the transaction are in the hands of Mr. —, a writer (or attorney), who is now

retired from professional business, and resided at Liverpool, near Edinburgh. He was a person whom I employed on that occasion for a particular purpose, but who never on any other occasion transacted business on my account. It is very possible," pursued the stater, "that Mr. ——— may have forgotten a matter which is now of a very old date; but you may call it to his recollection by this token, that when I came to pay his account, there was difficulty in getting change for a Portugal piece of gold, and that we were forced to drink out the balance at a tavern."

Mr. Rutherford continued in the morning with all the words of the vision implanted on his mind, and thought it worth while to recommence the journey to Liverpool, instead of going straight to Edinburgh. When he came there he waited on the gentleman mentioned in the vision, a very old man; without saying anything of the vision, he inquired whether he remembered having conducted such a matter for his deceased father. The old gentleman could not at first bring the circumstance to his recollection, but on mention of the Portugal piece of gold, the whole returned upon his memory; he made an immediate search for the papers, and recovered them,—so that Mr. Rutherford carried to Edinburgh the documents necessary to gain the cause which he was on the verge of losing.

The author has often heard this story told by persons who had the best means to know the facts, who were not likely themselves to be deceived, and were certainly incapable of deception. He cannot therefore refuse to give it credit, however extraordinary the circumstances may appear. The circumstantial character of the information given in the dream, takes it out of the general class of impressions of the ideal which are concluded by the fortuitous coincidence of actual events with our sleeping thoughts. On the other hand, few will suppose that the laws of nature were suspended, and a special communication from the dead to the living permitted, for the purpose of saving Mr. Rutherford a certain number of hundred pounds. The author's theory is, that the dream was only the recapitulation of information which Mr. Rutherford had really received from his father while in life, but which at first he merely recalled as a general impression that the claim was settled. It is not uncommon for persons to recover, during sleep, the thread of ideas which they have lost during their waking hours.

It may be added, that this remarkable circumstance was attended with bad consequences to Mr. Rutherford; whose health and spirits were afterwards impaired by the attention which he thought himself obliged to pay to the claims of the night.

NOTE E, p. 158.—MOMENTUM.

A sort of tally generally used by bankers of the older time in settling with their customers. Each party had its own tabulator, and the mark last or delivered a note was made on the other. Accounts in Edinburgh, kept by the same kind of check, may have occasioned the Antiquary's partiality. In Paris there the English bankers had the same sort of reckoning.

There you met some A. Baker's men,
Between two equal parties camp'd;
The talles parties he did see,
It placed evenly in the middle.

NOTE F, p. 285.—WITCHAMPT.

A great deal of stuff to the same purpose with that placed in the mouth of the German adept, may be found in England Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, Third Edition, 4to, London, 1663. The Appendix is entitled, "An Excellent Treatise of the Nature and Substances of Devils and Spirits, in two Books: the first by the abovesaid author (England Scott), the second now added in this Third Edition as necessary to the former, and conducing to the completing of the whole work." This second book, though stated as necessary to the first, is, in fact, entirely at variance with it; for the work of England Scott is a compilation of the stories and suggestions those concerning witches as generally entertained at the time, and the pretended treatise is a serious treatise on the various means of confining evil spirits.

(Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft* was first published in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, London, 1604.)

NOTE G, p. 285.—GEMMOCALITY.

In the fishing villages on the Firth of Forth and Tay, as well as elsewhere in Scotland, the government is gemmocality, as described in the text. In the course of the late war, and during the alarm of invasion, a fleet of transports entered the Firth of Forth under the convoy of some ships of war, which would imply to us signals. A general alarm was sounded, in consequence of which, all the fishers, who were employed as sea-boatsmen, got on board the gun-boats which they were to man as soon as occasion should require, and sailed to oppose the supposed enemy. The foreigners proved to be Swedes, with whom we were then at peace. The worthy gentlemen of Edinburgh, pleased with the zeal displayed by the sea-boatsmen at a critical moment, passed a vote for presenting the community of fishers with a silver punch-bowl, to be used on occasions of festivity. But the fisher-women, on hearing what was intended, put in their claim to have some separate share in the intended honorary reward. The men, they said, were their husbands; it was they who would have been sufferers if their husbands had been killed, and it was by their persistence and objections that they collected on board the gun-boats for the public service. They therefore claimed to share the reward in some manner which should distinguish the female patriotism which they had shown on the occasion. The possession of the society willingly admitted the claim; and without diminishing the value of their contribution to the war, they made the female a present of a valuable brooch, to fasten the plaid of the queen of the fisher-women for the time.

It may be further remarked, that these Scottish sea-practitioners among themselves, and observe different rules according to the commodities they deal in. One experienced dame was heard to characterize a younger dame as "a pair silly thing, who had no wisdom, and would never," she prophesied, "see above the necessities of business."

NOTE B, p. 208.—*Forma of Harlow.*

The great battle of Harlow, here and formerly referred to, might be said to determine whether the Saxon or the Danish race should be predominant in Scotland. Donald, Lord of the Isles, who had at that period the power of an independent sovereign, laid claim to the Earldom of Ross during the Exile of Robert, Duke of Albany. To enforce his supposed right, he swept the north with a large army of Highlanders and Islanders. He was encountered at Harlow, in the Gortach, by Alexander, Earl of Mar, at the head of the northern nobility and gentry of Ross and Western district. The battle was bloody and indecisive; but the invaders were obliged to retire in consequence of the loss he sustained, and afterwards were compelled to make submissions to the English, and renounce his pretensions to Ross; so that all the advantages of the field were gained by the Saxons. The battle of Harlow was fought 26th July 1411.

NOTE C, p. 212.—*Kepler's Death.*

The concluding circumstances of Kepler's death is taken from an interesting note to have happened at the funeral of John, Duke of Barchinona. All who were acquainted with that accomplished gentleman must remember that he was not more remarkable for reading and possessing a most extensive and splendid library, than for his acquaintance with the literary treasures it contained. In arranging his books, binding and replacing the volumes which he wanted, and staying on all the necessary intrusions which a man of letters holds with his library, it was the Duke's custom to employ, not a secretary or librarian, but a literary servant, called *Archie*, whom he had made so perfectly acquainted with the library, that he knew every book, as a shepherd does the individuals of his flock, by what is called head-work, and could bring his master whatever volume he wanted, and attend all the mechanical aid the Duke required in his literary researches. To secure the attendance of *Archie*, there was a bell hung in his room, which was used as an alarm except to call him immediately to the Duke's study.

The Duke died in Saint James's Square, London, in the year 1634; the body was to be conveyed to Scotland, to lie in state at his mansion of Palace, and to be removed from thence to the family burial-place at Brechin.

At this time, *Archie*, who had been long attacked by a liver-complaint, was in the very last stage of that disease. Yet he prepared himself to accompany the body of the master whom he had so long and so faithfully waited upon. The medical persons assured him he could not survive the journey. It signified nothing, he said, whether he died in England or Scotland; he was resolved to assist in restoring the last moment to the kind master from whom he had been inseparable for so many years, even if he should expire in the attempt. The poor knave was permitted to attend the Duke's body to Scotland; but when they reached Brechin he was totally

collected, and obliged to keep his bed, in a sort of stupor which increased rapidly throughout. On the morning of the day fixed for removing the dead body of the Duke to the place of burial, the private bell, by which he was wont to summon his attendant to his study was rung violently. This might easily happen in the confusion of such a scene, although the people of the neighbourhood prefer believing that the bell sounded of its own accord. King, however, it did; and Archie, roused by the wretchedness around, rose up to his bed, and uttered, in broken accents, "Yes, my Lord Duke—yes—I will wait on your throne loyally;" and with these words on his lips he is said to have fallen back and expired.

NUM. 3, p. 112.—ALARM OF INVASION.

The story of the late alarm at Fougny, and the consequences, are taken from a real incident. Those who witnessed the state of Belgium, and of Holland in particular, from the period that succeeded the war which commenced in 1803 to the battle of Waterloo, must recollect those times with feelings which we can hardly hope to make the rising generation comprehend. Almost every individual was directed either in a military or civil capacity, for the purpose of contributing to make the long-expected fleets of invasion, which were raised from every quarter. Buoys were erected along the coast, and all through the country, to give the signal for every one to repair to the post where his peculiar duty called him, and men of every description did so, never held themselves in readiness on the darkest continents. During this agitating period, and on the evening of the 24 February 1804, the persons who kept watch on the commanding station of Howe Castle, being directed by some accidental fire in the vicinity of North-umberton, which he took for the corresponding signal-light in that country with which his orders were in accordance, lighted up his own beacon. The signal was immediately repeated through all the valleys on the English coast. If the houses at Howe Castle had been fired, the alarm would have run northward, and turned all Scotland. But the watch at this important point judiciously considered, that if there had been an actual, or threatened descent on our eastern sea-coast, the alarm would have come along the coast and not from the interior of the country.

Through the darker countries the alarm spread with rapidity, and on no occasion when that country was the scene of perpetual and increasing war, was the alarm known more readily obeyed. In Newcastle, Edinburgh, and Belfast, the volunteers and militia got under arms with a degree of rapidity and steadiness which, considering the distance both-wards from these warlike haunts, had something in it very surprising.—They poured to the shore-ports on the sea-coast in a state as well armed, and as completely equipped, with baggage, provisions, &c., as was warranted by the best military judges to render them fit for instant and efficient service.

There were some particulars in the general alarm which are curious and interesting. The men of Lillibetide, the most remote point to the westward which the alarm reached, were so much afraid of being late in the field, that they put in requisition all the horses they could find, and when they had

them made a forced march out of their own country, they traced their improved roads home to find their way back through the hills, and they all got back safe to their own abodes. Another remarkable circumstance was, the general cry of the inhabitants of the smaller towns of the area, that they might go along with their companies. The Whitechapel Turnpike made a considerable march, for although some of the individuals lived at twenty and thirty miles' distance from the place where they marched, they were nevertheless collected, and in some in so short a period, that they were at Ealing, which was their rendezvous, about one o'clock on the day succeeding the first signal, with men and horses in good order, though the roads were in a bad state, and many of the troops must have ridden forty or fifty miles without leaving halfs. The members of the corps seemed to be absent from their homes, not in Edinburgh or private business. The lately married wife of one of these gentlemen, and the widowed mother of the other, sent the area, mother, and children of the two troops, that they might join their companies at Ealing. The mother was very much struck by the march made to her, by the intemperate lady, whom he paid her some compliments on the readiness which she showed in supplying her own with the means of meeting danger, when she might have let him a fair chance for meeting death. "Oh," she replied, "with the spirit of a Roman matron," some can know better than you that my son is the only prey by which, since his father's death, our family is supported. But I would rather see him dead on that bench, than hear that he had been a lover's laugh behind his company when in the chains of the King and country." The mother mentions that was immediately under his own eye, and while his own knowledge; but the spirit was retained, wherever the stars reached, both in Scotland and England.

The amount of the ready collection displayed by the country on this occasion, warmed the hearts of Scotchmen in every corner of the world. It reached the ears of the well-known Sir Lapin, whose enthusiastic love of Scotland, and of his own district of Perthshire, formed a distinguished part of his character. The account which was sent to him when on a visit, stated (very truly) that the different corps, on arriving at their rendezvous, announced themselves by their songs playing the same piper to their own districts, many of which have been published for centuries. It was particularly remarked, that the Leithside men, before marching, carried Kate playing the fiddle thus—

I was the middle of me,
And was the middle of me;
My name was little Jack Stone,
And was the middle of me!

The piper was so delighted with this display of ancient Scotch spirit, that he sprang up in his bed, and began to sing the old song with such vehemence of action and voice, that his attendants, ignorant of the cause of emotion, concluded that the hero had taken possession of his bed; and it was only the entry of another Scotman, Sir John Macdonald, and the explanation which he was well qualified to give, that prevented them from running to some of medical conduct.

The circumstances of this time storm and its consequences may be now held of too little importance even for a note upon a work of fiction ; but, at the period when it happened, it was hailed by the country as a propitious omen, that the national faith, to which men most naturally have been trusted, had the spirit to look in the face the danger which they had taken arms to repel ; and every one was convinced, that on whichever side that might decide the victory, the invaders would meet with the most determined opposition from the children of the soil.

Tactica, (Glossary.)

Tact, a ship.

Tactico, ill health.

Tactico, a ship.

Tactico, same.

Tact, to trust.

Tact, tactics.

Tactico, tactics.

Tactico, ill.

Tactico, tactics.

Tactico, particularly.

Tactico, would not.

Tactico of two tactics, the total of the country.

Tactico tactics, tactics as presented in these and in here have been by the William Wallace.

Tactico work, follow.

Tactico, same.

Tactico, same, applied to the country or others.

Tactico, same.

Tactico, same.

Tactico, in the country.

Tactico, same.

Tactico, same.

Tactico, same, same.

Tactico, same.

Tactico, same.

Tactico, same even.

Tactico, will not.

Tactico, same.

Tactico, same.

Tactico, same.

Tactico, same.

Tactico, same.

Tactico, same.

Tactico, same.

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